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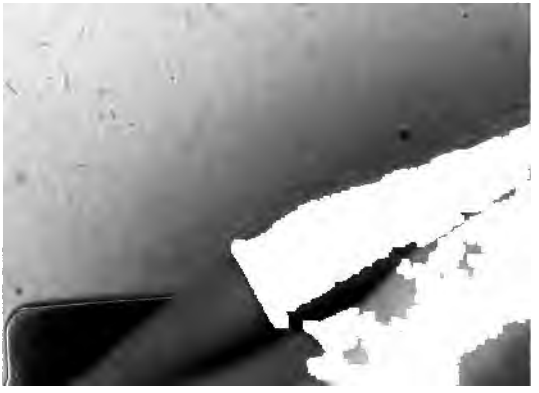

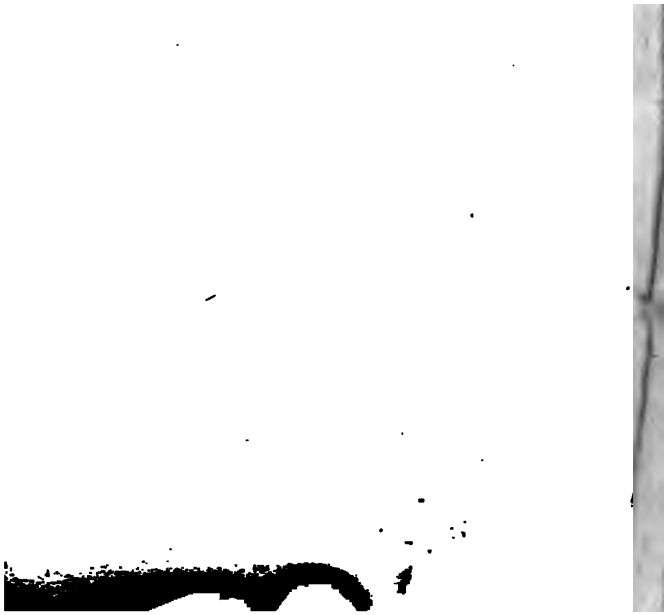

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE,

COMPLETE IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.
II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, AND CONTINUATION.
III. SERMONS.—IV. LETTERS.
V. THE FRAGMENT.
VI. THE KORAN.
VII. HISTORY OF A GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOL. III.

George Taylor

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

NO——I think I ſaid I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worſe than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place——(but where I can't recollect now) ſpeaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down croſs-ways upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it——I ſwore it ſhould be kept agoing at that rate theſe forty years, if it pleaſed but the Fountain of Life to bleſs me ſo long with health and good ſpirits.

Now, as for my ſpirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay ſo very little (unleſs the mounting me upon a long ſtick, and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accuſations, that, on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: *cheerily have ye* made me tread the

path of life with all the burdens of it (except its cares) upon my back; in no one moment of my exiſtence, that I remember, have ye once deſerted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way either with ſable, or with a ſickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himſelf knocked at my door—ye bid him come again; and in ſo gay a tone of careleſs indifference, did ye do it, that he doubted of his commiſſion——

—"There muſt certainly be ſome miſtake in this "matter," quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worſe, than to be interrupted in a ſtory——and I was that moment telling *Eugenius* a moſt tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herſelf a ſhell-fiſh, and of a monk damn'd for eating a muſcle, and was ſhowing him the grounds and juſtice of the procedure——

——"Did ever ſo grave a perſonage get into ſo "vile a ſcrape?" quoth *Death*. Thou haſt had a narrow eſcape, *Triſtram*, ſaid *Eugenius*, taking hold of my hand as I finiſh'd my ſtory.

But there is no *living*, *Eugenius*, replied I, at this rate; for as this *ſon of a whore* has found out my lodgings—

—You call him rightly, ſaid *Eugenius*,—for by fin, we are told he enter'd the world——I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he be not in ſuch a hurry to take me out with him——for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thouſand things to ſay and do, which nobody in the world *will ſay and do* for me, except thyſelf; and as thou

ſeeſt he has got me by the throat (for *Eugenius* could ſcarce hear me ſpeak acroſs the table), and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilſt theſe few ſcatter'd ſpirits remain, and theſe two ſpider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to ſupport me—had I not better, *Eugenius*, fly for my life? 'Tis my advice, my dear *Triſtram*, ſaid *Eugenius*——Then, by heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of———for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to the banks of the *Garronne*; and if I hear him clattering at my heels—I'll ſcamper away to Mount *Veſuvius*—from thence to *Joppa*, and from *Joppa* to the world's end, where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck.——

—He runs more riſk *there*, ſaid *Eugenius*, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek, from whence it had been ſome months baniſh'd———'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaiſe.———*Allons!* ſaid I: the poſt-boy gave a crack with his whip——off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into *Dover*.

CHAP. II.

Now hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the *French* coaſt—a man ſhould know ſomething of his own country too, before he goes abroad——and I never gave *a peep into Rocheſter* church, or took no-

tice of the dock of *Chatham*, or viſited St. *Thomas* at *Canterbury*, though they all three lay in my way.

—But mine, indeed, is a particular caſe—

So, without arguing the matter farther, with *Thomas o'Becket*, or any one elſe——I ſkipp'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under ſail, and ſcudded away like the wind.

Pray, captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by *Death* in this paſſage?

Why, there is not time for a man to be ſick in it, replied he—What a curſed liar! for I am ſick as a horſe, quoth I, already——what a brain!——upſide down!——hey dey! the cells are broke looſe one into another; and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile ſalts, are all jumbled into one maſs—good G—! every thing turns round in it like a thouſand whirlpools——I'd give a ſhilling to know if I ſhan't write the clearer for it——

Sick! ſick! ſick! ſick!———

——When ſhall we get to land, captain?—they have hearts like ſtones——O I am deadly ſick!——reach me that thing, boy—'tis the moſt diſcomfiting ſickneſs—I wiſh I was at the bottom———Madam! how is it with you? Undone! undone! un—O! undone! Sir—What, the firſt time?——No, 'tis the ſecond, third, ſixth, tenth time, Sir,—hey dey—what a trampling over head!—hollo! cabin-boy! what's the matter?——

The wind chopp'd about! s'Death!—then I ſhall *meet him full* in the face.

What luck!——'tis chopp'd about again, maſter ——O the devil chop it——

Captain, quoth ſhe, for heaven's ſake let us get aſhore.

CHAP. III.

It is a great inconvenience to a man in a haſte, that there are three diſtinct roads between *Calais* and *Paris*, in behalf of which there is ſo much to be ſaid by the ſeveral deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is eaſily loſt in ſettling which you'll take.

Firſt, the road by *Liſle* and *Arras*, which is the moſt about—but moſt intereſting and inſtructing.

The ſecond, that by *Amiens*, which you may go, if you would ſee *Chantilly*.

And that by *Beauvais*, which you may go, if you will.

For this reaſon, a great many chooſe to go by *Beauvais*.

CHAP. IV.

"Now, before I quit *Calais*," a travel-writer would ſay, "it would not be amiſs to give ſome account of "it."

Now, I think it very much amiſs——that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he muſt be turning about and drawing his pen at every ken-

will be readers ever, merely, o' my conſcience, for the ſake of reading it; becauſe, if we may judge from what has been wrote of theſe things by all who have wrote and gallop'd—or who have *gallop'd and wrote*, which is a different way ſtill; or who, for more expedition than the reſt, have *wrote galloping*, which is the way I do at preſent——from the great *Addiſon*, who did it with the ſatchel of ſchool books hanging at his a——, and galling his beaſt's crupper at every ſtroke——there's not a galloper of us all who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (as caſe he had any), and have wrote all he had to write, juſt as well as not.

For my own part, as heaven is my judge, and to which I ſhall ever make my laſt appeal—I know no more of *Calais* (except the little my barber told me of it, as he was wheeling his razor), than I do this moment of *Grand Cairo*; for it was duſky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I ſet out; and yet, by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by ſpelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon *Calais* as long as my arm; and with ſo diſtinct and ſatisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a ſtranger's curioſity in the town——that you would take me for the town-clerk of *Calais* itſelf.—And where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not *Democritus*, who laughed ten times more than I——town-clerk of *Abdera*? and was not (I forget his

name), who had more diſcretion than us both, town-clerk of *Epheſus?*——It ſhould be penn'd, moreover, Sir, with ſo much knowledge, and good ſenſe, and truth, and preciſion—

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. V.

Calais, Calatium, Caluſium, Caleſium. This town if we may truſt its archives, the authority of which I ſee no reaſon to call in queſtion in this place—was *once* no more than a ſmall village belonging to one of the firſt Counts de *Guignes;* and, as it boaſts at preſent of no leſs than fourteen thouſand inhabitants, excluſive of four hundred and twenty diſtinct families in the *baſſe ville*, or ſuburbs—it muſt have grown up by little and little, I ſuppoſe, to its preſent ſize.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimenſions, but it is pretty eaſy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em—for, as there are fourteen thouſand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it muſt be conſiderably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—it is built in form of a croſs, and dedicated to the virgin *Mary;* the ſteeple, which has a ſpire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and ſtands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but ſufficiently ſtrong at the ſame time——it is decorated with eleven altars, moſt of

which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a maſterpiece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near ſixty feet high——had it been much higher, it had been as high as Mount *Calvary* itſelf—therefore, I ſuppoſe, it muſt be high enough in all conſcience.

There was nothing ſtruck me more than the great *Square*; though I cannot ſay it is either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town; and moſt of the ſtreets, eſpecially thoſe in that quarter, all terminate in it; could there have been a fountain in all *Calais*, which it ſeems there cannot, as ſuch an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this ſquare,—— not that it is properly a ſquare,—becauſe 'tis forty feet longer from eaſt to weſt than from north to ſouth; ſo that the *French*, in general, have more reaſon on their ſide in calling them *Places*, than *Squares*, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, to be ſure, they are not.

The town houſe ſeems to be but a ſorry building, and not to be kept in the beſt repair; otherwiſe it had been a ſecond great ornament to this place; it anſwers, however, its deſtination, and ſerves very well for the reception of the magiſtrates, who aſſemble in it from time to time; ſo that 'tis preſumable, juſtice is regularly diſtributed.

I have heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the *Courgain*; 'tis a diſtinct quarter of the town, inhabited ſolely by ſailors and fiſhermen; it conſiſts of a number of ſmall ſtreets, neatly built,

and moſtly of brick; 'tis extremely populous; but as that may be accounted for, from the principles of their diet,——there is nothing curious in that neither.——A traveller may ſee it, to ſatisfy himſelf ——He muſt not omit, however, taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account; 'tis ſo called from its particular deſtination, becauſe in war it ſerves to diſcover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by ſea or land;—but 'tis monſtrous high, and catches the eye ſo continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a ſingular diſappointment to me, that I could not have permiſſion to take an exact ſurvey of the fortifications, which are the ſtrongeſt in the world, and which, from firſt to laſt, that is, from the time they were ſet about by *Philip* of *France*, Count of *Boulogne*, to the preſent war, wherein many reparations were made, have coſt (as I learned afterwards from an engineer in *Gaſcony*)——above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable, that at the *Tête de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakeſt, they have expended the moſt money: ſo that the outworks ſtretch a great way into the champaign, and, conſequently, occupy a large tract of ground——However, after all that is *ſaid* and *done*, it muſt be ackowledged, that *Calais* was never, upon any account, ſo conſiderable from itſelf, as from its ſituation, and that eaſy entrance which it gave our anceſtors, upon all occaſions, into *France*: it was not without its inconveniences alſo; being no leſs troubleſome to the *Engliſh* in thoſe

times than *Dunkirk* has been to us, in ours; ſo that it was deſervedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms; which, no doubt, is the reaſon that there have ariſen ſo many contentions who ſhould keep it; of theſe the ſiege of *Calais*, or rather the blockade, (for it was ſhut up both by land and ſea) was the moſt memorable, as it withſtood the efforts of *Edward* the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at laſt but by famine and extreme miſery; the gallantry of *Euſtace de St. Pierre*, who firſt offered himſelf a victim to his fellow-citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injuſtice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantic tranſaction, as well as of the ſiege itſelf, in *Rapine's* own words.

CHAP. VI.

—But courage! gentle reader!—I ſcorn it——'tis enough to have thee in my power——but, to make uſe of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much—— No———! by that all-powerful fire which warms the viſionary brain, and lights the ſpirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpleſs creature upon this hard ſervice, and make thee pay, poor ſoul! for fifty pages which I have no right to ſell thee,—naked as I am, I would brouſe upon the mountains, and ſmile, that the north wind brought *me neither my tent* or my ſupper.

——So put on, my brave boy! and make the beſt of thy way to *Boulogne*.

CHAP. VII.

—Boulogne!——hah!——ſo we are all got together——debtors and ſinners before heaven; a jolly ſet of us——but I can't ſtay and quaff it off with you——I'm purſued myſelf like a hundred devils, and ſhall be overtaken before I can well change horſes:——for heaven's ſake, make haſte—'Tis for high treaſon, quoth a very little man, whiſpering as low as he could to a very tall man that ſtood next him ——Or elſe for murder: quoth the tall man—— Well thrown, *Size-Ace!* quoth I. No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing—

Ah! ma chere fille! ſaid I, as ſhe tripped by from her matins—you look as roſy as the morning (for the ſun was riſing, and it made the compliment the more gracious)—No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth—(ſhe made a curt'ſy to me—I kiſs'd my hand) 'tis debt; continued he: 'Tis certainly for debt, quoth a fifth; I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth *Ace*, for a thouſand pounds: Nor would I, quoth *Size*, for ſix times the ſum——Well thrown, *Size-Ace*, again! quoth I:——but I have no debt but the debt of Nature, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her.—How can you be ſo hard-hearted, Madam, to arreſt a poor traveller going along, without moleſtation to any one, upon his lawful occaſions? do ſtop that death-looking, long-ſtriding ſcoundrel of a ſcare-ſinner, who is poſting after me——he never would have

followed me but for you—if it be but for a ſtage or two, juſt to give me the ſtart of him, I beſeech you, Madam—do, dear lady—

——Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine *Iriſh* hoſt, that all this good courtſhip ſhould be loſt; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along———

—Simpleton! quoth I.

——So you have nothing *elſe* in *Boulogne* worth ſeeing?

—By Jaſus! there is the fineſt SEMINARY for the HUMANITIES—

There cannot be a finer; quoth I.

CHAP. VIII.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wiſhes hurries on his ideas ninety times faſter than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what ſtuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the diſappointment of his ſoul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "*the moſt haſte the worſt ſpeed*," was all the reflection I made upon the affair the firſt time it happened;—the ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it reſpectively to thoſe times, and accordingly blamed only the ſecond, third, fourth and fifth poſt-boy for it, without carrying my reflections farther; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth to the ſixth, ſeventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then

could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words:

That something is always wrong in a French post-chaise upon first setting out.

Or the proposition may stand thus:

A French postillion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?——Diable—a rope's broke! —a knot has slipt!—a staple's drawn!——a bolt's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.——

Now, true as all this is, I never think myself empower'd to excommunicate thereupon either the post-chaise or its driver—nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living G——, I would rather go afoot ten thousand times——or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another—but I take the matter coolly before me, and consider that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be awanting, or want altering, travel where I will—so I never chafe, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on.——Do so, my lad! said I; he had lost five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread which he had cramm'd into the chaise pocket, and was remounted and going leisurely on, to relish it the better—Get on, my lad, said I, briskly—but in the most persuasive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four-and-twenty sous piece against the glass, taking care to hold the flat side towards him, as he look'd back: the dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his sooty muzzle discover'd such a

pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawn'd her jewels for them.———

Juſt Heaven! { What maſticators!——— / What bread!———

and ſo, as he finiſh'd the laſt mouthful of it, we entered the town of *Montrieul.*

CHAP. IX.

THERE is not a town in all *France*, which, in my opinion looks better in the map than MONTRIEUL; —I own it does not look ſo well in the book of poſt-roads; but when you come to ſee it——to be ſure it looks moſt pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at preſent very handſome; and that is the innkeeper's daughter: She has been eighteen months at *Amiens*, and ſix at *Paris*, in going through her claſſes; ſo knits, and ſews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.—

—A flut! in running them over within theſe five minutes that I have ſtood looking at her, ſhe has let fall at leaſt a dozen loops in a white thread ſtocking —Yes, yes—I ſee, you cunning gypſy!—'tis long and taper——you need not pin it to your knee—— and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly———

—That Nature ſhould have told this creature a word about a *ſtatue's thumb!*

———But as this ſample is worth all their thumbs —beſides I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain if they can be any guide to me,——and as *Janatone* withal (for that is her name) ſtands ſo well

for a drawing—may I never draw more, or rather may I draw like a draught-horſe, by main ſtrength, all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determin'd a pencil as if I had her in the wetteſt drapery———

——But your worſhips chooſe rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great pariſh church, or a drawing of the façade of the abbey of Saint *Auſtreberte*, which has been tranſported from *Artois* hither—every thing is juſt I ſuppoſe as the maſons and carpenters left them,—and if the belief in *Chriſt* continues ſo long,—will be ſo theſe fifty years to come—ſo your worſhips and reverences may all meaſure them at your leiſures—but he who meaſures thee, *Janatone*, muſt do it now—thou carrieſt the principles of change within thy frame; and conſidering the chances of a tranſitory life, I would not anſwer for thee a moment; and ere twice twelve months are paſs'd and gone, thou mayeſt grow out like a pumpkin, and loſe thy ſhapes——or, thou mayeſt go off like a flower, and loſe thy beauty—nay, thou mayeſt go off a like huffy—and loſe thyſelf.——I would not anſwer for my aunt *Dinah* was ſhe alive——'faith, ſcarce for her picture———were it but painted by *Reynolds*—

—But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that ſon of *Apollo*, I'll be ſhot——

So you muſt e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine in paſſing through *Montrieul*, you will ſee at your chaiſe door, as you change horſes: but unleſs you have as bad a reaſon for haſte as I have——*you had* better ſtop.—She has

a little of the *devote:* but that, Sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour———

——L—— help me! I could not count a ſingle point: ſo had been piqued, and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

CHAP. X.

ALL which being conſidered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined—I wiſh I was at *Abbeville*, quoth I, were it only to ſee how they card and ſpin—ſo off we ſet.

* *De Montrieul a Nampont* - *poſte et demi*
De Nampont a Bernay - - poſte
De Bernay a Nouvion - - poſte
De Nouvion a ABBEVILLE, - poſte

———but the carders and ſpinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT a vaſt advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

WAS I in a condition to ſtipulate with Death, as I am at this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his clyſter——I ſhould certainly declare againſt ſubmitting to it before my friends;

* *Vide* Book of French Poſt-roads, p. 36. edition of 1762.

and, therefore, I never ſeriouſly think upon the mode and manner of this great cataſtrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the cataſtrophe itſelf, but I conſtantly draw the curtain acroſs it, with this wiſh, that the Diſpoſer of all things may ſo order it, that it happen not to me in my own houſe—but rather in ſome decent inn—At home,—I know it,—the concern of my friends, and the laſt ſervices of wiping my brows and ſmoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection ſhall pay me, will ſo crucify my ſoul, that I ſhall die of a diſtemper which my phyſician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchaſed with a few guineas, and paid me with an undiſturbed but punctual attention—but mark,—This inn, ſhould not be the inn at *Abbeville*—if there was not another inn in the univerſe, I would ſtrike that inn out of the capitulation: ſo

Let the horſes be in the chaiſe exactly by four in the morning—Yes, by four, Sir,—or, by *Genevieve!* I'll raiſe a clatter in the houſe, ſhall wake the dead.

CHAP. XIII.

"MAKE *them like unto a wheel*" is a bitter ſarcaſm, as all the learned know, againſt the *grand tour*, and that reſtleſs ſpirit for making it, which David prophetically foreſaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great Biſhop *Hall*, 'tis one of the ſevereſt imprecations which *David* ever utter'd againſt the enemies

of the Lord—and as if he had ſaid, "I wiſh ther "no worſe luck than always to be rolling about. ——So much motion, continues he (for he was ver corpulent),—is ſo much unquietneſs; and ſo muc of reſt, by the ſame analogy, is ſo much of heaven.

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; an that ſo much of motion is ſo much of life, and ſ much of joy——and that to ſtand ſtill, or get o but ſlowly, is death and the devil———

Hollo! Ho!——the whole world's aſleep!— bring out the horſes—greaſe the wheels—tie on th mail—and drive a nail into that moulding—I'll n loſe a moment.———

Now, the wheel we are talking of, and *wherein* (but not *whereunto*, for that would make an Ixion wheel of it), he curſeth his enemies, according t the biſhop's habit of body, ſhould certainly be a poſ chaiſe wheel, whether they were ſet up in *Paleſti* at that time or not—and my wheel, for the contrar reaſons, muſt as certainly be a cart-wheel groanin round its revolution once in an age; and of whic ſort, were I to turn commentator, I ſhould make n ſcruple to affirm, they had great ſtore in that hil country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever dare tell my dear *Jenny*), for their "χωρισμον απο "Σωματος, ως το καλως φιλοσοφειν"——[their] "*getti* "*out of the body, in order to think well.*" No ma thinks right whilſt he is in it; blinded as he mu be, with his congenial humours, and drawn diff rently aſide, as the biſhop and myſelf have been, wi *too lax or too tenſe* a fibre—REASON is, half of i

SENSE; and the meaſure of heaven itſelf is but the meaſure of our preſent appetites and concoctions——

——But which of the two, in the preſent caſe, do you think to be moſtly in the wrong?

You, certainly, quoth ſhe, to diſturb a whole family ſo early.

CHAP. XIV.

——But ſhe did not know I was under a vow not to ſhave my beard till I got to Paris;——yet I hate to make myſteries of nothing;——'tis the cold cautiouſneſs of one of thoſe little ſouls from which *Leſſius* (*lib.* 13, *de moribus divinis*, *cap.* 24.) hath made his eſtimate, wherein he ſetteth forth, That one *Dutch* mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to ſpare, for eight hundred thouſand millions, which he ſuppoſes to be as great a number of ſouls (counting from the fall of *Adam*), as can poſſibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this ſecond eſtimate—unleſs from the parental goodneſs of God—I don't know—am much more at a loſs what could be in *Franciſcus Ribbera's* head, who pretends that no leſs a ſpace than one of two hundred *Italian* miles, multiplied into itſelf, will be ſufficient to hold the like number——he certainly muſt have gone upon ſome of the old *Roman* ſouls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and moſt tabid decline, in the courſe of eighteen hundred years, they muſt unavoidably have ſhrunk, ſo as to have come, *when he wrote, almoſt* to nothing.

In *Leſſius*'s time, who ſeems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined.—

——We find them leſs *now*——

And next winter we ſhall find them leſs again; ſo that if we go on from little to leſs, and from leſs to nothing, I heſitate not one moment, to affirm, that, in half a century, at this rate, we ſhall have no ſouls at all; which being the period, beyond which I doubt likewiſe of the exiſtence of the Chriſtian faith, 'twill be one advantage that both of them will be exactly worn out together——

Bleſſed *Jupiter!* and bleſſed every other heathen god and goddeſs! for now ye will all come into play again, and with *Priapus* at your tails——what jovial times;—but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I ruſhing? I——I who muſt be cut ſhort in the midſt of my days, and taſte no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination—peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XV.

——"So hating, I ſay, to make myſteries of *nothing*"——I intruſted it with the poſt-body, as ſoon as ever I got off the ſtones; he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment: and with the thill-horſe trotting, and a ſort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to *Ailly au Clochers*, famed in the days of yore for the fineſt chimes in the world; but we danced through it without muſic

——the chimes being greatly out of order——(as in truth they were through all *France.*)

And ſo making all poſſible ſpeed, from *Ailly au Clochers* I got to *Hixcourt,*——

from *Hixcourt,* I got to *Pequignay,* and from *Pequignay,* I got to AMIENS,——

concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before——and that was—that *Janatone* went there to ſchool.

CHAP. XVI.

IN the whole catalogue of thoſe whiffling vexations, which come puffing acroſs a man's canvaſs, there is not one of a more teazing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to deſcribe—and for which (unleſs you travel with an advance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—there is no help: and it is this:

That be you in never ſo kindly a propenſity to ſleep—though you are paſſing perhaps through the fineſt country——upon the beſt roads,—and in the eaſieſt carriage for doing it in the world—nay, were you ſure you could ſleep fifty miles ſtraight forwards, without once opening your eyes,—nay, what is more, were you as demonſtratively ſatisfied as you can be of any truth in *Euclid,* that you ſhould upon all accounts be full as well aſleep as awake—nay, perhaps better—yet the inceſſant returns of paying for the horſes at every ſtage—with the neceſſity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from *thence three livres fifteen* ſous (ſous by

ſous), puts an end to ſo much of the project, that you cannot execute above ſix miles of it (or ſuppoſing it is a poſt and an half, that is but nine)—— were it but to ſave your ſoul from deſtruction.

——I'll be even with 'em, quoth I, for I'll put the preciſe ſum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way: "Now, I ſhall have no-"thing to do," ſaid I (compoſing myſelf to reſt) "but to drop this gently into the poſt-boy's hat, and "not ſay a word."——Then there wants two ſous more to drink—or there is a twelve ſous piece of *Louis* XIV. which will not paſs—or a livre and ſome odd liards to be brought over from the laſt ſtage, which Monſieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot diſpute very well aſleep) rouſe him: ſtill is ſweet ſleep retrievable; and ſtill might the fleſh weigh down the ſpirit, and recover itſelf of theſe blows——but then, by heaven! you have paid but for a ſingle poſt——whereas 'tis a poſt and an half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of poſt-roads, the print of which is ſo very ſmall, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monſieur *le Cure* offers you a pinch of ſnuff—or a poor ſoldier ſhows you his leg——or a ſhaveling his box——or the prieſteſſe of the ciſtern will water your wheels—they do not want it—but ſhe ſwears by her *prieſthood* (throwing it back) that they do:——then you have all theſe points to argue or conſider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get ſo thoroughly awakened——you may get 'em to ſleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of theſe misfortunes, or I had paſs'd clean by the ſtables of *Chantilly*.—

—But the poſtillion firſt affirming, and then perſiſting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two ſous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced—and ſeeing the mark upon it, as plain as my noſe, I leap'd out of the chaiſe in a paſſion, and ſo ſaw every thing at *Chantilly* in ſpite.—I tried it but for three poſts and an half, but believe 'tis the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have nothing or little to ſtop you; by which means it was that I paſs'd through St. *Dennis*, without turning my head ſo much as on one ſide towards the Abbey——

——Richneſs of their treaſury! ſtuff and nonſenſe!——bating their jewels, which are all falſe, I would not give three ſous for any one thing in it, but *Jaidas's lantern*—nor for that either, only as it grows dark, it might be of uſe.

CHAP. XVII.

CRACK, crack—crack, crack——crack, crack——ſo this is *Paris!* quoth I, (continuing in the ſame mood)—and this is *Paris!*——humph!——*Paris!* cried I, repeating the name the third time—

The firſt, the fineſt, the moſt brilliant—

—The ſtreets, however, are naſty.

But it looks, I ſuppoſe, better than it ſmells—crack, crack——crack, crack——What a fuſs thou makeſt!——*as if it concern'd* the good people to

be informed, That a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into *Paris* at nine o'clock at night, by a poſtillion in a tawny yellow jarkin turned up with red calliman-co——crack, crack—crack, crack—crack, crack—— I wiſh thy whip——.

—But 'tis the ſpirit of thy nation; ſo crack—— crack on.

Ha!—and no one gives the wall!——but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY herſelf, if the walls are be-ſh-t—how can you do otherwiſe?

And prithee when do they light the lamps?—— What?—never in the ſummer months!——Ho! 'tis the time of ſallads.—O rare! ſallad and ſoup—ſoup and ſallad—ſallad and ſoup, *encore.*——

——'Tis *too much* for ſinners.

Now, I cannot bear the barbarity of it; how can that unconſcionable coachman talk ſo much bawdy to that lean horſe? don't you ſee, friend, the ſtreets are ſo villanouſly narrow, that there is not room in all *Paris* to turn a wheel-barrow? in the grandeſt city of the whole world, it would not have been amiſs if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only ſo much in every ſingle ſtreet, as that a man might know (was it only for ſatisfaction) on which ſide of it he was walking.

One—two—three—four—five—ſix—ſeven—eight—nine—ten—Ten cooks ſhops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on ſome great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint *conſent* had ſaid—Come, let us all go live in *Paris:*

the *French* love good eating—they are all *gourmands* ——we ſhall rank high; if their god is their belly —their cooks muſt be gentlemen: and foraſmuch as *the periwig maketh the man*, and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig——*ergo*, would the barbers ſay, we ſhall rank higher ſtill—we ſhall be above you all ——we ſhall be * *Capitouls* at leaſt——*pardi!* we ſhall all wear ſwords——

And ſo, one would ſwear (that is, by candle-light,——but there is no depending upon it,) they continue to do to this day.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE *French* are certainly miſunderſtood:——but whether the fault is theirs, in not ſufficiently explaining themſelves; or ſpeaking with that exact limitation and preciſion which one would expect on a point of ſuch importance, and which moreover is ſo likely to be conteſted by us——or whether the fault may not be altogether on our ſide, in not underſtanding their language always ſo critically as to know "what they would be at"— I ſhall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they* "*who have ſeen* Paris, *have ſeen every thing*," they muſt mean to ſpeak of thoſe who have ſeen it by day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up—I have ſaid before, there was no depending upon it——and I repeat it again; but not becauſe the lights and ſhades

* Chief *Magiſtrate in Toulouſe*, &c. &c.

are too ſharp——or the tints confounded——or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . . for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this reſpect, That in all the five hundred grand hotels which they number up to you in *Paris*——and the five hundred good things, at a modeſt computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hotel) which by candle-light are beſt to be *ſeen*, *felt*, *heard*, and *underſtood* (which, by the by, is a quotation from *Lilly*)—the devil a one of us out of fifty can get our heads fairly thruſt in amongſt them.

This is no part of the *French* computation: 'tis ſimply this:

That by the laſt ſurvey taken in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſixteen, ſince which time there have been conſiderable augmentations, *Paris*, doth contain nine hundred ſtreets; viz.

In the quarter called the *City*—there are fifty-three ſtreets.

In St. *James* of the Shambles, fifty-five ſtreets.

In St. *Oportune*, thirty-four ſtreets.

In the quarter of *Louvre*, twenty-five ſtreets.

In the *Palace Royal*, or St. *Honorius*, forty-nine ſtreets.

In *Mont. Martyr*, forty-one ſtreets.

In St. *Euſtace*, twenty-nine ſtreets.

In the *Halles*, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.

It St. *Dennis*, fifty-five ſtreets.

In St. *Martin*, fifty-four ſtreets.

In St. *Paul*, or the *Mortellerie*, twenty-ſeven ſtreets.

The *Greve*, thirty-eight ſtreets.

In St. Avoy, or the *Verrerie*, nineteen ſtreets.

In the *Marais*, or the *Temple*, fifty-two ſtreets with
In St. *Antony's*, ſixty-eight ſtreets.
In the *Place Maubert*, eighty-one ſtreets.
In St. *Bennet*, ſixty ſtreets.
In St. *Andrew's de Arcs*, fify-one ſtreets.
In the quarter of the *Luxembourg*, ſixty-two ſtreets.

And in that of St. Germain, fifty-five ſtreets, into any one of which you may walk; and that when you have ſeen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their ſquares, their ſtatues . . . . and have cruſaded it moreover through all their pariſh churches, by no means omitting St. *Roche* and *Sulpice* . . . . and, to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may ſee either with or without the ſtatues and pictures juſt as you chooſe——

—Then you will have ſeen—

—But, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read of it yourſelf upon the portico of the *Louvre*, in theſe words,

* EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS!—NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY, DOWN.

The *French* have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be ſaid upon it.

* Non Orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————— ulla parem.

CHAP. XIX.

the word *gay* (as in the cloſe of the ... it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the *ſpleen*——eſpecially if he has any thing to ſay upon it: not that by any analyſis——or that from any table of intereſt or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them than betwixt light and darkneſs, or any two of the moſt unfriendly oppoſites in nature—only 'tis an underſtanding amongſt words, as politicians do amongſt men—not knowing how near they may be under a neceſſity of placing them to each other—which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here——

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving *Chantilly*, I declared to be the beſt principle in the world to travel ſpeedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion, I ſtill continue in the ſame ſentiments—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneaſily to yourſelf at the ſame time, for which reaſon I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at any one's ſervice—it has ſpoiled me the digeſtion of a good ſupper, and brought on *a bilious diarrhœa*, which has brought me back again

to my firſt principle on which I ſet out—and with which I ſhall now ſcamper it away to the banks of the *Garonne*——

——No;—I cannot ſtop a moment to give you the character of the people——their genius—their manners—their cuſtoms——their laws—their religion—their government—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances, with all the reſources and hidden ſprings which ſuſtain them: qualified as I may be, by ſpending three days and two nights amongſt them, and during all that time, making theſe things the entire ſubject of my inquiries and reflections.—

Still—ſtill I muſt away—the roads are paved—the poſts are ſhort—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I ſhall be at *Fontainbleau* before the king——

—Was he going there? not that I know—

CHAP. XX.

Now I hate to hear a perſon, eſpecially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on ſo faſt in *France* as we do in *England*; whereas we get on much faſter, *conſideratis*, *conſiderandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them—and then conſider their puny horſes, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all; their ſuffering is moſt unchriſtian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a *French* poſt-horſe would not know what in the

world to do, was it not for the two words ****** and ******, in which there is as much ſuſtenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now as theſe words coſt nothing, I long from my ſoul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the queſtion——they muſt be told him plainly, and with the moſt diſtinct articulation, or it will anſwer no end——and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber——full well, I wot, they will abuſe it in the parlour: for which cauſe, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy ſome time, but to no purpoſe, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might ſo modulate them, that whilſt I ſatisfy *that ear* which the reader chooſes to *lend* me——I might not diſſatisfy the other which he keeps to himſelf.

——My ink burns my finger to try—and when I have—'twill have a worſé conſequence——it will burn (I fear) my paper.

—No:—I dare not——

But if you wiſh to know how the *abbeſs* of *Andoüillets*, and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only firſt wiſhing myſelf all imaginable ſucceſs)—I'll tell you without the leaſt ſcruple.

CHAP XXI.

THE abbeſs of *Andoüillets*, which if you look into the large ſet of provincial maps now publiſhing at *Paris*, you will find ſituated amongſt the hills which divide *Burgundy* from *Savoy*, being in danger of an *ankyloſis* or ſtiff joint (the *ſinovia* of her knee be-

coming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy—firſt, prayers and thankſgiving; then invocations to all the ſaints in heaven promiſcuouſly—then particularly to every ſaint who had ever had a ſtiff leg before her—then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of *Lyſtra*, who had been impotent from his youth—then wrapping it up in her veil when ſhe went to bed—then croſs-wiſe with her roſary—then bringing in to her aid the ſecular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals—then treating it with emolient and reſolving fomentations—then the poultices of marſh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lillies and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean the ſmoke of 'em, holding her ſcapulary acroſs her lap——then decoctions of wild chicory, water-creſſes, chervil, ſweet cecily and cochlearia——and nothing all this while anſwering, was prevailed on at laſt to try the hot baths of *Bourbon*—ſo having firſt obtained leave of the viſitor-general to take care of her exiſtence—ſhe ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about ſeventeen, who had been troubled with a whitloe in her middle finger, by ſticking it conſtantly into the abeſs's caſt poultices, &c.——had gained ſuch an intereſt, that overlooking a ſciatical old nun, who might have been ſet up for ever by the hot baths of *Bourbon*, *Margarita*, the little novice was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calaſh, belonging to the abbeſs, lined with green freeze, was ordered to be drawn out into the ſun—the gardener of the convent being choſen mule-

teer, led out the two old mules to clip the hair from the rump-ends of their tales, whilſt a couple of lay-ſiſters were buſied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in ſewing on the ſhreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled—the under-gardener dreſs'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine lees—and a tailor ſat muſically at it in a ſhed over-againſt the convent, in aſſorting four dozen of bells for the harneſs, whiſtling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong——

—The carpenter and the ſmith of *Andoüillets* held a council of wheels; and by ſeven, the morning after, all look'd ſpruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot-baths of *Bourbon*—two rows of the unfortunate ſtood ready there an hour before.

The abbeſs of *Andoüillets*, ſupported by *Margarita* the novice, advanced ſlowly to the calaſh, both clad in white, with their black roſaries hanging at their breaſts——

———There was a ſimple ſolemnity in the contraſt: they entered the calaſh; the nuns in the ſame uniform, ſweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the abbeſs and *Margarita* look'd up———each (the ſciatical poor nun excepted)—each ſtream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiſs'd the lily hand which let it go: the good abbeſs and *Margarita* laid their hands faint-wiſe upon their breaſts———look'd up to heaven———then to them—and look'd "God bleſs you, dear ſiſters."

I declare I am intereſted in this ſtory, and wiſh I had been there.

The gardener, who I ſhall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broadſet, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; ſo had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio, or leathern caſk of wine, which he had diſpoſed behind the calaſh, with a large ruſſet-coloured riding coat over it, to guard it from the ſun: and as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rod—he found more occaſions than thoſe of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going it had ſo happen'd, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finiſhed.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been ſultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous—the *Burgundian* hill on which it grew was ſteep—a little tempting buſh over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the paſſions——a gentle air ruſtled diſtinctly through the leaves—"Come "——come, thirſty muleteer——come in."

——The muleteer was a ſon of *Adam*: I need not ſay a word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em a ſound laſh, and looking in the abbeſs's and *Margarita's* faces (as he did it,——as much as to ſay, "here I am"——he gave a ſecond good crack—as much as to ſay to his mules—"get on"—ſo ſlinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his ſcantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it,—ſo entering into a long converſation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of *Andouillets*, &c. &c. and out of friendſhip for the abbeſs and Mademoiſelle *Margarita*, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of *Savoy*, &c. &c. —and as how ſhe had got a white ſwelling by her devotions—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c. and that if the waters of *Bourbon* did not mend that leg—ſhe might as well be lame of both,—&c. &c. &c. —He ſo contrived his ſtory as abſolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her, the little novice, and, what was a more tickliſh point to be forgot than both—the two mules;—who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inaſmuch as their parents took it of them——and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men and women and beaſts are)—they do it ſideways, and long-ways, and back-ways——and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.—— Philoſophers, with all their ethics, have never conſidered this rightly———how ſhould the poor muleteer then, in his cups, conſider it at all? he did not in the leaſt—'tis time we do; let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happieſt and moſt thoughtleſs of mortal men——and for a moment

let us look after the mules, the abbeſs, and *Margarita*.

By virtue of the muleteer's two laſt ſtrokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own conſciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one half of it; when the elder of them, a ſhrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a ſide glance, and no muleteer behind them—

By my fig! ſaid ſhe, ſwearing, I'll go no farther—And if I do, replied the other—they ſhall make a drum of my hide.———

And ſo with one conſent they ſtopp'd thus—

CHAP. XXII.

——Get on with you, ſaid the abbeſs.

—Wh----yſh——yſh——cried *Margarita*.

Sh---a—ſhu-u—ſhu--u—ſh--aw———ſhaw'd the abbeſs.

——Whu—v—w—whew—w—w—whuv'd *Margarita*, purſing up her ſweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whiſtle.

Thump—thump—thump—obſtreperated the abbeſs of *Andouillets* with the end of her gold-headed cane againſt the bottom of the calaſh——

—The old mule let a f—

CHAP. XXIII.

We are ruin'd and undone, my child, ſaid the abbeſs to *Margarita*——we ſhall be here all night—we ſhall be plunder'd—we ſhall be raviſh'd—

—We ſhall be raviſh'd, ſaid *Margarita*—as ſure as a gun.

Sancta Maria! (cried the abbeſs forgetting the *O!*) —why was I govern'd by this wicked ſtiff joint? why did I leave the convent of *Andoüillets?* and why didſt thou not ſuffer thy ſervant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *ſervant*—why was I not content to put it here, or there, anywhere rather than be in this ſtrait!

—Strait! ſaid the abbeſs.

Strait——ſaid the novice; for terror had ſtruck their underſtandings——the one knew not what ſhe ſaid—the other what ſhe anſwer'd.

O my virginity! virginity! cried the abbeſs.

—inity!—inity! ſaid the novice ſobbing.

CHAP. XXIV.

My dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herſelf,—there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horſe, or aſs, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or no, be he never ſo obſtinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys. They are words magic! cried the abbeſs, in the utmoſt horror—No; replied *Margarita* calmly—but they are words ſinful—What are they? quoth the abbeſs, interrupting her: They are ſinful in the firſt degree, anſwered *Margarita*,—— they are mortal—and if we are raviſh'd and die unabſolved of them, we ſhall both—But you may pro-

nounce them to me, quoth the abbeſs of *Andoüillets*—They cannot, my dear mother, ſaid the novice, be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face——But you may whiſper them in my ear, quoth the abbeſs.

Heaven! hadſt thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? were there no generous and friendly ſpirit unemployed—no agent in nature, by ſome monitory ſhivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouſe the muleteer from his banquet? no ſweet minſtrelſy to bring back the fair idea of the abbeſs and *Margarita*, with their black roſaries!

Rouſe! rouſe!——but 'tis too late——the horrid words are pronounced this moment———

——and how to tell them——Ye, who can ſpeak of every thing exiſting, with unpolluted lips——inſtruct me—guide me—

CHAP. XXV.

All ſins whatever, quoth the abbeſs, turning caſuiſt in the diſtreſs they were under, are held by the confeſſor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no farther diviſion. Now a venial ſin being the ſlighteſt and leaſt of all ſins,———being halved——by taking either only the half of it, and leaving the reſt—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourſelf and another perſon—in courſe becomes diluted into no ſin at all.

Now I ſee no ſin in ſaying, *bou, bou, bou, bou, bou*, a hundred times together: nor is there any turpitude

in pronouncing the ſyllable *ger, ger, ger, ger, ger,* were it from our matins to our veſpers: Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the abbeſs of *Andoüillets*——I will ſay *bou,* and thou ſhalt ſay *ger,* and then alternately, as there is no more ſin in *fou* than in *bou*—Thou ſhalt ſay *fou*—and I will come in (like fa, ſol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with *ter.* And accordingly the abbeſs, giving the pitch note, ſet off thus:

Abbeſs, } Bou———bou———bou———
Margarita, } ——ger,———ger,———ger.—
Margarita, } Fou———fou———fou———
Abbeſs, } ———ter,———ter,———ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual laſh of their tails; but it went no farther.——'Twill anſwer by and by, ſaid the novice.

Abbeſs, } Bou—bou—bou—bou—bou—bou
Margarita, } —ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker ſtill, cried *Margarita.*

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker ſtill, ſaid *Margarita.*

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker ſtill—God preſerve me! ſaid the abbeſs——They do not underſtand us, cried *Margarita*—But the Devil does, ſaid the abbeſs of *Andoüillets.*

CHAP. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run! how many degrees nearer to the warm ſun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I ſeen, during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Ma-

dam, upon this ſtory! There's FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of *Burgundy*, and CHALLON, and *Mâcon*, the capital of the *Mâconeſe*, and a ſcore more upon the road to LYONS——and now I have run them over—I might as well talk to you of ſo many market towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the leaſt, if not both this and the next entirely loſt, do what I will——

——Why, 'tis a ſtrange ſtory, *Triſtram*.

—Alas, Madam, had it been upon ſome melancholy lecture of the croſs——the peace of meekneſs, or the contentment of reſignation——I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abſtractions of the ſoul, and that food of wiſdom and holineſs, and contemplation, upon which the ſpirit of man (when ſeparated from the body) is to ſubſiſt for ever—You would have come with a better appetite from it——

—I wiſh I never had wrote it; but as I never blot any thing out—let us uſe ſome honeſt means to get it out of our heads directly.

—Pray reach me my fool's cap—I fear you ſit upon it, Madam—'tis under the cuſhion——I'll put it on——

Bleſs me! you have had it upon your head this half hour—There then let it ſtay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum—dye-dum
fiddle - - - *dum* - *c.*

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

CHAP. XXVII.

——All you need ſay of *Fontainbleau* (in caſe you are aſk'd) is, that it ſtands about forty miles (ſouth *ſomething*) from *Paris*, in the middle of a large foreſt—That there is ſomething great in it——That the king goes there once every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleaſure of the chaſe, —and that during that carnival of ſporting, any *Engliſh* gentleman of faſhion (you need not forget yourſelf) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the ſport, taking care only not to outgallop the king——

Though there are two reaſons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

Firſt, Becauſe 'twill make the ſaid nags the harder to be got; and,

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true——*Allons!*

As for SENS——you may deſpatch it in a word—"*'Tis an archiepiſcopal ſee.*"

—For JOIGNY—the leſs, I think, one ſays of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever: for in my *grand tour* through *Europe*, in which, after all my father (not caring to truſt me with any one) attended me himſelf, with my uncle *Toby*, and *Trim*, and *Obadiah*, and, indeed, moſt of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with a project of *knitting* my father a pair of large worſted breeches

——(the thing is common ſenſe)——and ſhe not caring to be put out of her way, ſhe ſtaid at home at SHANDY-HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I ſay, my father ſtopping us two days at *Auxerre*, and his reſearches being ever of ſuch a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a deſert—he has left me enough to ſay upon AUXERRE: in ſhort, wherever my father went—But 'twas more remarkably ſo in this journey through *France* and *Italy*, than in any other ſtages of his life—his road ſeemed to lie ſo much on one ſide of that wherein all other travellers had gone before him—he ſaw kings and courts, and ſilks of all colours, in ſuch ſtrange lights——and his remarks and reaſonings upon the characters, the manners and cuſtoms of the countries we paſs'd over, were ſo oppoſite to thoſe of all other mortal men, particularly thoſe of my uncle *Toby* and *Trim*—(to ſay nothing of myſelf) and, to crown all——the occurrences and ſcrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in conſequence of his ſyſtems and opiniatry——they were of ſo odd, ſo mixed and tragi-comical contexture——that the whole put together, it appears of ſo different a ſhade and tint from any tour of *Europe*, which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault muſt be mine, and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more————or, which comes to the ſame point—till the world finally takes it into its head to ſtand ſtill.—

——But this rich bale is not to be open'd now; except a ſmall thread or two of it, merely to unravel *the myſtery of my father's ſtay* at AUXERRE.

——As I have mentioned it—'tis too ſlight to be kept ſuſpended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

We'll go, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, whilſt dinner is coddling——to the abbey of Saint *Germain*, if it be only to ſee theſe bodies, of which Monſieur *Sequier* has given ſuch a recommendation—I'll go to ſee any body, quoth my uncle *Toby*; for he was all compliance through every ſtep of the journey—Defend me! ſaid my father—they are all mummies ——Then one need not ſhave, quoth my uncle *Toby* —Shave! no——cried my father——'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on.—So out we ſallied, the corporal lending his maſter his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of Saint *Germain*.

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very ſuperb, and very magnificent, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf to the ſacriſtan, who was a younger brother of the order of *Benedictines*——but our curioſity has led us to ſee the bodies, of which Monſieur *Sequier* has given the world ſo exact a deſcription.—The ſacriſtan made a bow, and lighting a torch firſt, which he had always in the veſtry ready for the purpoſe, he led us into the tomb of St. *Heribald*—This, ſaid the ſacriſtan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the Houſe of *Bavaria*, who, under the ſucceſſive reigns of *Charlemagne*, *Louis le Debonnair*, and *Charles the Bald*, bore a great ſway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and diſcipline——

Then he has been as great, ſaid my uncle, in the field, as in the cabinet—I dare ſay he has been a gallant ſoldier—He was a monk—ſaid the ſacriſtan.

My uncle *Toby* and *Trim* ſought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not; my father clapp'd both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him; for, though he hated a monk, and the very ſmell of a monk, worſe than all the devils in hell——yet the ſhot hitting my uncle *Toby*, and *Trim* ſo much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph, and put him into the gayeſt humour in the world.

—And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather ſportingly: This tomb, ſaid the young *Benedictine*, looking downwards, contains the bones of St. MAXIMA, who came from *Ravenna*, on purpoſe to touch the body—

——Of Saint MAXIMUS, ſaid my father, popping in with his ſaint before him—they were two of the greateſt ſaints in the whole martyrology, added my father—Excuſe me, ſaid the ſacriſtan—'twas to touch the bones of Saint *Germain*, the builder of the abbey ——And what did ſhe get by it? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——What does any woman get by it? ſaid my father———MARTYRDOM; replied the young *Benedictine*, making a bow down to the ground; and uttering the word with ſo humble but deciſive a cadence, it diſarmed my father for a moment. 'Tis ſuppoſed, continued the *Benedictine*, that St. *Maxima* has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization.—'Tis but a ſlow

riſe, brother *Toby*, quoth my father, in this ſelf-ſame army of martyrs.—A deſperate ſlow one, an' pleaſe your Honour, ſaid *Trim*, unleſs one could purchaſe ——I ſhould rather ſell out entirely, quoth my uncle *Toby*——I am pretty much of your opinion, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father.

——Poor St. *Maxima!* ſaid my uncle *Toby* low to himſelf, as we turn'd from her tomb: She was one of the faireſt and moſt beautiful ladies either of *Italy* or *France*, continued the ſacriſtan——But who the duce has got lain down here beſide her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb, as he walked on——It is St. *Optat*, Sir, anſwered the ſacriſtan———And properly is St. *Optat* plac'd! ſaid my father: And what is St. *Optat*'s ſtory? continued he. St. *Optat*, replied the ſacriſtan, was a biſhop—

——I thought ſo, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him——St. *Optat!*——how ſhould St. *Optat* fail? ſo ſnatching out his pocket-book, and the young *Benedictine* holding him the torch as he wrote, he ſet it down as a new prop to his ſyſtem of Chriſtian names; and I will be bold to ſay, ſo diſintereſted was he in the ſearch of truth, that, had he found a treaſure in St. *Optat*'s tomb, it would not have made him half ſo rich: 'Twas as ſucceſsful a ſhort viſit as ever was paid to the dead; and ſo highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had paſſed in it,—that he determined at once to ſtay another day in *Auxerre*.

—I'll ſee the reſt of theſe good gentry to-morrow, *ſaid my* father, as we croſs'd over the ſquare—And

while you are paying that viſit, brother *Shandy*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——Now this is the moſt puzzled ſkein of all——for in this laſt chapter, as far at leaſt as it has helped me through *Auxerre*, I have been getting forwards in two different journeys together, and with the ſame daſh of the pen—for I have got entirely out of *Auxerre* in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of *Auxerre* in that which I ſhall write hereafter—There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by puſhing at ſomething beyond that, I have brought myſelf into ſuch a ſituation, as no traveller ever ſtood before me; for I am this moment walking acroſs the market-place of *Auxerre*, with my father and my uncle *Toby*, in our way back to dinner—and I am this moment alſo entering *Lyons*, with my poſt-chaiſe broke into a thouſand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handſome pavillion built by *Pringello* *, upon the banks of the *Garonne*, which Monſ. *Sligniac* has lent me, and where I now ſit rhapſodizing all theſe affairs.

——Let me collect myſelf, and purſue my journey.

* The ſame Don *Pringello*, the celebrated *Spaniſh* architect, of whom my couſin *Antony* has made ſuch honourable mention, in a ſcholium to the Tale inſcribed to his name. Vid. p. 129. ſmall edit.

CHAP. XXIX.

I AM glad of it, ſaid I, ſettling the account with myſelf as I walked into *Lyons*—my chaiſe being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving ſlowly before me—I am heartily glad, ſaid I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to *Avignon*, which will carry me on an hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not coſt me ſeven livres—and from thence continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire a couple of mules—or aſſes, if I like (for nobody knows me), and croſs the plains of *Languedoc*, for almoſt nothing—I ſhall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune clear into my purſe; and pleaſure! worth—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, ſhall I fly down the rapid *Rhone* with the VIVARES on my right hand, and DAUPHINY on my left, ſcarce ſeeing the ancient cities of VIENNE, *Valence*, and *Vivieres?* What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to ſnatch a bluſhing grape from the *Hermitage* and *Coté roti*, as I ſhoot by the foot of them; and what a freſh ſpring in the blood! to behold upon the banks, advancing and retiring, the caſtles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome reſcued the diſtreſs'd—and ſee vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her—

As I went on thus, methought my chaiſe, the *wreck* of which look'd ſtately enough at the firſt,

inſenſibly grew leſs and leſs in its ſize; the freſhneſs of the painting was no more——the gilding loſt its luſtre—and the whole affair appeared ſo poor in my eyes—ſo ſorry!—ſo contemptible! and, in a word, ſo much worſe than the abbeſs of *Andouïlletts'* itſelf——that I was juſt opening my mouth to give it to the devil——when a pert vamping chaiſe-undertaker, ſtepping nimbly acroſs the ſtreet, demanded if Monſieur would have his chaiſe refitted——No, no, ſaid I, ſhaking my head ſide-ways——Would Monſieur chooſe to ſell it? rejoin'd the undertaker—With all my ſoul, ſaid I—the iron work is worth forty livres—and the glaſſes worth forty more——and the leather you may take to live on.

——What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this poſt chaiſe brought me in? And this is my uſual method of book-keeping, at leaſt with the diſaſters of life——making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me——

——Do, my dear *Jenny*, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one, the moſt oppreſſive of its kind which could befal me as a man, proud, as he ought to be, of his manhood——

'Tis enough, ſaid'ſt thou, coming cloſe up to me as I ſtood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* paſs'd——'Tis enough, *Triſtram*, and I am ſatisfied, ſaid'ſt thou, whiſpering theſe words in my ear, **** ** **** *** ******;—**** ** ***——any other man would have ſunk down to the centre——

——every thing is good for ſomething, quoth I.

——I'll go into *Wales for* ſix weeks, and drink

goat's whey—and I'll gain ſeven years longer life for the accident. For which reaſon I think myſelf inexcuſable, for blaming Fortune ſo often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious ducheſs, as I call'd her, with ſo many ſmall evils: ſurely if I have any cauſe to be angry with her, 'tis that ſhe has not ſent me great ones——a ſcore of good curſed bouncing loſſes, would have been as good as a penſion to me.

——One of an hundred a year, or ſo, is all I wiſh—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

CHAP. XXX.

To thoſe who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the beſt part of a day in *Lyons*, the moſt opulent and flouriſhing city in *France*, enriched with the moſt fragments of antiquity——and not be able to ſee it. To be withheld upon *any* account, muſt be a vexation: but to be with-held *by* a vexation——muſt certainly be, what philoſophy juſtly calls

VEXATION
upon
VEXATION.

I had got my two diſhes of milk coffee (which, by the by, is excellently good for a conſumption, but you muſt boil the milk and coffee together—otherwiſe 'tis only coffee and milk),——and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did *ont go off till* noon, I had time to ſee enough of

Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, ſaid I, looking at my liſt, and ſee the wonderful mechaniſm of this great clock of *Lippius* of *Baſil*, in the firſt place——

Now of all things in the world, I underſtand the leaſt of mechaniſm—I have neither genius, or taſte, or fancy——and have a brain ſo entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I ſolemnly declare, I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a ſquirrel cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—though I have many an hour of my life looked up with great devotion at the one—and ſtood by with as much patience as any Chriſtian ever could do at the other——

I'll go ſee the ſurpriſing movements of this great clock, ſaid I, the very firſt thing I do: and then I will pay a viſit to the great library of the Jeſuits, and procure, if poſſible, a ſight of the thirty volumes of the general Hiſtory of *China*, wrote (not in the *Tartarian*) but in the *Chineſe* language, and in the *Chineſe* character too.

Now I almoſt know as little of the *Chineſe* language, as I do of the mechaniſm of *Lippius's* clock-work; ſo, why theſe ſhould have joſtled themſelves into the two firſt articles of my liſt——I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature; I own it looks like one of her ladyſhip's obliquities; and they who court her, are intereſted in finding out her humour as much as I.

When theſe curioſities are ſeen, quoth I, half addreſſing myſelf to my *valet de place*, who ſtood be-

hind me——'twill be no hurt if he go to the church of St. *Irenæus*, and ſee the pillar to which *Chriſt* was tied—and after that, the houſe where *Pontius Pilate* lived—'Twas at the next town, ſaid the *valet de place*——at *Vienna*; I am glad of it, ſaid I, riſing from my chair, and walking acroſs the room with ſtrides twice as long as my uſual pace——" for ſo " much the ſooner ſhall I be at the *tomb of the two* " *lovers*."

What was the cauſe of this movement, and why I took ſuch long ſtrides in uttering this——I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concerned in it—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XXXI.

O! THERE is a ſweet æra in the life of man, when, (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing elſe)——a ſtory read of two fond lovers, ſeparated from each other by cruel parents, and by ſtill more cruel deſtiny—

Amandus—He
Amanda—She—

each ignorant of the other's courſe;

He—eaſt
She—weſt

Amandus taken captive by the *Turks*, and carried to the emperor of *Morocco's* court, where the princeſs of *Morocco* falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in priſon, for the love of his *Amanda*—

She——(*Amanda*) all the time wandering bare-

foot, and with diſhevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains, inquiring for *Amandus*——*Amandus*!—*Amandus*——making every hill and valley to echo back his name—

Amandus! *Amandus*!

at every town and city ſitting down forlorn at the gate—Has *Amandus*—has my *Amandus* enter'd—till,——going round, and round, and round the world—chance unexpectedly bringing them at the ſame moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of *Lyons*, their native city, and each, in well-known accents, calling out aloud,

Is *Amandus* / Is my *Amanda* } ſtill alive?

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a ſoft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where ſuch a ſtory affords more *pabulum* to the brain, than all the *Fruſts*, and *Cruſts*, and *Ruſts* of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that ſtuck on the right ſide of the colander in my own, of what *Spon* and others, in their accounts of *Lyons*, had ſtrained into it; and finding moreover, in ſome Itinerary, but in what, God knows——That ſacred to the fidelity of *Amandus* and *Amanda*, a tomb was built without the gates, where, to this hour, lovers call upon them to atteſt their truths—I never could get into a ſcrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers*, would, ſomehow or other, come in at the cloſe——nay, ſuch a kind of empire had it eſtabliſh'd over me, that I could ſeldom *think* or ſpeak of *Lyons*——and

ſometimes not ſo much as ſee even a *Lyons waiſtcoat*, but this remnant of antiquity would preſent itſelf to my fancy; and I have often ſaid, in my wild way of running on—tho' I fear with ſome irreverence—— "I thought this ſhrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of *Mecca*, and ſo little ſhort, except in wealth, of the *Santa Caſa* itſelf, that, ſome time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other buſineſs at *Lyons*) on purpoſe to pay it a viſit."

In my liſt, therefore, of *Videnda* at *Lyons*, this, tho' *laſt*——was not, you ſee, leaſt; ſo, taking a dozen or two of longer ſtrides than uſual acroſs my room, juſt whilſt it paſſed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Baſſe Cour*, in order to ſally forth; and having called for my bill——as it was uncertain whether I ſhould return to my inn, I had paid it—— had moreover given the maid ten ſous, and was juſt receiving the dernier compliments of Monſieur *Le Blanc*, for a pleaſant voyage down the *Rhône*—— when I was ſtopped at the gate—

CHAP. XXXII.

—'TWAS by a poor aſs who had juſt turned it with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemoſynary turnip tops and cabbage leaves; and ſtood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inſide of the threſhold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the ſtreet, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in, or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I

cannot bear to ſtrike—there is a patient endurance of ſufferings, wrote ſo unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads ſo mightily for him, that it always diſarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to ſpeak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will——whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever ſomething civil to ſay to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as litte to do as I)—I generally fall into converſation with him: and ſurely never is my imagination ſo buſy as in framing his reſponſes from the etchings of his countenance——and, where thoſe carry me not deep enough——in flying from my own heart into his, and ſeeing what is natural for an aſs to think—as well as a man, upon the occaſion.—— In truth, it is the only creature of all the claſſes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, *&c.* I never exchange a word with them—nor with apes, *&c.* for pretty near the ſame reaſon: they act by rote, as the others ſpeak by it, and equally make me ſilent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog, he would ſpeak if he could)—yet ſomehow or other they neither of them poſſeſs the talents for converſation——I can make nothing of a diſcourſe with them, beyond the *propoſition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's converſations in his beds of juſtice——and, thoſe utter'd—there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an aſs, I can commune for ever.

Come, *Honeſty!* ſaid I,—ſeeing it was impracti-

cable to paſs betwixt him and the gate——art thou for coming in or going out?

The aſs twiſted his head round to look up the ſtreet——

Well——replied I——we'll wait a minute for thy driver:

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wiſtfully the oppoſite way———

I underſtand thee perfectly; anſwered I——if thou takeſt a wrong ſtep in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death——Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it ſaves a fellow-creature a drubbing it ſhall not be ſet down as ill ſpent.

He was eating the ſtem of an artichoke as this diſcourſe went on, and in the little peeviſh contentions of Nature, betwixt hunger and unſavourineſs, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——God help thee, *Jack*! ſaid I, thou haſt a bitter breakfaſt on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterneſs to thee, whatever life is to others.

And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare ſay, as ſoot—(for he had caſt aſide the ſtem) and thou haſt not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon——In ſaying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had juſt purchaſed, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart ſmites me, that there was more of pleaſantry in the conceit, of ſeeing *how* an aſs would eat a macaroon—than of be-

nevolence in giving him one, which preſided in the act.

When the aſs had eaten his macaroon, I preſs'd him to come in——the poor beaſt was heavy loaded ——his legs ſeemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pulled at his halter, it broke ſhort in my hand——he looked up penſive in my face—" Don't thraſh me with it—but, if you " will, you may"—If I do, ſaid I, I'll be d—d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the Abbeſs of *Andouillet's*—ſo there was no ſin in it) —when a perſon coming in, let fall a thundering baſtinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an oſier which had ſtarted out from the contexture of the aſs's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he ruſh'd by me, and rent it in the moſt diſaſtrous direction you can imagine—ſo that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, ſhould have come in here——but this I leave to be ſettled by

The

REVIEWERS

of

MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpoſe.

CHAP. XXXIII.

When all was ſet to rights, I came down ſtairs again into the *Baſſe Cour* with my *valet de place*, in order to ſally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, *&c.*—and was a ſecond time ſtopped at the gate——not by the aſs—but by the perſon who ſtruck him; and who, by that time, had taken poſſeſſion (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very ſpot of ground where the aſs ſtood.

It was a commiſſary ſent to me from the poſt-office, with a reſcript in his hand for the payment of ſome ſix livres odd ſous——

Upon what account? ſaid I.—'Tis upon the part of the king, replied the commiſſary, heaving up both his ſhoulders—

——my good friend, quoth I——as ſure as I am I—and you are you————

——And who are you? ſaid he.——Don't puzzle me, ſaid I.

CHAP. XXXIV.

——But it is an undubitable verity, continued I, addreſſing myſelf to the commiſſary, changing only the form of my aſſeveration—that I owe the king of *France* nothing but my good will; for he is a very honeſt man, and I wiſh him all health and paſtime in the word.

Pardonnez moi—replied the commiſſary, you are [illegible]*ted to* him ſix livres four ſous, for the next poſt

from hence to St *Fons*, in your route to *Avignon*—which being a poſt royal, you pay double for the horſes and poſtillion——otherwiſe 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres two ſous.

—But I don't go by land, ſaid I.

——You may, if you pleaſe, replied the commiſſary—

Your moſt obedient ſervant—ſaid I, making him a low bow—

The commiſſary, with all the ſincerity of grave good breeding—made me one as low again. I never was more diſconcerted with a bow in my life.

—The devil take the ſerious character of theſe people! quoth I——(aſide) they underſtand no more of IRONY than this—

The compariſon was ſtanding cloſe by with his panniers—but ſomething ſeal'd up my lips—I could not pronounce the name——

Sir, ſaid I, collecting myſelf—it is not my intention to take poſt——

—But you may—ſaid he, perſiſting in his firſt reply—you may take poſt, if you chooſe.—

—And I may take ſalt to my pickled herring, ſaid I, if I chooſe——

—But I do not chooſe—

—But you muſt pay for it, whether you do or no——

Ay! for the ſalt; ſaid I (I know)—

—And for the poſt too, added he. Defend me cried I.

I travel by water——I am going down the *Rhône*

this very afternoon—my baggage is in the boat—and I have actually paid nine livres for my paſſage—

C'eſt tout egal——'tis all one, ſaid he

Bon Dieu! what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do *not* go!

—*C'eſt tout egal*, replied the commiſſary—

——The devil it is! ſaid I,—but I will go to ten thouſand Baſtiles firſt——

O *England*! *England*! thou land of liberty, and climate of good ſenſe, thou tendereſt of mothers—and gentleſt of nurſes, cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apoſtrophe—

When the director of Madam *Le Blanc's* conſcience coming in at that inſtant, and ſeeing a perſon in black, with a face as pale as aſhes, at his devotions—looking ſtill paler by the contraſt and diſtreſs of his drapery—aſk'd if I ſtood in want of the aids of the church—

I go by WATER—ſaid I—and here's another will be for making me pay for going by OIL.

CHAP. XXXV.

As I perceived the commiſſary of the poſt-office would have his ſix livres four ſous, I had nothing elſe for it, but to ſay ſome ſmart thing upon the occaſion worth the money.

And ſo ſet off thus—

—And pray, Mr. Commiſſary, by what law of courteſy is a defenceleſs ſtranger to be uſed juſt the reverſe from what you uſe a *Frenchman* in this matter?

By no means, ſaid he.

Excuſe me, ſaid I—for you have begun, Sir, with firſt tearing of my breeches——and now you want my pocket.—

Whereas—had you firſt taken my pocket, as you do with your own people—and then left me bare a—'d after——I had been a beaſt to have complain'd—

As it is—

——'Tis contrary to the *law of nature.*

——'Tis contrary to *reaſon.*

——'Tis contrary to the GOSPEL.

But not to this—ſaid he—putting a printed paper into my hand.

PAR LE ROY.

——'Tis a pithy prolegomenon, quoth I—and ſo read on -
- -
- -
- -
- -

—By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, that if a man ſets ou in a poſt-chaiſe from *Paris*—he muſt go on traveling in one all the days of his life—or pay for it——Excuſe me, ſaid the commiſſary, the ſpirit of the ordinance is this—That if you ſet out with an intention of running poſt from *Paris* to *Avignon*, *&c* you ſhall not change that intention or mode of travelling, without firſt ſatisfying the fermiers for two poſts farther than the place you repent at—and 'tis founded,

continued he, upon this, that the REVENUES are not to fall ſhort through your *fickleneſs*—

—O, by heavens! cried I—if fickleneſs is taxable in *France*—we have nothing to do but to make the beſt peace with you we can—

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE.

—And if it is a bad one——as *Triſtram Shandy* laid the corner ſtone of it——nobody but *Triſtram Shandy* ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THOUGH I was ſenſible I had ſaid as many clever hings to the commiſſary as came to ſix livers four ous, yet I was determined to note down the impoition amongſt my remarks before I retir'd from the lace; ſo putting my hand into my coat pocket for ny remarks——(which, by the by, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) my remarks were *ſtolen*." ——never did ſorry traveller make ſuch a pother and raket about his remarks as I did about mine upon th occaſion.

Heaven! earth! ſea! fire! cried I, calling in ever thing to my aid but what I ſhould—My remaks are ſtolen!—what ſhall I do?—Mr. Commiſſary! pray, did I drop any remarks as I ſtood beſide you'

You dropp'd a good many very ſingular ones, replied he—Pugh! ſaid I, thoſe were but a few, not worh above ſix livres two ſous——but theſe are a larg parcel——He ſhook his head—Monſieur *Le*

Blanc! Madam *Le Blanc!* did you ſee any papers of mine?—you maid of the houſe! run up ſtairs—*François:* ran up after her—

—I muſt have my remarks—they were the beſt remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wiſeſt—the wittieſt—What ſhall I do?—which way ſhall I turn myſelf?

Sancho Pança, when he loſt his aſs's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEN the firſt tranſport was over, and the regiſters of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confuſion into which this jumble of croſs accidents had caſt them—it then preſently occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaiſe—and that in ſelling my chaiſe, I had ſold my remarks along with it, to the chaiſe-vamper.

I leave this void ſpace, that the reader may ſwear into it any oath that he is moſt accuſtomed to—— For my own part, if ever I ſwore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I think it was into that—*** ******, ſaid I—and ſo my remarks through *France*, which were as full of wit as an egg is full of meat, and as well worth four hundred guineas as the ſaid egg is worth a penny——have I been ſelling here to a chaiſe-vamper——for four *Louis d'ors*——and giving him a poſt-chaiſe (by heaven) worth ſix into the bargain; had it been to *Dodſley*, or *Becket*, or any creditable bookſeller, who was either leaving off bu-

ſineſs, and wanted a poſt-chaiſe——or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them—I could have borne it—but to a chaiſe-vamper!—ſhow me to him this moment, *François*—ſaid I—The *valet de place* put on his hat, and led the way——and I pull'd off mine as I paſs'd the commiſſary, and followed him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEN we arrived at the chaiſe-vamper's houſe, both the houſe and the ſhop were ſhut up; it was the eighth of *September*, the nativity of the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, mother of God—

——Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi—the whole world was going out a May-poling——friſking here—capering there——nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; ſo I ſat me down upon a bench by the door, philoſophizing upon my condition: by a better fate than uſually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the miſtreſs came in, to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before ſhe went to the May-poles——

The *French* women, by the by, love May-poles, *à la folie*——that is, as much as their matins——give 'em but a May-pole, whether in *May*, *June*, *July*, or *September*—they never count the times—down it goes—'tis meat, drink, waſhing, and lodging to 'em——and had we but the policy, an' pleaſe your worſhips (as wood is a little ſcarce in *France*) to ſend them but plenty of May-poles——

The women would ſet them up; and when they

had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaiſe-vamper ſtepp'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair——the toilette ſtands ſtill for no man—ſo ſhe jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them as ſhe open'd the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground—I inſtantly ſaw it was my own writing—

—O Seigneur! cried I—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam!—*J'en ſuis bien mortifiée*, ſaid ſhe—'tis well, thinks I, they have ſtuck there——for, could they have gone deeper, they would have made ſuch confuſion in a *French* woman's noddle—ſhe had better have gone with it unfrizzled to the day of eternity.

Tenez—ſaid ſhe—ſo, without any idea of the nature of my ſuffering, ſhe took them from her curls, and put them gravely one by one, into my hat——one was twiſted this way—another twiſted that——ay! by my faith, and when they are publiſhed, quoth I,—

They will be worſe twiſted ſtill.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AND now for *Lippius's* clock! ſaid I, with the air of a man who had got through all his difficulties—nothing can prevent us ſeeing that and the *Chineſe* hiſtory, *&c.* except the time ſaid *François*—for 'tis almoſt eleven—then we muſt ſpeed the faſter, ſaid I, ſtriding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot ſay *in my heart* that it gave me any con-

cern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the weſt door,—That *Lippius's* great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for ſome years—It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruſe the *Chineſe* hiſtory; and beſides, I ſhall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in its decay than I could have done in its flouriſhing condition—

—And ſo away I poſted to the college of the Jeſuits.

Now, it is with the project of getting a peep at the hiſtory of *China* in *Chineſe* characters——as with many others I could mention, which ſtrike the fancy only at a diſtance; for, as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cool'd—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-ſtone to have it gratified——the truth was, my time was ſhort, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers—I wiſh to God, ſaid I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but loſt; it fell out as well—

For all the JESUITS *had got the cholic*—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldeſt practitioner.

CHAP. XL.

As I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in *Lyons*, namely, that it was upon the turning of my right hand, juſt without the gate leading to the *Fauxbourg de Vaiſe*—I diſpatched *François* to the boat, that I

might pay the homage I ſo long ow'd it, without a witneſs to my weakneſs.—I walk'd with all imaginable joy towards the place—when I ſaw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me—

—Tender and faithful ſpirits! cried I, addreſſing myſelf to *Amandus* and *Amanda*—long——long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb—I come—I come—

When I came——there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle *Toby* to have whiſtled, Lillobullero!

CHAP XLI.

No matter how, or in what mood, but I flew from the tomb of the lovers——or rather I did not fly *from* it (for there was no ſuch thing exiſting) and juſt got time enough to the boat to ſave my paſſage; and ere I had ſailed an hundred yards, the *Rhône* and the *Saon* met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have deſcribed this voyage down the *Rhône* before I made it.

—So now I am at *Avignon*—and as there is nothing to ſee but the old houſe in which the Duke of *Ormond* reſided, and nothing to ſtop me but a ſhort remark upon the place, in three minutes you will ſee me croſſing the bridge upon a mule, with *François*, upon a horſe with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner *of both ſtriding* the way before us with a

long gun upon his ſhoulder, and a ſword under his arm, leſt peradventure we ſhould run away with his cattle. Had you ſeen my breeches in entering *Avignon*——though you'd have ſeen them better, I think, as I mounted——you would not have thought the precaution amiſs, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it moſt kindly; and determined to make him a preſent of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himſelf at all points againſt them.

Before I go farther, let me get rid of my remark upon *Avignon*, which is this, That I think it wrong, merely becauſe a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the firſt night he comes to *Avignon*——that he ſhould therefore ſay, "*Avignon* is more "ſubject to high winds than any town in all *France*:" for which reaſon I laid no ſtreſs upon the accident, till I had inquired of the maſter of the inn about it, who telling me ſeriouſly it was ſo——and hearing, moreover, the windineſs of *Avignon* ſpoke of in the country about as a proverb——I ſet it down, merely to aſk the learned what can be the cauſe——the conſequence I ſaw—for they are all Dukes, Marquiſſes, and Counts there—the deuce a Baron in all *Avignon*——ſo that there is ſcarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, ſaid I, take hold of my mule for a moment—for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel—The man was ſtanding quite idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head he was ſome way concerned about

the houſe or ſtable, I put the bridle into his hand—ſo began with the boot:——when I had finiſhed the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man and thank him—

——But *Monſieur le Marquis* had walked in—

CHAP. XLII.

I HAD now the whole ſouth of *France*, from the banks of the *Rhône* to thoſe of the *Garonne*, to traverſe upon my mule at my own leiſure——*at my own leiſure*——for I had left Death, the Lord knows ——and He only—how far behind me—" I have " followed many a man through *France*, quoth he—" but never at this mettleſome rate."——Still he followed,——and ſtill I fled him—but I fled him cheerfully——ſtill he purſued—but like one who purſued his prey without hope——as he lagg'd—every ſtep he loſt ſoftened his looks—why ſhould I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithſtanding all the commiſſary of the poſt-office had ſaid, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and, after ſo precipitate and rattling a courſe as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I ſhould traverſe the rich plains of *Languedoc* upon his back, as ſlowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleaſing to a traveller—or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain; eſpecially if it is without great rivers or bridges: and preſents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for, after they have once

told you that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the caſe happens)——that the ſoil was grateful, and that nature pours out all her abundance, &c.——they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no uſe to them but to carry them to ſome town; and that town perhaps of little more but a new place to ſtart from to the next plain——and ſo on.

——This is moſt terrible work; judge if I don't manage my plains better.

CHAP. XLIII.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three ſeveral times loitered *terribly* behind; half a mile at leaſt every time; once in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of *Baucaira* and *Taraſcone*——I did not underſtand the principles—

The ſecond time, I cannot ſo properly ſay, I ſtopp'd—for, meeting a couple of *Franciſcans* ſtraitened more for time than myſelf, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about——I had turned back with them—

The third, was an affair of trade with a goſſip, for a hand baſket of *Provence* figs for four ſous: this would have been tranſacted at once, but for a caſe of conſcience at the cloſe of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turn'd out that there were two dozen of eggs covered over with vine leaves at the bottom of the baſket——as I had no intention of

buying eggs—I made no ſort of claim of them—— as for the ſpace they had occupied—what ſignified it? I had figs enow for my money.—

——But it was my intention to have the baſket—it was the goſſip's intention to keep it, without which ſhe could do nothing with her eggs—and unleſs I had the baſket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and moſt of 'em burſt at the ſide; this brought on a ſhort contention, which terminated in ſundry propoſals what we ſhould both do——

——How we diſpoſed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the Devil himſelf, had he not been there (which I am perſuaded he was) to form the leaſt probable conjecture. You will read the whole of it—not this year, for I am haſtening to the ſtory of my uncle *Toby's* amours—but you will read it in the collection of thoſe which have aroſe out of the journey acroſs this plain——and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like thoſe of other travellers, in this journey of it, over ſo barren a track—the world muſt judge—— but the traces of it, which are now all ſet o'vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the moſt fruitful and buſy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time——by ſtopping and talking to every ſoul I met who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every ſoul behind—— hailing all thoſe who were coming through croſs-roads——arreſting all kinds of

beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not paſſing by a woman in a mulberry tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into converſation with a pinch of ſnuff——In ſhort, by ſeizing every handle, of what ſize or ſhape ſoever, which chance held out to me in this journey——I turned my *plain* into a *city* —I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved ſociety as much as myſelf, and had ſome propoſals always on his part to offer to every beaſt he met——I am confident we could have paſſed through *Pall-Mall* or St. *James's* Street for a month together with fewer adventures ——and ſeen leſs of human nature.

O! there is that ſprightly frankneſs which at once unpins every plait of a *Languedocian's* dreſs—that whatever is beneath it, it looks ſo like the ſimplicity which poets ſung of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is ſo.

'Twas in the road betwixt *Niſmes* and *Lunel*, where there is the beſt *Muſcatto* wine in all *France*, and which by the by belongs to the honeſt canons of MONTPELLIER——and foul befal the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

——The ſun was ſet—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afreſh—and the ſwains were preparing for a carouſal——My mule made a dead point—'tis the fife and tambourin, ſaid I—I am frighten'd to death, quoth he—They are running at the ring of pleaſure, ſaid I, giving him a prick—By ſaint *Boogar*, and all the ſaints at the backſide of the door of Purgatory, ſaid he—(making

he ſame reſolution with the abbeſs of *Andoüillets*) I'll not go a ſtep farther—'Tis very well, Sir, ſaid I ——I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live; ſo leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that——I'll take a dance, ſaid I——ſo ſtay you here.

A ſun-burnt daughter of Labour roſe up from the group to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark cheſnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a ſingle treſs.

We want a cavalier, ſaid ſhe, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them——And a cavalier ye ſhall have, ſaid I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadſt thou, *Nannette*, been array'd like a ducheſſe!

———But that curſed ſlit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, ſaid ſhe, letting go one hand, with ſelf-taught politeneſs, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom *Appollo* had recompenſed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran ſweetly over the prelude, as he ſat upon the bank—Tie me up this treſs inſtantly, ſaid *Nannette*, putting a piece of ſtring into my hand—It taught me to forget I was a ſtranger—The whole knot fell down——We had been ſeven years acquainted.

The youth ſtruck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—"the deuce take that ſlit!"

The ſiſter of the youth who had ſtolen her voice from heaven, ſung alternately with her brother—'twas a *Gaſcoigne* roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!

FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs join'd in uniſon, and their ſwains an octave below them———

I would have given a crown to have it few'd up—*Nannette* would not have given a sous—*Viva la joia!* was in her lips: *Viva la joia!* was in her eyes. A tranſient ſpark of amity ſhot acroſs the ſpace betwixt us—She look'd amiable!—Why could I not live and end my days thus? Juſt Diſpoſer of our joys and ſorrows, cried I, why could not a man ſit down in the lap of content here—and dance, and ſing and ſay his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid; capriciouſly did ſhe bend her head on one ſide, and dance up inſidious——Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; ſo changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from *Lunel* to *Montpellier*—from thence to *Peſçnas*, *Beziers*——I danced it along through *Narbonne*, *Carcaſſon*, and *Caſtle Naudairy*, till at laſt I danced myſelf into *Perdrillo's* pavilion, where pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on ſtraight forwards, without digreſſion or parentheſis, in my uncle *Toby's* amours—I began thus———

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

Non enim excurſis hic ejus, ſed opus ipſum eſt.
PLIN. Lib. quintus, Epiſtola ſexta.

VOL. VIII. ORIG. EDIT.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

—But ſoftly—for in theſe ſportive plains, and under this genial ſun, where at this inſtant all fleſh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and, every ſtep that's taken, the judgment is ſurpriſed by the imagination, I defy, notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid upon *ſtraight lines* * in ſundry pages of my book——I defy the beſt cabbage-planter that ever exiſted, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to anſwer for in the one caſe than the other)——I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in ſtraight lines, and ſtoical diſtances, eſpecially if ſlits in petticoats are unſew'd up——without ever and anon ſtraddling out, or fiddling into ſome baſtardly digreſſion——In *Freeze-*

* *Vid. Vol. VI.*

land, *Fog-land*, and ſome other lands I wot of—it may be done—

But in this clear climate of fantaſy and perſpiration, where every idea, ſenſible and inſenſible, gets vent—in this land, my dear *Eugenius*—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now ſit, unſcrewing my ink-horn to write my uncle *Toby's* amours, and with all the meanders of JULIA's track in queſt of her DIEGO, in full view of my ſtudy window——if thou comeſt not and takeſt me by the hand——

What a work is it likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM—

—But now I am talking of beginning a Book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day)—I'll juſt mention it, and begin in good earneſt.

The thing is this:

That of all the ſeveral ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the beſt——I am ſure it is the moſt religious—for I begin with writing the firſt ſentence—and truſting to Almighty God for the ſecond.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuſs and

folly of opening his ſtreet door, and calling in his neighbours, and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c. only to obſerve how one ſentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wiſh you ſaw me half ſtarting out of my chair, —with what confidence, as I graſp the elbow of it, I look up——catching the idea, even ſometimes before it half-way reaches me——

I believe in my conſcience I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his *Portrait* * are fools to me—no martyr is ever ſo full of faith or fire——I wiſh I could ſay, of good works too—but I have no

Zeal or Anger—or
Anger or Zeal—

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the ſame name——the erranteſt TARTUFFE, in ſcience—in politics—or in religion, ſhall never kindle a ſpark within me, or have a worſe word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

——Bon jour!—good morrow!——ſo you have got your cloak on betimes!——but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted than go o'foot—and obſtructions in the glands are dangerous—And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o'both

* *Vid. Pope's* Portrait.

ſides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your ſiſter, aunt, uncle, and couſins—I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, toothaches, fevers, ſtranguaries, ſciaticas, ſwellings, and ſore eyes.——What a devil of an apothecary! to take ſo much blood—give ſuch a vile purge—puke—poultice—plaſter—night-draught—clyſter—bliſter?——And why ſo many grains of calomel! Santa Maria! and ſuch a doſe of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail—By my great aunt *Dinah's* old black velvet maſk! I think there was no occaſion for it.

Now, this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, *before* ſhe was got with child by the coachman——not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK afreſh was more than the maſk was worth—and to wear a maſk which was bald, or which could be half ſeen through, was as bad as having no maſk at all—

This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for theſe four generations, we count no more than one archbiſhop, a *Welſh* judge, ſome three or four aldermen, and a ſingle mountebank——

In the ſixteenth century we boaſt of no leſs than a dozen of alchymiſts.

CHAP. IV.

"IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom."—The ſuffering party is at leaſt the *third*, but generally the *laſt in the* houſe who knows any thing about the

matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and ſo long as what, in this veſſel of the human frame, is *Love*—may be *Hatred* in that——Sentiment half a yard higher——and *Nonſenſe*——no, Madam,——not there——I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger—how can we help ourſelves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you pleaſe, who ever ſoliloquized upon this myſtic ſubject, my uncle *Toby* was the worſe fitted to have puſh'd his reſearches through ſuch a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worſe matters, to ſee what they would turn out——had not *Bridget's* pre-notification of them to *Suſannah*, and *Suſannah's* repeated manifeſtos thereupon to all the world, made it neceſſary for my uncle *Toby* to look into the affair.

CHAP. V.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from ſome ailment in the *foot*)—ſhould ever have had ſome tender nymph breaking her heart in ſecret for them, are points well and duly ſettled and accounted for by ancient and modern phyſiologiſts.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profeſs'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is preciſely in the ſame predicament: not that, at firſt ſight, there is any conſequence, or ſhow of logic in it, "That "a rill of cold water dribbling through my inward "parts, ſhould light up a torch in my *Jenny's*—"

[illegible] does not ſtrike one; on the [illegible] ſeems to run oppoſite to the natural [illegible] cauſes and effects——

[illegible] ſhows the weakneſs and imbecility of hu[illegible]

—And in perfect good health with it?"

—The moſt perfect—Madam, that friendſhip hercould wish me—

—And drink nothing!——nothing but water?"

—Impetuous fluid! the moment thou preſſeſt a[illegible] the flood-gates of the brain—ſee how they [illegible] way!

[illegible] ſwims CURIOSITY, beckoning to her damſels to [illegible]—they dive into the centre of the current——FANCY ſits muſing upon the bank, and with her [illegible] following the ſtream, turns ſtraws and bulruſhes [illegible] mails and bowſprits——And DESIRE, with veſt [illegible] up to the knee in one hand, ſnatches at them, [illegible] they ſwim by her, with the other—

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this deluſive [illegible]ntain that ye have ſo often governed and turned [illegible] world about like a mill-wheel——grinding the [illegible]s of the impotent—bepowdering their ribs—be[illegible]pering their noſes, and changing ſometimes even [illegible] very frame and face of Nature?——

—If I was you, quoth *Yorick*, I would drink more [illegible]er, *Eugenius*—And if I was you, *Yorick*, replied [illegible]*enius*, ſo would I.

Which ſhows they both had read *Longinus*.

[illegible]y own part, I am reſolved never to read any [illegible]y own as long as I live.

CHAP. VI.

I WISH my uncle *Toby* had been a water-drinker; for then the thing had been accounted for, That the firſt moment Widow *Wadman* ſaw him, ſhe felt ſomething ſtirring within her in his favour—Something!—ſomething.

—Something, perhaps, more than friendſhip—leſs than love—ſomething—no matter what——no matter where—I would not give a ſingle hair of my mule's tale, and be obliged to pluck it off myſelf (indeed, the villain has not many to ſpare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your worſhips into the ſecret———

But the truth is, my uncle *Toby* was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mix'd, or anyhow, or anywhere, except fortuitouſly, upon ſome advanced poſts, where better liquor was not to be had—or during the time he was under cure, when the ſurgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them ſooner into contact——my uncle *Toby* drank it for quietneſs ſake.

Now, as all the world knows that no effect in nature can be produced without a cauſe; and as it is as well known that my uncle *Toby* was neither a weaver—a gardener—or a gladiator—unleſs, as a captain, you will needs have him one—but then he was only a captain of foot——and beſides, the whole is an equivocation—there is nothing left for us to ſuppoſe, but that my uncle *Toby's* leg—but that will avail us little in the preſent hypotheſis, unleſs it had

proceeded from ſome ailment *in the foot*—whereas, his leg was not emaciated from any diſorder in his foot——for my uncle *Toby's* leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little ſtiff and awkward, from a total diſuſe of it for the three years he lay confined at my father's houſe in town; but it was plump and muſcular, and, in all other reſpects, as good and promiſing a leg as the other.

I declare I do not recollect any one opinion or paſſage of my life where my underſtanding was more at a loſs to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing to the ſervice of the chapter following it, than in the preſent caſe: one would think I took a pleaſure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make freſh experiments of getting out of 'em—Inconſiderate foul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable diſtreſſes with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemm'd in on every ſide of thee——are they, *Triſtram*, not ſufficient, but thou muſt entangle thyſelf ſtill more?

It is not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou haſt ten cart loads of thy fifth and ſixth volumes ſtill——ſtill unfold, and art almoſt at thy wit's end how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour, art thou not tormented with the vile aſthma thou gatteſt in ſkatting againſt the wind in *Flanders!* and it is but two months ago, that in a fit of laughter, on ſeeing a cardinal make water like a choiriſter (with both hands) thou breakedſt a veſſel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou loſt as many quarts of blood; and hadſt thou loſt as

much more, did not the faculty tell thee—it would have amounted to a gallon.

CHAP. VII.

—But for Heaven's ſake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons—let us take the ſtory ſtraight before us; it is ſo nice and intricate a one, it will ſcarce bear the tranſpoſition of a ſingle tittle; and, ſomehow or other, you have got me thruſt almoſt into the middle of it.

—I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. VIII.

My uncle *Toby* and the corporal had poſted down with ſo much heat and precipitation, to take poſſeſſion of the ſpot of ground we have ſo often ſpoke of, in order to open their campaign as early at the reſt of the allies, that they had forgot one of the moſt neceſſary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's ſpade, a pick-axe, or a ſhovel—

—It was a bed to lie on: ſo that, as *Shandy Hall* was at that time unfurniſhed, and the little inn where poor *Le Fevre* died, not yet built; my uncle *Toby* was conſtrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. *Wadman's* for a night or two, till Corporal *Trim* (who, to the character of an excellent vallet, groom, cook, ſempſter, ſurgeon and engineer, ſuperadded that of an excellent upholſterer too) with the help of a carpenter and a couple of tailors, conſtructed one in my uncle *Toby's houſe*.

A daughter of *Eve*, for ſuch was Widow *Wadman*, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

"*That ſhe was a perfect woman;*"

had better be fifty leagues off—or in her warm bed—or playing with a caſe-knife——or any thing you pleaſe—than make a man the object of her attention, when the houſe, and all the furniture, is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors, and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, phyſically ſpeaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one——but here, for her ſoul, ſhe can ſee him in no light, without mixing ſomething of her own goods and chattels along with him—till, by reiterated acts of ſuch combinations, he gets foiſted into her inventory.

—And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEM; for I have delivered that above——nor is it matter of BREVIARY——for I make no man's creed but my own——nor matter of FACT—at leaſt that I know of; but 'tis matter copulative and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. IX.

I DO not ſpeak it with regard to the coarſeneſs or cleanneſs of them—or the ſtrength of their guſſets—but pray, do not night-ſhifts differ from day-ſhifts, as much in this particular as in any thing elſe in the world? That they ſo far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall al-

moſt as much below the feet as the day-ſhifts fall ſhort of them?

Widow *Wadman*'s night-ſhifts (as was the mode I ſuppoſe in King *William*'s and Queen *Anne*'s reigns) were cut however after this faſhion; and if the faſhion is changed (for in *Italy* they are come to nothing)—ſo much the worſe for the public, they were two *Flemiſh* ells and an half in length; ſo that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, ſhe had half an ell to ſpare, to do what ſhe would with.

Now, from one little indulgence gain'd after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a ſeven years widowhood, things had inſenſibly come to this paſs, and, for the two laſt years, had got eſtabliſh'd into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—That as ſoon as Mrs. *Wadman* was put to bed, and had got her legs ſtretched down to the bottom of it, of which ſhe always gave *Bridget* notice——*Bridget*, with all ſuitable decorum, having firſt open'd the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we are ſpeaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its fartheſt extenſion, and then contracted it again ſide-long by four or five even plaits, ſhe took a large corking-pin out of her ſleeve, and, with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all faſt together a little above the hem; which done, ſhe tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wiſh'd her miſtreſs a good night.

This was conſtant, and without any other variation than this, that, on ſhivering and tempeſtuous nights, when *Bridget* untuck'd the feet of the bed,

&c. to do this—ſhe conſulted no thermometer but that of her own paſſions; and ſo performed it ſtanding——kneeling——or ſquatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, ſhe was in, and bore towards her miſtreſs that night. In every other reſpect, the *etiquette* was ſacred, and might have vied with the moſt mechanical one of the moſt inflexible bed-chamber in *Chriſtendom*.

The firſt night, as ſoon as the corporal had conducted my uncle *Toby* up ſtairs, which was about ten——Mrs *Wadman* threw herſelf into her arm-chair, and croſſing her left knee with her right, which formed a reſting place for her elbow, ſhe reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both ſides of the queſtion.

The ſecond night, ſhe went to her bureau, and having ordered *Bridget* to bring her up a couple of freſh candles, and leave them upon the table, ſhe took out her marriage ſettlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the laſt of my uncle *Toby's* ſtay) when *Bridget* had pull'd down the night-ſhift, and was eſſaying to ſtick in the corking-pin——

—With a kick of both heels at once, but, at the ſame time, the moſt natural kick that could be kick'd in her ſituation——for ſuppoſing * * * * * * * * * to be the ſun in its meridian, it was a north-eaſt kick ſhe kicked the pin out of her fingers—the *etiquette* which hung upon it, down——down it fell to the ground, and was ſhivered into a thouſand atoms.

From all which it was plain, that Widow *Wadman* was in love with my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. X.

My uncle *Toby's* head at that time was full of other matters, ſo that it was not till the demolition of *Dunkirk*, when all the other civilities of *Europe* were ſettled, that he found leiſure to return this.

This made an armiſtice (that is, ſpeaking with regard to my uncle *Toby*——but, with reſpect to Mrs. *Wadman*, a vacancy)—of almoſt eleven years. But in all caſes of this nature, as it is the ſecond blow, happen at what diſtance of time it will, which makes the fray—I chooſe, for that reaſon, to call theſe the amours of my uncle *Toby* with Mrs. *Wadman*, rather than the amours of Mrs. *Wadman* with my uncle *Toby*.

This is not a diſtinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cock'd*——and a *cock'd old hat*, about which your reverences have ſo often been at odds with one another—but there is a difference here in the nature of things———

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XI.

Now, as Widow *Wadman* did love my uncle *Toby*, and my uncle *Toby* did not love Widow *Wadman*, there was nothing for Widow *Wadman* to do, but to go on and love my uncle *Toby*—or let it alone.

Widow *Wadman* would do neither the one or the other———

——Gracious heaven!——but I forget I am a little of her temper myſelf; for whenever it ſo falls out, which it ſometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddeſs is ſo much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfaſt for her ——and that ſhe careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfaſt or no——

—Curſe on her! and ſo I ſend her to *Tartary*, and from *Tartary* to *Terra del Fuogo*, and ſo on to the devil: in ſhort, there is not an infernal niche where I do not take her divinityſhip and ſtick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the paſſions, in theſe tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I inſtantly bring her back again; and, as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the Milky Way——

Brighteſt of ſtars! thou wilt ſhed thy influence upon ſome one!—

——The deuce take her and her influence too ——for at that word I loſe all patience—much good may it do him?——By all that is hirſute and ghaſtly! I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twiſting it round my finger—I would not give ſixpence for a dozen ſuch!

—But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and preſſing it cloſe to my ears)—and warm—and ſoft: eſpecially if you ſtroke it the right way—but alas! that will never be my luck——(ſo here my philoſphy is ſhipwreck'd again)——

No; I ſhall never have a finger in the pie (ſo here I break my metaphor)—

Cruſt and crumb—

Inſide and out—

Top and bottom—I deteſt it, I hate it, I repudiate it—I'm ſick at the ſight of it—

'Tis all pepper,
garlick,
ſtaragen,
ſalt, and
devil's dung—By the great arch cook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but ſit down by the fire-ſide and invent inflammatory diſhes for us, I would not touch it for the world———

—*O Triſtram! Triſtram!* cried *Jenny*.

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and ſo went on with the twelfth chapter.

CHAP. XII.

—"Not touch it for the world!" did I ſay?

Lord, how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor.

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH ſhows, let your reverences and worſhips ſay what you will of it (for as for *thinking*—all who do think—think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)—LOVE is certainly, at leaſt alphabetically ſpeaking, *one of the* moſt

A gitating
B ewitching
C onfounded
D eviliſh affairs of life——the moſt
E xtravagant
F utilitous
G alligaſkiniſh
H andy-dandyiſh
I rucundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical of all human paſſions: at the ſame time the moſt
M iſgiving
N innyhammering
O bſtipating
P ragmatical
S tridulous

R idiculous——though, by the by, the R ſhould have gone firſt—but in ſhort, 'tis of ſuch a nature, as my father once told my uncle *Toby*, upon the cloſe of a long diſſertation upon the ſubject—"You "can ſcarce," ſaid he, "combine two ideas toge-"gether upon it, brother *Toby*, without an hypallage"—What's that? cried my uncle *Toby*.—

The cart before the horſe, replied my father——

—And what has he to do there? cried my uncle *Toby*——

Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in—or let it alone.

Now, Widow *Wadman*, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She ſtood, however, ready harneſſed and capariſoned at all points to watch accidents.

CHAP. XIV.

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of theſe amours of Widow *Wadman* and my uncle *Toby*, had, from the firſt creation of matter and motion (and with more courteſy than they uſually do things of this kind) eſtabliſhed ſuch a chain of cauſes and effects hanging ſo faſt to one another, that it was ſcarce poſſible for my uncle *Toby* to have dwelt in any other houſe in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Chriſtendom, but the very houſe and garden which joined and lay parallel to Mrs. *Wadman's*; this, with the advantage of a thickſet arbour in Mrs. *Wadman's* garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle *Toby's*, put all the occaſions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; ſhe could obſerve my uncle *Toby's* motions, and was miſtreſs likewiſe of his councils of war: and as his unſuſpecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of *Bridget*, to make her a wicket gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the ſentry-box; and ſometimes, out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle *Toby* up in the very ſentry-box itſelf.

CHAP. XV.

IT is a great pity——but 'tis certain from every day's obſervation of man, that he may be ſet on fire like a *candle at either end*—provided there is a ſuf-

ficient wick ſtanding out; if there is not—there's an end of the affair; and if there is——by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame, in that caſe, has the misfortune generally to put out itſelf—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myſelf—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beaſt—I would oblige a houſewife conſtantly to light me at the top; for then I ſhould burn down decently to the ſocket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and ſo on by the meſeraick veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral inſertions of the inteſtines and their tunicles, to the blind gut——

——I beſeech you, Doctor *Slop*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a diſcourſe with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me—I beſeech you, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

The *blind gut*, anſwered Dr. *Slop*, lies betwixt the *Ilion* and *Colon*——

In a man? ſaid my father.

——'Tis preciſely the ſame, cried Doctor *Slop*, in a woman——

That's more than I know, quoth my father.

CHAP. XVI.

——And ſo, to make ſure of both ſyſtems, Mrs. *Wadman* predetermined to light my uncle *Toby* neither at this end or that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if poſſible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture, including both of horſe and foot, from the great arſenal of *Venice* to the *Tower* of *London*, (excluſive) if Mrs. *Wadman* had been rummaging for ſeven years together, and with *Bridget* to help her, ſhe could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* ſo fit for her purpoſe, as that which the expediency of my uncle *Toby*'s affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you—but I don't know—poſſibly I have——be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of thoſe many things, which a man had better do over again, than diſpute about it——That whatever town or fortreſs the corporal was at work upon, during the courſe of their campaign, my uncle *Toby* always took care, on the inſide of his ſentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, faſten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but looſe at the bottom for the convenience of holding it up to the eye, *&c.* . . . as occaſions required; ſo that when an attack was reſolved upon, Mrs. *Wadman* had nothing more to do, when ſhe had got advanced to the door of the ſentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the ſame movement, to take hold of

the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with outſtretched neck meeting it half way——, to advance it towards her; on which my uncle *Toby's* paſſions were ſure to catch fire—for he would inſtantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the tack was advanced to this point;—— the world will naturally enter into the reaſons of Mrs. *Wadman's* next ſtroke of generalſhip——which was, to take my uncle *Toby's* tobacco-pipe out of his hand as ſoon as ſhe poſſibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more diſtinctly at ſome redoubt or breaſt-work in the map, ſhe would effect, before my uncle *Toby* (poor ſoul!) had well marched above half a dozen toiſes with it.

——It obliged my uncle *Toby* to make uſe of his forefinger.

The difference it made in the attack was this, That in going upon it, as in the firſt caſe, with the end of her forefinger againſt the end of my uncle *Toby's* tobacco-pips, ſhe might have travelled with it, along the lines, from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, had my uncle *Toby's* lined reached ſo far, without any effect: For, as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no ſentiment—it could neither give fire by pulſation—or receive it by ſympathy—'twas nothing but ſmoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle *Toby's* forefinger with her's, cloſe through all the little turns and in*dentings* of his works——preſſing ſometimes againſt

the ſide of it—then treading upon its nail—then tripping it up—then touching it here—then there, and ſo on——it ſet ſomething at leaſt in motion.

This, though ſlight ſkirmiſhing, and at a diſtance from the main body, yet drew on the reſt; for here, the map uſually falling with the back of it cloſe to the ſide of the ſentry-box, my uncle *Toby*, in the ſimplicity of his ſoul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. *Wadman*, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her's cloſe beſide it: this at once opened a communication large enough for any ſentiment to paſs or repaſs, which a perſon ſkill'd in the elementary and practical art of love-making has occaſion for——

By bringing up her forefinger parallel (as before) to my uncle *Toby*'s—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action—and the forefinger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle *Toby!* was never now in its right place—Mrs. *Wadman* had it ever to take up, or, with the gentleſt puſhings, protruſions, and equivocal compreſſions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving—to get it preſs'd a hair's breadth of one ſide out of her way.

Whilſt this was doing, how could ſhe forget to make him ſenſible that it was her leg (and no one's elſe) at the bottom of the ſentry-box, which ſlightly preſs'd againſt the calf of his—ſo that my uncle *Toby* being thus attacked and ſore puſh'd on both his wings—was it a wonder, if, now and then, it put his centre into diſorder?——

—The deuce take it! ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. *Wadman* you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which hiſtory is full of, and from the ſame reaſons. A general looker-on would ſcarce allow them to be attacks at all—or, if he did, would confound them altogether——but I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my deſcriptions of them as I come up to them, which will not be for ſome chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings which my father took care to roll up by themſelves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preſervation (and ſhall be kept ſo, whilſt I have power to preſerve any thing), upon the lower corner of which, on the right-hand ſide, there are ſtill remaining the marks of a ſnuffy finger and thumb, which, there is all the reaſon in the world to imagine, were Mrs. *Wadman*'s; for the oppoſite ſide of the margin, which I ſuppoſe to have been my uncle *Toby*'s, is abſolutely clean: This ſeems an authenticated record of one of theſe attacks; for there are veſtigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but ſtill viſible on the oppoſite corner of the map, which are unqueſtionably the very holes through which it has been pricked up in the ſentry-box—

By all that is prieſtly! I value this precious relic, with its *ſtigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relics *of the Romiſh* church—always excepting, when I am

writing upon theſe matters, the pricks which enter'd the fleſh of St. *Radagunda* in the deſert, which, in your road from FESSE to CLUNY, the nuns of that name will ſhow you for love.

CHAP. XVIII.

I THINK, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth *Trim*, the fortifications are quite deſtroyed—and the baſon is upon a level with the mole——I think ſo too, replied my uncle *Toby*, with a ſigh half ſuppreſs'd——but ſtep into the parlour, *Trim*, for the ſtipulation ——it lies upon the table.

It has lain there theſe ſix weeks, replied the corporal, till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it.

———Then, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, there is no farther occaſion for our ſervices. The more, an' pleaſe your honour, the pity, ſaid the corporal; in uttering which, he caſt his ſpade into the wheel-barrow, which was beſide him, with an air the moſt expreſſive of diſconſolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pickaxe, his pioneer's ſhovel, his piquets, and other little military ſtores, in order to carry them off the field—when a heigh-ho! from the ſentry-box, which being made of thin ſlit deal, reverberated the ſound more ſorrowfully to his ear, forbade him.

——No, ſaid the corporal to himſelf, I'll do it before his honour riſes to-morrow morning; ſo taking his ſpade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, *as if to level ſomething* at the foot of

he glacis——but with a real intent to approach nearer to his maſter, in order to divert him—he looſen'd a ſod or two——pared their edges with his ſpade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he ſat himſelf down cloſe by my uncle *Toby*'s feet, and began as follows.

CHAP. XIX.

IT was a thouſand pities—though I believe, an' pleaſe your honour, I am going to ſay but a fooliſh kind of a thing for a ſoldier——

A ſoldier, cried my uncle *Toby*, interrupting the corporal, is no more exempt from ſaying a fooliſh thing, *Trim*, than a man of letters——But not ſo often, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal—My uncle *Toby* gave a nod.

It was a thouſand pities then, ſaid the corporal, caſting his eye upon *Dunkirk* and the mole, as *Servius Sulpicius*, in returning out of *Aſia* (when he ſailed from *Ægina* towards *Megara*), did upon *Corinth* and *Pyræus*——

——" It was a thouſand pities an' pleaſe your " honour, to deſtroy theſe works—and a thouſand " pities to have let them ſtand."

——Thou art right, *Trim*, in both caſes, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——This, continued the corporal, is the reaſon, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end——I have never once whiſtled, or ſung, or laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of paſt done deeds, or told your honour one ſtory good or bad——

——*Thou* haſt many excellencies, *Trim*, ſaid my

uncle *Toby*, and I hold it not the leaſt of them, as thou happeneſt to be a ſtory-teller, that of the number thou haſt told me, either to amuſe me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones—thou haſt ſeldom told me a bad one———

——Becauſe, an' pleaſe your honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his ſeven caſtles*,—they are all true, for they are about myſelf——

I do not like the ſubject the worſe, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, on that ſcore: But prithee, what is this ſtory?——thou haſt excited my curioſity.

I'll tell it your honour, quoth the corporal, directly——Provided, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, looking earneſtly towards *Dunkirk* and the mole again—provided it is not a merry one; to ſuch, *Trim*, a man ſhould ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him; and the diſpoſition I am in at preſent would wrong both thee, *Trim*, and thy ſtory.—It is not a merry one by *any means*, replied the corporal—Nor *would I have* it altogether a grave one, added my uncle *Toby*—It is neither the one nor the other, replied the corporal, but will ſuit your honour exactly ——Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle *Toby*, ſo prithee begin it, *Trim*.

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not ſo eaſy a matter as the world imagines to pull off a lank *Montero* cap with grace—or a whit leſs difficult in my conceptions, when a man is ſitting ſquat upon the ground, to make a bow ſo teeming with reſpect as the corporal was wont; yet, by ſuffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his maſter, *to ſlip* backwards upon the graſs,

a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater ſweep——and by an unforced compreſſion, at the ſame time, of his cap with the thumb and the two forefingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced, ſo that it might be ſaid rather to be inſenſibly ſqueez'd—than pulled of with a flatus—the corporal acquitted himſelf of both in a better manner than the poſture of his affairs promiſed; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his ſtory would beſt go, and beſt ſuit his maſter's humour——he exchanged a ſingle look of kindneſs with him, and ſet off thus:

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

THERE was a certain king of Bo—he—

As the corporal was entering the confines of *Bohemia*, my uncle *Toby* obliged him to halt for a ſingle moment; he had ſet out bare-headed, having, ſince he pull'd off his *Montero* cap in the latter end of the laſt chapter, left it lying beſide him on the ground.

—The eye of goodneſs eſpieth all things—ſo that before the corporal had well got through the firſt five words of his ſtory, had my uncle *Toby* twice touched his *Montero* cap with the end of his cane interrogatively——as much as to ſay, Why don't you put it on, *Trim?* *Trim* took it up with the moſt reſpectful ſlowneſs, and caſting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore [redacted]*rt, which* being diſmally tarniſh'd and fray'd more-

one in ſome of the principal leaves and boldeſt parts of the pattern, he laid it down again betwixt his two feet, in order to moralize upon the ſubject.

——'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle *Toby*, that thou art about to obſerve—

" *Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to laſt for* " *ever.*"

——But when tokens, dear *Tom*, of thy love and remembrance wear out, ſaid *Trim*, what ſhall we ſay?

There is no occaſion, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to ſay any thing elſe; and was a man to puzzle his brains till doomſday, I believe, *Trim*, it would be impoſſible.

The corporal perceiving my uncle *Toby* was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without farther attempting it, he put it on; and paſſing his hand acroſs his forehead to rub out a penſive wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the ſame look and tone of voice, to his ſtory of the king of *Bohemia* and his ſeven caſtles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was a certain king of *Bohemia*, but in whoſe reign except his own, I am not able to inform your honour.

I do not deſire it of thee, *Trim*, by any means cried my uncle *Toby*.

—It was a little before the time, an' pleaſe your honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding;—but in what year of our Lord that was——

——I would not give a halfpenny to know, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

—Only, an' pleaſe your honour, it makes a ſtory look the better in the face—

—'Tis thy own, *Trim*, ſo ornament it after thy own faſhion; and take any date, continued my uncle *Toby*, looking pleaſantly upon him——take any date in the whole world thou chooſeſt, and put it to——thou art heartily welcome.

The corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the firſt creation of the world down to *Noah's* flood; and from *Noah's* flood to the birth of *Abraham*; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the *Iſraelites* out of *Egypt*—and throughout all the Dynaſties, Olympiads, Urebeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world down to the coming of Chriſt, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his ſtory—had my uncle *Toby* ſubjected this vaſt empire of time and all its abyſſes at his feet; but as MODESTY ſcarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himſelf with the very *worſt year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very fleſh off your bones in conteſtation, "Whether that "year is not always the laſt caſt-year of the laſt

"caſt-almanack"——I tell you plainly it was, but from a different reaſon than you wot of———

It was the year next him—which being the year of our Lord ſeventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of *Ormond* was playing the devil in *Flanders*—the corporal took it, and ſet out with it afreſh on his expedition to *Bohemia*.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

In the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and twelve, there was, an' pleaſe your honour——

.—To tell thee truly, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, any other date would have pleaſed me much better, not only upon account of the ſad ſtain upon our hiſtory that year, in marching off our troops, and refuſing to cover the ſiege of *Queſnoi*, though *Fagal* was carrying on the works with ſuch incredible vigour—but likewiſe on the ſcore, *Trim*, of thy own ſtory; becauſe if there are—and which, from what thou haſt dropt, I partly ſuſpect to be the fact—if there are giants in it—

———There is but one, an' pleaſe your honour———

—'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle *Toby*—thou ſhould'ſt have carried him back ſome ſeven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of critics and other people; and therefore I would adviſe thee, if ever thou telleſt it again——

——If I live, an' pleaſe your honour, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth

Trim, either to man woman, or child——Pôo—poo! ſaid my uncle *Toby*—but with accents of ſuch ſweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his ſtory with more alacrity than ever.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, raiſing his voice and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together as he began, a certain king of *Bohemia*——

—Leave out the date entirely, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's ſhoulder to temper the interruption—leave it out entirely, *Trim*; a ſtory paſſes very well without theſe niceties, unleſs one is pretty ſure of 'em——Sure of 'em! ſaid the corporal, ſhaking his head—

Right, anſwered my uncle *Toby*; it is not eaſy, *Trim*, for one bred up as thou and I have been to arms, who ſeldom looks farther forward than to the end of his muſket, or backwards beyond his knapſack, to know much about this matter—— God bleſs your honour! ſaid the corporal, won by the *manner* of my uncle *Toby's* reaſoning, as much as by the reaſoning itſelf, he has ſomething elſe to do; if not on action, or a march, or upon duty in his garriſon —he has his firelock, an' pleaſe your honour, to furbiſh—his accoutrements to take care of—his regimentals to mend—himſelf to ſhave and keep clean, *ſo as to* appear always like what he is upon the pa-

rade; what buſineſs, added the corporal triumphantly, has a ſoldier, an' pleaſe your honour, to know any thing at all of *geography?*

———Thou wouldſt have ſaid *Chronology*, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*; for as for geography, 'tis of abſolute uſe to him; he muſt be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profeſſion carries him; he ſhould know every town, and city, and village, and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow-ways which lead up to them; there is not a river or rivulet he paſſes, *Trim*, but he ſhould be able at firſt ſight to tell thee what is its name——in what mountains it takes its riſe——what is its courſe—how far it is navigable——where fordable——where not; he ſhould know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to deſcribe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains, and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and moraſſes, through and by which his army is to march; he ſhould know their produce, their plans, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their ſeaſons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their cuſtoms, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it elſe to be conceived, corporal, continued my uncle *Toby*, riſing up in his ſentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his diſcourſe——how *Marlborough* could have marched his army from the banks of the *Maes* to *Belburg*; from *Belburg to Kerpenord* ——(here the corporal could ſit no longer) from *Kerpenord*, *Trim*, to *Kalſaken*; from *Kalſaken* to *Newdorf*; from *Newdorf* to *Landenburg*; from *Lan-*

denbourg to *Mildenheim*; from *Mildenheim* to *Elchingen*; from *Elchingen* to *Gingen*; from *Gingen* to *Balmerchoffen*, from *Balmerchoffen* to *Skellenbourg*, where he broke in upon the enemy's works; forced his paſſage over the *Danube*; croſs'd the *Lech*—puſhed on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through *Friburg*, *Hockenwert*, and *Schonevelt*, to the plains of *Blenheim* and *Hochſtet?*——Great as he was, corporal, he could not have advanced a ſtep, or made one ſingle day's march, without the aids of *geography*———As for *chronology*———I own, *Trim*, continued my uncle *Toby*, ſitting down again coolly in his ſentry-box, that, of all others, it ſeems a ſcience which a ſoldier might beſt ſpare, was it not for the lights which that ſcience muſt one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renverſing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new æra to us of military improvements, changing ſo totally the nature of attacks and defences both by ſea and land, and awakening ſo much art and ſkill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in aſcertaining the preciſe time of its diſcovery, or too inquiſitive in knowing what great man was the diſcoverer, and what occaſions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle *Toby*, what hiſtorians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of *Wenceläus*, ſon of *Charles* the Fourth,—a certain prieſt, whoſe name was *Schwartz*, ſhow'd the uſe of powder to the *Venetians*, in their wars againſt the *Genoeſe*; but 'tis

certain he was not the firſt; becauſe, if we are to believe Don *Pedro* the biſhop of *Leon*——How came prieſts and biſhops, an' pleaſe your honour, to trouble their heads ſo much about gunpowder? God knows, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—his providence brings good out of every thing—and he avers in his chronicle of King *Alphonſus*, who reduced *Toledo*, that in the year 1343, which was full thirty-ſeven years before that time, the ſecret of powder was well known, and employed with ſucceſs, both by *Moors* and *Chriſtians*, not only in their ſea-combats at that period, but in many of their moſt memorable ſieges in *Spain* and *Barbary*——And all the world knows, that Friar *Bacon* had wrote expreſsly about it, and had generouſly given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even *Schwartz* was born—And that the *Chineſe*, added my uncle *Toby*, embarraſs us, and all accounts of it ſtill more, by boaſting of the invention ſome hundreds of years even before him——

——They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried *Trim*.

——They are ſomehow or other deceived, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, in this matter, as is plain to me from the preſent miſerable ſtate of military architecture amongſt them; which conſiſts of nothing more than a foſſé, with a brick wall without flanks——and, for what they give us as a baſtion at each angle of it, 'tis ſo barbarouſly conſtructed, that it looks for all the world——like one of my ſeven caſtles, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby*, though in the utmoſt diſtreſs for

a compariſon, moſt courteouſly refuſed *Trim's* offer ——till *Trim* telling him, he had half a dozen more in *Bohemia*, which he knew not how to get off his hands——my uncle *Toby* was ſo touch'd with the pleaſantry of heart of the corporal——that he diſcontinued his diſſertation upon gunpowder——and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his ſtory of the king of *Bohemia* and his ſeven caſtles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THIS *unfortunate* King of *Bohemia*, ſaid *Trim*—Was he unfortunate then? cried my uncle *Toby*, for he had been ſo wrapt up in his diſſertation upon gunpowder and other military affairs, that though he had deſired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not ſo ſtrong upon his fancy as to account for the epithet—Was he *unfortunate* then, *Trim?* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, pathetically——The corporal, wiſhing firſt the *word* and all its ſynonymas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal event in the King of *Bohemia's* ſtory; from every one of which it appearing that he was the moſt fortunate man that ever exiſted in the world—it put the corporal to a ſtand: for, not caring to retract his epithet—and leſs to explain it——and, leaſt of all, to twiſt his tale (like men of lore) to ſerve a ſyſtem——he looked up in my uncle *Toby's* face for aſſiſtance——but ſeeing it was the very thing my uncle *Toby* ſat in ex-

pectation of himſelf——after a hum and a haw, he went on———

The King of *Bohemia*, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, was *unfortunate* as thus—That taking great pleaſure and delight in navigation and all ſort of ſea affairs—and there *happening* throughout the whole kingdom of *Bohemia*, to be no ſea-port town whatever———

How the deuce ſhould there—Trim? cried my uncle *Toby*; for *Bohemia* being totally inland, it could have happened no otherwiſe——It might, ſaid *Trim*, if it had pleaſed God———

My uncle *Toby* never ſpoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and heſitation——

I believe not, replied my uncle *Toby*, after ſome pauſe—for being inland, as I ſaid, and having *Sileſia* and *Moravia* to the eaſt; *Luſatia* and *Upper Saxony* to the north; *Franconia* to the weſt; and *Bavaria* to the ſouth—*Bohemia* could not have been propell'd to the ſea, without ceaſing to be *Bohemia*—— nor could the ſea, on the other hand, have come up to *Bohemia*, without overflowing a great part of *Germany*, and deſtroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants, who could make no defence againſt it—Scandalous! cried *Trim*——Which would beſpeak, added my uncle *Toby*, mildly, ſuch a want of compaſſion in Him who is the father of it——that, I think, *Trim*——the thing could have happen'd no way.

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction; and went on.

Now, the King of *Bohemia*, with his queen and courtiers, *happening* one fine ſummer's evening to walk out—Aye! there the word *happening* is right *Trim*, cried my uncle *Toby*; for the King of *Bohemia* and his Queen might have walk'd out, or let it alone; 'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen or not, juſt as chance ordered it.

King *William* was of an opinion, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth *Trim*, that every thing was predeſtined for us in this world; inſomuch, that he would often ſay to his ſoldiers, that "every ball had its "billet." He was a great man, ſaid my uncle *Toby* —And I believe, continued Trim, to this day, that the ſhot which diſabled me at the battle of *Landen*, was pointed at my knee for no other purpoſe but to take me out of his ſervice, and place me in your honour's, where I ſhould be taken ſo much better care of in my old age—It ſhall never, *Trim*, be conſtrued otherwiſe, ſaid by uncle *Toby*.

The heart, both of the maſter and the man, were alike ſubject to ſudden overflowings—a ſhort ſilence enſued.

Beſides, ſaid the corporal, reſuming the diſcourſe —but in a gayer accent—if it had not been for that ſingle ſhot, I had never, an' pleaſe your honour, been in love——

So, thou waſt once in love, *Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſmiling—

Souſe! replied the corporal——over head and ears! an' pleaſe your honour. Prithee when? where? —and how came it to paſs!—I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle *Toby*;—I dare

ſt for himſelf; and if it had not been for the
ents of *Wyndham*, *Lumley*, and *Galway*, which
ed the retreat over the bridge of *Neerſpeken*, the
himſelf could ſcarce have gain'd it——he was
d heard, as your honour knows, on every ſide
n——

llant mortal! cried my uncle *Toby*, caught up
enthuſiaſm——this moment, now that all is
ſee him galloping acroſs me, corporal, to the
o bring up the remains of the Engliſh horſe
with him to ſupport the right, and tear the
from *Luxembourg's* brows, if yet 'tis poſſible
ſee him with the knot of his ſcarf juſt ſhot
ifuſing freſh ſpirits into poor *Galway's* regi-
—riding along the line—then wheeling about,
arging *Conti* at the head of it—Brave! brave,
aven! cried my uncle *Toby*—he deſerves a
———as richly as a thief a halter, ſhouted

ſafety——Though *Talmaſh*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, brought off the foot with great prudence—but I was left upon the field, ſaid the corporal. Thou waſt ſo, poor fellow! replied my uncle *Toby*—So that it was noon the next day, continued the corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be convey'd to our hoſpital.

There is no part of the body, an' pleaſe your honour, where a wound occaſions more intolerable anguiſh than upon the knee—

Except the groin, ſaid my uncle *Toby*. An' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal, the knee, in my opinion, muſt certainly be the moſt acute, there being ſo many tendons and what d'ye-call'ems all about it.

It is for that reaſon, quoth my uncle *Toby*, that the groin is infinitely more ſenſible——there being not only as many tendons and what d'ye-call'ems (for I know their names as little as thou doſt)—about it——but moreover * * *——

Mrs. *Wadman*, who had been all the time in her arbour——inſtantly ſtopp'd her breath——unpinn'd her mob at the chin, and ſtood up upon one leg——

The diſpute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* for ſome time; till *Trim*, at length recollecting that he had often cried at his maſter's ſufferings, but never ſhed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my uncle *Toby* would not allow—'Tis a proof of nothing, *Trim*, ſaid he, but the generoſity of thy *temper*.——

CHAP. XX.

anguiſh of my knee, continued the corporal, xceſſive in itſelf; and the uneaſineſs of the cart, he roughneſs of the roads, which were terribly ——making bad ſtill worſe—every ſtep was to me: ſo that with the loſs of blood, and the of care taking of me, and a fever I felt com- beſides—(Poor ſoul! ſaid my uncle *Toby*) all er, an' pleaſe your honour, was more than I ſuſtain.

as telling my ſufferings to a young woman at ſant's houſe, where our cart, which was the the line, had halted; they had help'd me in; e young woman had taken a cordial out of her t, and dropp'd it upon ſome ſugar, and ſeeing cheer'd me, ſhe had given it me a ſecond and

your honour, ſaid the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

'Tis the moſt ſerious thing, an' pleaſe your honour (ſometimes), that is in the world.

By the perſuaſion of the young woman, continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men ſet off without me; ſhe had aſſured them I ſhould expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So, when I came to myſelf——I found myſelf in a ſtill, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peaſant and his wife. I was laid acroſs the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beſide me, holding the corner of her handkerchief, dipped in vinegar, to my noſe with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at firſt for the daughter of the peaſant (for it was no inn)———ſo had offer'd her a little purſe with eighteen florins, which my poor brother *Tom*, (here *Trim* wip'd his eyes) had ſent me as a token by a recruit, juſt before he ſet out for *Liſbon*—

—I never told your honour that piteous ſtory yet —here *Trim* wiped his eyes a third.

The young woman call'd the old man and his wife into the room, to ſhow them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed, and what little neceſſaries I ſhould want, till I ſhould be in a condition to be got to the hoſpital—Come, then! ſaid ſhe, tying up the little purſe——I'll be your banker—but,

as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurſe too.

I thought, by her manner of ſpeaking this, as well as by her dreſs, which I then began to conſider more attentively——that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peaſant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair conceal'd under a cambric border, laid cloſe to her forehead: ſhe was one of thoſe kind of nuns, an' pleaſe your honour, of which, your honour knows, there are a good many in *Flanders* which they let go looſe——By thy deſcription, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I dare ſay, ſhe was a young *Beguine*, of which there are none to be found any where but in the *Spaniſh Netherlands*——except at *Amſterdam*;—they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit the cloiſter, if they chooſe to marry; they viſit and take care of the ſick, by profeſſion—I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

—She has often told me, quoth *Trim*, ſhe did it for the love of Chriſt—I did not like it.—I believe, *Trim*, we are both wrong, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——we'll aſk Mr. *Yorick* about it to-night at my brother *Shandy's*——ſo put me in mind, added my uncle *Toby*.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, had ſcarce given herſelf time to tell me, "ſhe would be "my nurſe," when ſhe haſtily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare ſomething for me——and, in a ſhort time——though I thought it a long one—ſhe came back with flannels, *&c. &c.* and having fomented *my* knee ſoundly for a couple

of hours, *&c.* and made me a thin baſon of gruel for my ſupper—ſhe wiſh'd me reſt, and promiſed to be with me early in the morning—ſhe wiſh'd me, an' pleaſe your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made ſad diſturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it——and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapſack and eighteen florins to ſhare with her——The whole night long was the fair *Beguine*, like an angel, cloſe by my bed-ſide, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials——and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promiſed, and giving them in reality. In truth, ſhe was ſcarce ever from me; and ſo accuſtomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart ſickened, and I loſt colour when ſhe left the room; and yet, continued the corporal (making one of the ſtrangeſt reflections upon it in the world)——

—"*It was not love*"—for during the three weeks ſhe was almoſt conſtantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can honeſtly ſay, an' pleaſe your honour—that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * once.

That was very odd, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*—I think ſo too—ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*.

It never did, ſaid the corporal.

CHAP. XXI.

—But 'tis no marvel, continued the corporal—ſeeing my uncle *Toby* muſing upon it—for Love, an' pleaſe your honour, is exactly like war, in this, That a ſoldier, though he has eſcaped three weeks complete o' *Saturday* night,—may nevertheleſs be ſhot through his heart on *Sunday* morning———*It happened ſo here*, an' pleaſe your honour; with this difference only—that it was on *Sunday* in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a ſifferara ——it burſt upon me, an' pleaſe your honour, like a bomb—ſcarce giving me time to ſay, "God bleſs us me."

I thought, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, a man never fell in love ſo very ſuddenly.

Yes, an' pleaſe your honour, if he is in the way of it—replied *Trim*.

I prithee, quoth my uncle *Toby*, inform me how this matter happened.

——With all pleaſure, ſaid the corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XXII.

I HAD eſcaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predeſtined otherwiſe ——there is no reſiſting our fate.

It was on a *Sunday*, in the afternoon, as I told your honour.

The old man and his wife had walked out—

Every thing was ſtill and huſh as midnight about the houſe——

There was not ſo much as a duck or a duckling about the yard——

When the fair *Beguine* came in to ſee me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had gone off for ſome time, but it was ſucceeded with an itching both above and below my knee, ſo inſufferable, that I had not ſhut my eyes the whole night for it.

Let me ſee it, ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it———it only wants rubbing a little, ſaid the *Beguine*; ſo covering it with the bed clothes, ſhe began with the forefinger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her forefinger backwards and forewards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dreſſing.

In five or ſix minutes I felt ſlightly the end of her ſecond finger, and preſently it was laid flat with the other, and ſhe continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I ſhould fall in love—I bluſh'd when I ſaw how white a hand ſhe had———I ſhall never, an' pleaſe your honour, behold another hand ſo white whilſt I live——

—Not in that place, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—

Though it was the moſt ſerious deſpair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear ſmiling.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, perſuading it was of great ſervice to me—from rubbing,

for ſome time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length with three——till by little and little ſhe brought down the fourth, and then rubbed with her whole hand: I will never ſay another word, an' pleaſe your honour, upon hands again——but it was ſofter than ſatin——

.—Prithee, *Trim*, commend it as much as thou wilt, ſaid my uncle *Toby*; I ſhall hear thy ſtory with the more delight——the corporal thanked his maſter moſt unfeignedly; but having nothing to ſay upon the *Beguine*'s hand, but the ſame over again ——he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair *Beguine*, ſaid the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I fear'd her zeal would weary her——"I would do a "thouſand times more," ſaid ſhe, "for the love of "Chriſt."—In ſaying which, ſhe paſs'd her hand acroſs the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubb'd it alſo.

I perceived then I was beginning to be in love.

As ſhe continued rub-rub-rubbing—I felt it ſpread from under her hand, an' pleaſe your honour, to every part of my frame——

The more ſhe rubb'd, and the longer ſtrokes ſhe took——the more the fire kindled in my veins—till, at length, by two or three ſtrokes longer than the reſt—my paſſion roſe to the higheſt pitch— I ſeiz'd her hand—

—And then thou clapped'ſt it to thy lips, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——and madeſt a ſpeech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated preciſely in the way my uncle *Toby* deſcribed it, is not ma-

terial; it is enough that it contained in it the eſſence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote ſince the beginning of the world.

CHAP. XXIII.

As ſoon as the corporal had finiſhed the ſtory of his amour—or rather my uncle *Toby* for him—Mrs. *Wadman* ſilently ſallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her nob, paſs'd the wicker-gate, and advanced ſlowly towards my uncle *Toby's* ſentry-box: the diſpoſition which *Trim* had made in my uncle *Toby's* mind, was too favourable a criſis to be let ſlip——

—The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated ſtill more by my uncle *Toby's* having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's ſhovel, the ſpade, the pick-axe, the piquets, and other military ſtores which lay ſcatter'd upon the ground where *Dunkirk* ſtood—The corporal had marched——the field was clear.

Now conſider, Sir, what nonſenſe it is, either in fighting, or writing, or any thing elſe (whether in rhime to it, or not) which a man has occaſion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumſtances, deſerved regiſtering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of *Gotham*)——it was certainly the PLAN of Mrs. *Wadman's* attack of my uncle *Toby* in his ſentry-box, BY PLAN—Now the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the plan of *Dunkirk*——and the tale of *Dunkirk* a tale of re-*laxation*, it oppoſed every impreſſion ſhe could make;

and beſides, could ſhe have gone upon it——the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the ſentry-box, was ſo outdone by that of the fair *Beguine's*, in *Trim's* ſtory—that juſt then, that particular attack, however ſucceſsful before——became the moſt heartleſs attack that could be made—

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. *Wadman* had ſcarce opened the wicker-gate, when her genius ſported with the change of circumſtances.

——She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAP. XXIV.

——I am half diſtracted, Captain *Shandy*, ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as ſhe approach'd the door of my uncle *Toby's* ſentry-box——a mote—or ſand—or ſomething——I know not what, has got into this eye of mine——do look into it——it is not in the white—

In ſaying which, Mrs. *Wadman* edged herſelf cloſe in beſide my uncle *Toby*, and ſqueezing herſelf down upon the corner of his bench, ſhe gave him an opportunity of doing it without riſing up——Do look into it—ſaid ſhe.

Honeſt ſoul! thou didſt look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child look'd into a raree-ſhow box; and 'twere as much a ſin to have hurt thee.

——If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature—I've nothing to ſay to it.

My uncle *Toby never did*; and I will anſwer for

him, that he would have ſat quietly upon a ſopha from *June* to *January*) which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the *Thracian* * *Rhodope's* beſide him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my uncle *Toby* to look at one at all.

'Tis ſurmounted. And,

I ſee him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the aſhes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever *Galileo* look'd for a ſpot in the ſun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow *Wadman's* left eye ſhines this moment as lucid as her right——there is neither mote, or ſand, or duſt, or chaff, or ſpeck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it——there is nothing, my dear, paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively ſhooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine—

—If thou lookeſt, uncle *Toby*, in ſearch of this mote one moment longer——thou art undone.

CHAP. XXV.

An eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this reſpect, That it is not ſo much the eye or the cannon, in themſelves, as it is the carriage of the

* Rhodope Thracia tam inevitabili faſcino inſtructa, tam exacte, oculis intuens attraxit, ut ſi in illam quis incidiſſet, fieri non poſſet, *quin carperetur*—I know not who.

ye—and the carriage of the cannon, by which both he one and the other are enabled to do ſo much execution. I don't think the compariſon a bad one: however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for uſe as ornament, all I deſire in return, is, that whenever I ſpeak of Mrs. *Wadman's* eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

I proteſt, Madam, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I can ſee nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white, ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*: my uncle *Toby* look'd with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to thoſe of *Venus* herſelf, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever ſtood in a head——there never was an eye of them all ſo fitted to rob my uncle *Toby* of his repoſe, as the very eye at which he was looking——it was not, Madam, a rolling eye——a romping or a wanton one——nor was it an eye ſparkling—petulant or imperious——of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle *Toby* was made up————but 'twas an eye full of gentle ſalutations——and ſoft reſponſes—ſpeaking—not like the trumpet ſtop of ſome ill made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarſe converſe——but whiſpering ſoft—like the laſt low accents of an expiring ſaint——"How can you live comfortleſs, "Captain *Shandy*, and alone, without a boſom to "lean your head on——or truſt your cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I ſhall be in love with it myſelf, if I ſay another word about it.

—It did my uncle *Toby's* kindneſs.

CHAP. XXVI.

THERE is nothing ſhows the characters of my father and my uncle *Toby* in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment under the ſame accident—for I call not love a misfortune, from a perſuaſion that a man's heart is ever the better for it—Great God! what muſt my uncle *Toby's* have been, when 'twas all benignity without it.

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very ſubject to this paſſion before he married ——but from a little ſubacid kind of drolliſh impatience in his nature, whenever it befel him, he would never ſubmit to it like a Chriſtian, but would piſh, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bittereſt Philippics againſt the eye that ever man wrote——There is one in verſe upon ſome body's eye or other, that, for two or three nights together, had put him by his reſt; which, in his firſt tranſport of reſentment againſt it, he begins thus:

"A Devil 'tis—and miſchief ſuch doth work
"As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk *."

In ſhort, during the whole paroxyſm, my father was all abuſe and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction—only he did not do it with as

* *This will* be printed with my father's Life of Socrates, &c. &c.

much method as *Ernulphus*,—he was too impetuous; nor with *Ernulphus's* policy—for tho' my father, with the moſt intolerant ſpirit, would curſe both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love——yet never concluded his chapter of curſes upon it, without curſing himſelf in at the bargain, as one of the moſt egregious fools and coxcombs, he would ſay, that ever was let looſe in the world.

My uncle *Toby*, on the contrary, took it like a lamb—ſat ſtill, and let the poiſon work in his veins without reſiſtance—in the ſharpeſt exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin), he never dropt one fretful or diſcontented word———he blamed neither heaven nor earth—or thought or ſpoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it; he ſat ſolitary and penſive with his pipe———looking at his lame leg———then whiſſling out a ſentimental heigh ho! which, mixing with the ſmoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb,—I ſay.

In truth he had miſtook it at firſt; for having taken a ride with my father that very morning, to ſave if poſſible a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor *, which ſaid wood being in full view of my uncle *Toby's* houſe, and of ſingular ſervice to him in his deſcription of the battle of *Wynnendale*——by trotting on too haſtily to ſave it—upon an uneaſy ſaddle—worſe horſe, &c. &c. . . . it had ſo happened, that

* Mr Shandy muſt mean the poor in ſpirit; inaſmuch as they divided the money *amongſt themſelves*.

the ſerous part of the blood had got betwixt the two ſkins, in the nethermoſt part of my uncle *Toby*'s, the firſt ſhootings of which (as my uncle *Toby* had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the paſſion—till the bliſter breaking in the one caſe—and the other remaining,—my uncle *Toby* was preſently convinced that his wound was not a ſkin-deep wound—but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE world is aſhamed of being virtuous.—My uncle *Toby* knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow *Wadman*, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a myſtery of, than if Mrs. *Wadman* had given him a cut with a gapp'd knife acroſs his finger: Had it been otherwiſe—yet as he ever look'd upon *Trim* as an humble friend, and ſaw freſh reaſons, every day of his life, to treat him as ſuch—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. XXVIII.

IN love! ſaid the corporal—your honour was very well the day before yeſterday, when I was telling your honour the ſtory of the King of *Bohemia*—*Bohemia!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*——muſing a long time ——What became of that ſtory, *Trim?*

—We loſt it, an' pleaſe your honour, ſomehow

betwixt us—but your honour was as free from love then as I am—'Twas juſt whilſt thou went'ſt off with the wheel-barrow—with Mrs. *Wadman*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——ſhe has left a ball here—added my uncle *Toby*——pointing to his breaſt—

——She can no more, an' pleaſe your honour, ſtand a ſiege, than ſhe can fly——cried the corporal—

—But as we are neighbours, *Trim*,——the beſt way I think is to let her know it civilly firſt—quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Now if I might preſume, ſaid the corporal, to differ from your honour—

—Why elſe do I talk to thee, *Trim?* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, mildly—

—Then I would begin, 'an pleaſe your honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return——and telling her civilly afterwards——for if ſhe knows any thing of your honour's being in love beforehand——I—d help her!—ſhe knows no more at preſent of it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—— than the child unborn—

Precious ſouls!—

Mrs. *Wadman* had told it with all its circumſtances to Mrs. *Bridget* twenty-four hours before, and was at that very moment ſitting in council with her touching ſome ſlight miſgivings with regard to the iſſue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head————before he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*—

I am terribly afraid, ſaid Widow *Wadman*, in caſe

I ſhould marry him, *Bridget*—that the poor captain will not enjoy his health, with the monſtrous wound upon his groin—

It may not, Madam, be ſo very large, replied *Bridget*, as you think—and I believe beſides, added ſhe—that 'tis dried up—

—I could like to know——merely for his ſake, ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*—

—We'll know the long and the broad of it, in ten days———anſwered Mrs. *Bridget*; for whilſt the captain is paying his addreſſes to you———I'm confident Mr *Trim* will be for making love to me—and I'll let him as much as he will—added *Bridget*—to get it all out of him—

The meaſures were taken at once—and my uncle *Toby* and the corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the corporal, ſetting his left hand akimbo, and giving ſuch a flouriſh with his right, as juſt promiſed ſucceſs——and no more—if your honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack—

—Thou wilt pleaſe me by it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, exceedingly——and as I forſee thou muſt act in it as my *aid-de-camp*, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to ſteep thy commiſſion.

Then, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal (making a bow firſt for his commiſſion)——we will begin with getting your honour's laced clothes out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well air'd, and have the blue and gold taken up at the ſleeve—and I'll put your white ramaillie-wig freſh into pipes—and ſend

: a taylor to have your honour's thin ſcarlet breeches
rn'd—
—I had better take the red pluſh ones, quoth my
ıcle *Toby*———They will be too clumſy—ſaid the
rporal.

CHAP. XXIX.

—Thou wilt get a bruſh and a little chalk to my
ord—'Twill be only in your honour's way, replied
rim.

CHAP. XXX.

——But your honour's two razors ſhall be——
ew ſet—and I will get my *Montero* cap furbiſh'd
p, and put on poor Lieutenant *Le Fevre's* regiment-
coat, which your honour gave me to wear for his
ke—and as ſoon as your honour is clean ſhaved
—and has got your clean ſhirt on, with your blue
ıd gold, or your fine ſcarlet———ſometimes one,
ıd ſometimes t'other——and every thing is ready
ır the attack—we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to
ıe face of a baſtion; and whilſt your honour en-
ıges Mrs. *Wadman* in the parlour, to the right—
ll attack Mrs. *Bridget* in the kitchen, to the left;
ıd having ſeized that paſs, I'll anſwer for it, ſaid
ıe corporal, ſnapping his fingers over his head—
ıat the day is your own.

I wiſh I may but manage it right, ſaid my uncle
'oby——but I declare, corporal—I had rather march
p to the very edge of a trench—

—A woman is quite a different thing——ſaid the corporal.

—I ſuppoſe ſo, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. XXXI.

If any thing in this world, which my father ſaid, could have provoked my uncle *Toby* during the time he was in love, it was the perverſe uſe my father was always making of an expreſſion of *Hilarion* the hermit; who, in ſpeaking of his abſtinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other inſtrumental parts of his religion——would ſay——tho' with more facetiouſneſs than became an hermit——"That they "were the means he uſed to make his aſs (meaning "his body) leave off kicking."

It pleaſed my father well; it was not only a laconic way of expreſſing——but of libelling, at the ſame time, the deſires and appetites of the lower part of us; ſo that for many years of my father's life, 'twas his conſtant mode of expreſſion—he never uſed the word *paſſions* once—but *aſs* always inſtead of them—ſo that he might be ſaid truly to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own aſs, or elſe of ſome other man's, during all that time.

I muſt here obſerve to you, the difference betwixt

My father's aſs

and my hobby-horſe,——in order to keep characters as ſeparate as may be in our fancies as we go along.

My hobby-horſe, if you recollect a little, is no

is beaſt; he has ſcarce one hair or linea-

ment of the aſs about him—'tis the ſporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the preſent hour ——a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddle-ſtick—an uncle *Toby's* ſiege—or an *any thing*, which a man makes a ſhift to get aſtride on, to canter it away from the cares and ſolicitudes of life.—'Tis as uſeful a beaſt as is in the whole creation——nor do I ſee really how the world could do without it—

—But, for my father's aſs—oh! mount him—mount him—mount him——(that's three times, is it not)?——mount him not:—'tis a beaſt concupiſcent—and foul befal the man who does not hinder him from kicking.

CHAP. XXXII.

WELL! dear brother *Toby*, ſaid my father upon his firſt ſeeing him after he fell in love——and how goes it with your ASSE?—

Now, my uncle *Toby*, thinking more of the *part* where he had had the bliſter, than of *Hilarion's* metaphor—and our preconceptions having (you know) as great a power over the ſounds of words as the ſhapes of things, he had imagined, that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had inquired after the part by its proper name; ſo, notwithſtanding my mother, Doctor *Slop*, and Mr. *Yorick*, were ſitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made uſe of, than not. When a man is hemm'd in by two indecorums, and muſt commit one of 'em—I always obſerve, let him chooſe which

he will, the world will blame him——ſo I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed if it blames my uncle *Toby*.

——My A—e, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is much better—bother *Shandy*.————My father had formed great expectations from his aſs in this onſet; and would have brought him on again; but Doctor *Slop* ſetting up an intemperate laugh——and my mother crying out, L— bleſs us!—it drove my father's aſs off the field—and the laugh then becoming general ——there was no bringing him back to the charge for ſome time—

And ſo the diſcourſe went on without him.

Every body, ſaid my mother, ſays you are in love, brother *Toby*——and we hope it is true.

I am as much in love, ſiſter, I believe, replied my uncle *Toby*, as any man uſually is—Humph; ſaid my father—And when did you know it? quoth my mother—

—When the bliſter broke, replied my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby's* reply put my father into good temper—ſo he charged o'foot.

CHAP. XXXIII.

As the ancients agree, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, that there are two different and diſtinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it——the Brain or Liver,—I think, when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to conſider which of the two he is fallen into.

What ſignifies it, brother *Shandy*, replied my uncle *which of* the two it is, provided it will but

make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children?

—A few children! cried my father, riſing out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt her's and Doctor *Slop's*—a few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle *Toby's* words as he walk'd to and fro——

——Not, my dear brother *Toby*, cried my father, recovering himſelf all at once, and coming cloſe up to the back of my uncle *Toby's* chair—not that I ſhould be ſorry hadſt thou a ſcore—on the contrary, I ſhould rejoice—and be as kind, *Toby*, to every one of them as a father—

My uncle *Toby* ſtole his hand unperceived behind his chair, to give my father's a ſqueeze.——

——Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle *Toby's* hand—ſo much doſt thou poſſeſs, my dear *Toby*, of the milk of human nature, and ſo little of its aſperities—'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which reſemble thee; and was I an *Aſiatic* monarch, added my father, heating himſelf with his new project—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impare thy ſtrength—or dry up thy radical moiſture too faſt—or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother *Toby*, which theſe gymnics, inordinately taken, are apt to do—elſe, dear *Toby*, I would procure thee the moſt beautiful woman in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens*, *volens*, to beget for me one ſubject every month ——

As my father pronounced the laſt word of the ſentence——my mother took a pinch of ſnuff.

Now I would not, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get a

child, *nolens, volens*, that is, whether I would or no, to pleaſe the greateſt prince upon earth—

——And 'twould be cruel in me, brother *Toby*, to compel thee, ſaid my father——but 'tis a caſe put, to ſhow thee, that it is not thy begetting a child —in caſe thou ſhould'ſt be able——but the ſyſtem of Love and Marriage thou goeſt upon, which I would ſet thee right in——

There is, at leaſt, ſaid *Yorick*, a great deal of reaſon and plain ſenſe in Captain *Shandy's* opinion of Love; and 'tis amongſt the ill-ſpent hours of my life, which I have to anſwer for, that I have read ſo many flouriſhing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract ſo much—

I wiſh, *Yorick*, ſaid my father, you had read *Plato*; for there you would have learnt that there are two LOVES—I know there were two RELIGIONS, replied *Yorick*, amongſt the ancients——one for the vulgar, and anothor for the learned; but I think ONE LOVE might have ſerved both of them very well—

It could not, replied my father——and for the ſame reaſons; for, of theſe LOVES, according to *Ficinus's* comment upon *Velaſius*, the one is rational—

—the other is *natural*—

the firſt ancient—without mother—where *Venus* had nothing to do; the ſecond, begotten of *Jupiter* and *Dione*—

——Pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, what has a man who believes in God to do with this? My father could not ſtop to anſwer, for fear of breaking the thread of his diſcourſe——

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of *Venus*.

The firſt, which is the golden chain let down from heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends in it, and excites to, the deſire of philoſophy and truth—the ſecond excites to *deſire* ſimply——

—I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, ſaid *Yorick*, as the finding out the longitude—

—To be ſure, ſaid my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world.—

—In the *houſe*——my dear, I own——It replenifhes the earth, ſaid my mother—

But it keeps heaven empty—my dear, replied my father.

'Tis Virginity, cried *Slop* triumphantly, which fills paradiſe.

Well puſh'd, nun! quoth my father.

CHAP. XXXIV.

My father had ſuch a ſkirmiſhing, cutting kind of a flaſhing way with him in his diſputations, thruſting and ripping) and giving every one a ſtroke to remember him by, in his turn——that if there were twenty people in company—in leſs than half an hour he was ſure to have every one of 'em againſt him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one poſt more untenible than the reſt, he would be ſure to throw himſelf into it; and, to do him juſtice, when he was once there, he would defend it ſo gallantly,

that would have been a concern, either to a brave man, or a good-natured one, to have ſeen him driven out.

Trim, for this reaſon, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor *Slop*'s VEHEMENCY, in the cloſe of the laſt chapter, had put him for once on the right ſide of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the corporal's *Chriſtians* about *Slop*'s ears, when Corporal *Trim* came into the parlour to inform my uncle *Toby*, that his thin ſcarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. *Wadman*, would not do; for that the tailor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before—Then turn them again, brother, ſaid my father rapidly, for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair——They are as rotten as dirt, ſaid the corporal——Then, by all means, ſaid my father, beſpeak a new pair, brother—for though I know, continued my father, turning himſelf to the company, that Widow *Wadman* has been deeply in love with my brother *Toby* for many years, and has uſed every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the ſame paſſion, yet now that ſhe has caught him——her fever will be paſt its height—She has gain'd her point.—

In this caſe, continued my father, which *Plato*, I am perſuaded, never thought of——Love, you ſee, is not ſo much a SENTIMENT as a SITUATION, into which a man enters, as my brother *Toby* would do to a *corps*——no matter whether he loves the ſer-

vice or no—being once in it—he acts as if he did; and takes every ſtep to ſhow himſelf a man of proweſs.

The hypotheſis, like the reſt of my father's, was plauſible enough, and my uncle *Toby* had but a ſingle word to object to it—in which *Trim* ſtood ready to ſecond him—but my father had not drawn his concluſion—

For this reaſon, continued my father (ſtating the caſe over again), notwithſtanding all the world knows that Mrs. *Wadman* affects my brother *Toby*,——and my brother *Toby*, contrariwiſe affects Mrs. *Wadman*, and no obſtacle in nature to forbid the muſic ſtriking up this very night, yet will I anſwer for it, that this ſelf-ſame tune will not be played this twelvemonth.

We have taken our meaſures badly, quoth my uncle *Toby*, looking up interrogatively in *Trim's* face.

I would lay my *Montero* cap, ſaid *Trim*——Now *Trim's Montero* cap, as I once told you, was his conſtant wager; and having furbiſh'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack—it made the odds look more conſiderable——I would lay, an' pleaſe your honour, my *Montero* cap to a ſhilling—was it proper, continued *Trim* (making a bow) to offer a wager before your honours——

There is nothing improper in it, ſaid my father—'tis a mode of expreſſion; for in ſaying thou wouldſt lay thy *Montero* cap to a ſhilling—all thou meaneſt is this—that thou believeſt——

Now, what do'ſt thou believe!

That widow *Wadman*, an pleaſe your worſhip, cannot hold it out ten days—

And whence, cried *Slop* jeeringly, haſt thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?

By falling in love with a popiſh clergywoman, ſaid *Trim*.

'Twas a *Beguine*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

Doctor *Slop* was too much in wrath to liſten to the diſtinction; and my father taking that very criſis to fall in helter-ſkelter upon the whole order of nuns and *Beguines*, a ſet of ſilly fuſty baggages——*Slop* could not ſtand it—and my uncle *Toby* having ſome meaſures to take about his breeches—and *Yorick* about his fourth general diviſion—in order for their ſeveral attacks next day—the company broke up: and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hands betwixt that and bed-time, he called for pen ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle *Toby* the following letter of inſtructions.

My dear brother *Toby*,

WHAT I am going to ſay to thee is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them: and perhaps it is as well for thee——though not ſo well for me——that thou haſt occaſion for a letter of inſtructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleaſure of him who diſpoſes of our lots—and thou no ſufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou ſhouldſt have dipped the pen this moment into the ink, inſtead of myſelf; but that not being the caſe—Mrs.

'dding, my dear Toby, of the manner in which
be accepted.

the firſt place, with regard to all which con-
religion in the affair—though I perceive, from
r in my cheek, that I bluſh as I begin to ſpeak
e upon the ſubject, as well knowing, notwith-
ıg thy unaffected ſecrecy, how few of its of-
hou neglecteſt——yet I would remind thee of
uring the continuance of thy courtſhip) in a
ılar manner, which I would not have omitted,
at is, never to go forth upon the enterpriſe,
er it be in the morning or in the afternoon,
ıt firſt recommending thyſelf to the protection
nighty God, that he may defend thee from the
ıe.

ve the whole top of thy crown clean once at
very four or five days, but oftener, if conve-
leſt, in taking off thy wig before her, through
:e of mind, ſhe ſhould be able to diſcover how
has been cut away by Time—how much by

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too looſe about thy thighs, like the trunk-hoſe of our anceſtors.

—A juſt medium prevents all concluſions.

Whatever thou haſt to ſay, be it more or leſs, forget not to utter it in a low ſoft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight ſecrecy into the brain: For this cauſe, if thou canſt help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleaſantry and facetiouſneſs in thy diſcourſe with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the ſame time to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are ſome devotional tracts, which if thou canſt entice her to read over—it will be well: but ſuffer her not to look into *Rabelais*, or *Scarron*, or *Don Quixotte*—

—They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knoweſt, dear *Toby*, that there is no paſſion ſo ſerious as luſt.

Stick a pin in the boſom of thy ſhirt before thou entereſt her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to ſit upon the ſame ſopha with her, and ſhe gives thee occaſion to lay thy hand upon her's——beware of taking it——thou canſt not lay thy hand on her's, but ſhe will feel the temper of thine. Leave that, and as many other things as thou canſt, quite undetermined; by ſo doing, thou wilt have her curioſity on thy ſide; and if ſhe is not conquer'd by that, and thy Ass continues ſtill kicking, which there is great reaſon to ſuppoſe—thou muſt begin with firſt loſing a few ounces

of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient *Scythians*, who cured the moſt intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the ſyrup of hellebore, uſing proper evacuations and purges—and, I believe, rightly. But thou muſt eat little or no goat's fleſh, nor red deer—nor even foul's fleſh, by any means; and carefully abſtain—that is, as much as thou canſt, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens—

As for thy drink——I need not tell thee it muſt be the infuſion of VERVAIN and the herb HANEA, of which *Ælian* relates ſuch effects—but if thy ſtomach palls with it—diſcontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purſlane, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce, in the ſtead of them.

There is nothing farther for thee which occurs to me at preſent—

—Unleſs the breaking out of a freſh war——So wiſhing every thing, dear *Toby*, for the beſt,

I reſt thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of inſtructions, my uncle *Toby* and the corporal were buſy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin ſcarlet breeches was laid aſide (at leaſt for the preſent) there was nothing which ſhould put it off beyond the next morning; ſo accordingly it was reſolved upon for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, ſaid my father to my mother—'twill be but like a brother and ſiſter if you and I take a walk down to my brother *Toby's*——to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle *Toby* and the corporal had been accoutred both ſome time, when my father and mother entered, and the clock ſtriking eleven, were that moment in motion to ſally forth—But the account of this is worth more than to be wove into the fag-end of the eighth volume of ſuch a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of inſtructions into my uncle *Toby's* coat-pocket—and join with my mother in wiſhing his attack proſperous.

I could like, ſaid my mother, to look through the key-hole, out of *curioſity*—Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father—

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

ISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

id urbaniuſcule luſum a nobis, per Muſas, et
aritatem et omnium poetarum Numina, Oro, te,
me male capias.

VOL. IX.

A

DEDICATION

TO A

GREAT MAN.

NG, *à priori*, intended to dedicate *The Amours Uncle Toby* to Mr. ***—I ſee more reaſons, *à ri*, for doing it to Lord ******.

ɔuld lament from my ſoul if this expoſed me jealouſy of their Reverences, becauſe, *à poſte*- n Court-Latin, ſignifies the kiſſing hands for nent—or any thing elſe—in order to get it.

opinion of Lord ****** is neither better nor than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like im- ns upon coin, may give an ideal and local va- a bit of baſe metal; but Gold and Silver will ll the world over, without any other recom- tion than their own weight.

ſame good-will that made me think of offer- half an hour's amuſement to Mr. *** when place——operates more forcibly at preſent, as hour's amuſement will be more ſerviceable freſhing after labour and ſorrow than after a ɔphical repaſt.

hing is ſo perfectly *amuſement* as a total change as; no ideas are ſo totally different as thoſe of ers and innocent Lovers: for which reaſon, I come to talk of Stateſmen and Patriots, and h marks upon *them* as will prevent confuſion

and miſtakes concerning them for the future—I propoſe to dedicate that Volume to ſome gentle Shepherd,

Whoſe Thoughts proud Science never taught to ſtray,
Far as the Stateſman's Walk, or Patriot-way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hopes had given
Out of a cloud-capt hill an humbler heaven;
Some untam'd World in depth of woods embrac'd—
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte—
And where, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful Dog ſhould bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new ſet of objects to his imagination, I ſhall unavoidably give a *Diverſion* to his paſſionate and love-ſick Contemplations. In the mean time,

I am,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which ſeverally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witneſs, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle *Toby's* amours till this very moment, that my mother's *curioſity*, as ſhe ſtated the affair,—or a different impulſe in her, as my father would have it ——wiſhed her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

" Call it, my dear, by its right name, quoth my " father, and look through the key-hole as long as " you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little ſub-acid humour, which I have often ſpoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented ſuch an inſinuation—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; ſo that he had ſcarce got to the laſt word of this ungracious retort, when his *conſcience* ſmote him.

My mother was then conjugally ſwinging with her left arm twiſted under his right, in ſuch wiſe, that the inſide of her hand reſted upon the back of his—ſhe raiſed her fingers, and let them fall—it could ſcarce be called a tap; or, if it was a tap—— 'twould have puzzled a caſuiſt to ſay, whether 'twas a tap of remonſtrance, or a tap of confeſſion: my father, who was all ſenſibilities from head to foot, claſs'd it right.——Conſcience redoubled her blow ——he turn'd his face ſuddenly the other way, and my mother ſuppoſing his body was about to turn with it, in order to move homewards, by a croſs movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herſelf ſo far in front, that, as he turned his head, he met her eye—Confuſion again! he ſaw a thouſand reaſons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himſelf——a thin, blue, chill, pellucid cryſtal, with all its humours ſo at reſt, the leaſt mote or ſpeck of deſire might have been ſeen at the bottom of it, had it exiſted——it did not —and how I happen to be ſo lewd myſelf, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes—Heaven above knows—My mother—Madam ——was ſo at no time, either by nature, by inſtitution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments, both of the day and night alike; nor did ſhe ſuperinduce the leaſt heat into her humours, from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts, which, having little or no meaning in them, Nature *is oft-times* obliged to find one——and as for my

father's example! 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head——Nature had done her part, to have spared him this trouble; and, what was not a little inconsistent, my father knew it—and here am I sitting this 12th day of *August* 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers, without either wig or cap on; a most trägi-comical completion of his prediction, "That I should neither think nor act like any other man's child upon that very account."

The mistake of my father was, in attacking my mother's motive, instead of the act itself: for, certainly, key-holes were made for other purposes; and, considering the act as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was—it became a violation of nature; and was so far, you see, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your Reverences, that key-holes are the occasions of more sin and wickedness than all other holes in this world put together.—

——Which leads me to my uncle *Toby's* amours.

CHAP. II.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle *Toby's* great ramaillie wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of,

and the uſe of candle-ends not ſo well underſtood, it was not ſo pliable a buſineſs as one would have wiſhed. The corporal, with cheery eye, and both arms extended, had fallen back, perpendicular from it a ſcore times, to inſpire it, if poſſible, with a better air—Had SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have coſt her ladyſhip a ſmile——It curled every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as ſoon have raiſed the dead.

Such it was—or rather ſuch would it have ſeem'd upon any other brow; but the ſweet look of goodneſs which ſat upon my uncle *Toby's* aſſimilated every thing around it ſo ſovereignly to itſelf, and Nature had, moreover, wrote GENTLEMAN with ſo fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarniſh'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimſy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themſelves, yet the moment my uncle *Toby* put them on, they became ſerious objects, and altogether ſeem'd to have been picked up by the hand of Science to ſet him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this than my uncle *Toby's* blue and gold—*had not Quantity, in ſome meaſure, been neceſſary to Grace:* in a period of fifteen or ſixteen years ſince they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle *Toby's* life, for he ſeldom went farther than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become ſo miſerably too ſtrait for him, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty the corporal was able to *get* him into them: the taking them up at the

s was of no advantage—They were laced, bor-
down the back, and at the seams of the sides,
n the mode of King *William*'s reign; and to
n all description, they shone so bright against
un that morning, and had so metallic and
ity an air with them, that had my uncle *Toby*
ht of attacking in armour, nothing could have
ll impoſed upon his imagination.

for the thin ſcarlet breeches, they had been
p'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at
nd ſevens—

s, Madam, but let us govern our fancies. It
ough they were held impracticable the night
e, and as there was no alternative in my uncle
s wardrobe, he ſallied forth in the red pluſh.

ıe corporal had array'd himſelf in poor *Le Fevre's*
ıental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under
Montero cap, which he had furbiſhed up for the
ſion, march'd three paces diſtant from his ma-
: a whiff of military pride had puffed out his
at the wriſt; and upon that, in a black leather
g clipp'd into a taſſel beyond the knot, hung the
oral's ſtick——My uncle *Toby* carried his cane
a pike—

-It looks well at leaſt quoth my father to him-

CHAP. III.

r uncle *Toby* turned his head more than once be-
d him, to ſee how he was ſupported by the cor-
al; and the corporal, as oft as he did it, gave a

ſlight flouriſh with his ſtick——but not vapouringly; and with the ſweeteſt accent of moſt reſpectful encouragement, bid his honour "never fear."

Now my uncle *Toby* did fear, and grievouſly too: he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) ſo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his eaſe near any one of them—unleſs in ſorrow or diſtreſs; then infinite was his pity; nor would the moſt courteous knight of romance have gone farther, at leaſt upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. *Wadman*, he had never looked ſtedfaſtly into one; and would often tell my father, in the ſimplicity of his heart, that it was almoſt (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy——

—And ſuppoſe it is? my father would ſay.

CHAP IV.

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle *Toby*, halting, when they had marched up to within twenty paces of Mrs. *Wadman's* door—ſhe cannot, corporal take it amiſs—

—She will take it, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, juſt as the *Jew's* widow at *Liſbon* took it of my brother *Tom*——

——And how was that? quoth my uncle *Toby*, facing quite about to the corporal.

Your honour, replied the corporal, knows, of *Tom's* misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any farther than this, That if *Tom* had not *married* the widow—or had it pleaſed God, after

heir marriage, that they had but put pork into their ſauſages, the honeſt ſoul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the inquiſition—Tis a curſed place—added the corporal, ſhaking his head——when once a poor creature is in, he is in an' pleaſe your honour, for ever.

'Tis very true, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, looking gravely at Mrs. *Wadman's* houſe as he ſpoke.

Nothing, continued the corporal, can be ſo ſad as confinement for life—or ſo ſweet, an' pleaſe your honour, as liberty.

Nothing, *Trim*—ſaid my uncle *Toby*, muſing—

Whilſt a man is free—cried the corporal, giving a flouriſh with his ſtick—

A thouſand of my father's moſt ſubtle ſyllogiſms could not have ſaid more for celibacy.

My uncle *Toby* looked earneſtly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the ſpirit of calculation with his wand, and he had nothing to do but to conjure him down again with his ſtory; and, in this form of exorciſm, moſt unecclefiaſtically did the corporal do it.

CHAP. V.

A's *Tom's* place, an' pleaſe your honour, was eaſy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking ſeriouſly of ſettling himſelf in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a *Jew*, who kept a ſauſage ſhop in the ſame ſtreet, had the ill luck to die of a ſtranguary, and leave his widow in poſſeſſion of

a rouſing trade——*Tom* thought (as every body in *Liſbon* was doing the beſt he could deviſe for himſelf) there could be no harm in offering her his ſervice to carry it on; ſo, without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of ſauſages at her ſhop——*Tom* ſet out—counting the matter thus within himſelf as he walked along, that, let the worſt come of it that could, he ſhould at leaſt get a pound of ſauſages for their worth—but, if things went well, he ſhould be ſet up, inaſmuch as he ſhould get not only a pound of ſauſages—but a wife—and a ſauſage ſhop, an' pleaſe your honour, into the bargain.

Every ſervant in the family, from high to low, wiſhed *Tom* ſucceſs; and I can fancy, an' pleaſe your honour, I ſee him this moment with his white dimity waiſtcoat and breeches, and a hat a little o' one ſide, paſſing jollily along the ſtreet, ſwinging his ſtick, with a ſmile and a cheerful word for every body he met:—But alas, *Tom!* thou ſmileſt no more, cried the corporal, looking on one ſide of him upon the ground, as if he apoſtrophized him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! ſaid my uncle *Toby* feelingly.

He was an honeſt, light-hearted lad, an' pleaſe your honour, as ever blood warm'd—

—Then he reſembled thee, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby* rapidly.

The corporal bluſhed down to his finger ends—a tear of ſentimental baſhfulneſs—another of gratitude to my uncle *Toby*—and a tear of ſorrow for his brother's misfortunes, ſtarted into his eye, and ran

ſweetly down his cheek together; my uncle *Toby's* kindled, as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breaſt of *Trim's* coat (which had been that of *Le Fevre's*), as if to eaſe his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling——he ſtood ſilent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with his ſtory of his brother and the *Jew's* widow.

CHAP. VI.

WHEN *Tom*, an' pleaſe your honour, got to the ſhop, there was nobody in it but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies——not killing them.——'Tis a pretty picture! ſaid my uncle *Toby*—ſhe had ſuffered perſecution, *Trim*, and had learned mercy—

—She was good, an' pleaſe your honour, from nature, as well as from hardſhips; and there are circumſtances in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut, that would melt a heart of ſtone, ſaid *Trim*; and ſome diſmal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they ſhall be told you with the reſt of *Tom's* ſtory, for it makes a part of it—

Then do not forget, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

A negro has a ſoul! an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal (doubtingly.)

I am not much verſed, corporal, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in things of that kind; but I ſuppoſe, God

would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me—

It would be putting one ſadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would ſo, ſaid my uncle *Toby*. Why then, an' pleaſe your honour, is a black wench to be uſed worſe than a white one?

I can give no reaſon, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—

——Only, cried the corporal, ſhaking his head, becauſe ſhe has no one to ſtand up for her—

—'Tis that very thing, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—which recommends her to protection—and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*——where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, *Trim!* will not uſe it unkindly.

God forbid, ſaid the corporal.

Amen, reſponded my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his ſtory, and went on——but with an embarraſſment in doing it, which here and there a reader, in this world, will not be able to comprehend; for by the many ſudden tranſitions all along, from one kind and cordial paſſion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had loſt the ſportable key of his voice, which gave ſenſe and ſpirit to his tale; he attempted twice to reſume it, but could not pleaſe himſelf; ſo giving a ſtout hem! to rally back the retreating ſpirits, and aiding Nature at the ſame time with his left arm a-kimbo on one ſide, and with his right a little extended, ſupporting her on the other——the corporal got as near

the note as he could; and, in that attitude, continued his ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

As *Tom*, an' pleaſe your honour, had no buſineſs at that time with the *Mooriſh* girl, he paſſed on into the room beyond, to talk to the *Jew's* widow about love—and his pound of ſauſages; and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and, without much apology, but with great civility at the ſame time, placed it cloſe to her at the table, and ſat down.

There is nothing ſo awkward as courting a woman, an' pleaſe your honour, whilſt ſhe is making ſauſages—So *Tom* began a diſcourſe upon them; firſt gravely—as, "How they were made——with what "meats, herbs, and ſpices"——Then a little gaily—as, "With what ſkins——and if they never burſt "——Whether the largeſt were not the beſt"——and ſo on——taking care only, as he went along, to ſeaſon what he had to ſay upon ſauſages, rather under than over,—that he might have room to act in.—

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon *Trim's* ſhoulder, that *Count de la Motte* loſt the battle of *Wynendale*; he preſſed too ſpeedily into the wood; which if he had not done, *Liſle* had not fallen into our hands, nor *Ghent* and *Bruges*, which both followed her example; it was too late in the year, con-

tinued my uncle *Toby*, and ſo terrible a ſeaſon came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops muſt have periſhed in the open field.—

Why therefore, may not battles, an' pleaſe your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?

——My uncle *Toby*, muſed——

Religion inclined him to ſay one thing, and his high idea of military ſkill tempted him to ſay another; ſo not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind——my uncle *Toby* ſaid nothing at all, and the corporal finiſhed his ſtory.

As *Tom* perceived, an' pleaſe your honour, that he gain'd ground, and that all he had ſaid upon the ſubject of ſauſages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them.——Firſt, by taking hold of the ring of the ſauſage, whilſt ſhe ſtroaked the forced meat down with her hand——then by cutting the ſtrings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilſt ſhe took them out, one by one——then, by putting them acroſs her mouth, that ſhe might take them out as ſhe wanted them ——and ſo on from little to more, till at laſt he adventured to tie the ſauſage himſelf, whilſt ſhe held the ſnout—

—Now, a widow, an' pleaſe your honour, always chooſes a ſecond huſband as unlike the firſt as ſhe can: ſo the affair was more than half ſettled in her mind before *Tom* mentioned it.

She made a feint, however, of defending herſelf, by ſnatching up a ſauſage:——*Tom* inſtantly laid hold of another—

But ſeeing *Tom's* had more griſtle in it——

She ſigned the capitulation—and *Tom* ſealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

CHAP. VIII.

ALL womankind, continued *Trim* (commenting upon his ſtory) from the higheſt to the loweſt, an' pleaſe your honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they chooſe to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying, as we do with our artillery in the field, by raiſing or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark—

——I like the compariſon, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, better than the thing itſelf—

—Becauſe your honour, quoth the corporal, loves glory more than pleaſure.

—I hope, *Trim*, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends ſo apparently to the good and quiet of the world—and particularly that branch of it which we have practiſed together in our bowling-green,—has no object but to ſhorten the ſtrides of AMBITION, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the *few*, from the plunderings of the *many*——whenever that drum beats in our ears, I truſt, corporal, we ſhall neither of us want ſo much humanity and fellow-feeling, as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle *Toby* faced about, and marched firmly, as at the head of his company ——and the faithful corporal, ſhouldering his ſtick, and ſtriking his hand upon his coat ſkirt, as he took

his firſt ſtep—marched cloſe behind him down the avenue.

——Now, what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother——by all that's ſtrange, they are beſieging Mrs. *Wadman* in form, and are marching round her houſe to mark out the lines of circumvallation.

I dare ſay, quoth my mother——But ſtop, dear Sir——for, what my mother dared to ſay upon the occaſion—and what my father did ſay upon it—with her replies and his rejoinders, ſhall be read, peruſed, paraphraſed, commented and diſcanted upon——or, to ſay it all in a word, ſhall be thumb'd over by Poſterity in a chapter apart——I ſay by Poſterity——and care not, if I repeat the word again——for what has this book done, more than the legation of *Moſes*, or the tale of a Tub, that it may not ſwim down the gutter of time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time waſtes too faſt: every letter I trace, tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it more precious, my dear *Jenny!* than the rubies about thy neck, ar flying over our heads, like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more——every thing preſſes on:——whilſt thou art twiſting that lock,—ſee! it grows gray; and every time I kiſs thy hand, to bid adieu, and every abſence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal ſeparation which we are ſhortly to make——

—Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAP. IX.

Now, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation—I would not give a groat.

CHAP. X.

My mother had gone with her left arm twiſted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor *Slop* was overthrown by *Obadiah* on the coach-horſe. As this was directly oppoſite to the front of Mrs. *Wadman*'s houſe, when my father came to it, he gave a look acroſs; and ſeeing my uncle *Toby* and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turned about—— "Let us juſt ſtop a moment, quoth my father, and "ſee with what ceremonies my brother *Toby* and "his man *Trim* make their firſt entry—it will not "detain us, added my father, a ſingle minute:"— No matter if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

—It will not detain us half a one, ſaid my father.

The corporal was juſt then ſetting in with the ſtory of his brother *Tom* and the *Jew*'s widow: the ſtory went on—and on——it had epiſodes in it—it came back, and went on—and on again; there was no end of it———the reader found it very long———

—G— help my father! he piſh'd fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the corporal's ſtick,

with all it flouriſhings and danglings, to as many devils as choſe to accept of them.

When iſſues of events like theſe my father is waiting for, are hanging in the ſcales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to ſee it out.

Curioſity governs the *firſt moment*; and the ſecond moment is all economy, to juſtify the expence of the firſt——and for the third, fourth, fifth, and ſixth moments, and ſo on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of HONOUR.

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have aſſigned this all to Patience; but that VIRTUE, methinks, has extent of dominion ſufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few diſmantled caſtles which HONOUR has left him upon the earth.

My father ſtood it out as well as he could, with theſe three auxiliaries, to the end of *Trim*'s ſtory; and from thence to the end of my uncle *Toby*'s panegyric upon arms, in the chapter following it; when ſeeing, that inſtead of marching up to Mrs. *Wadman*'s door, they both faced about, and marched down the avenue, diametrically oppoſite to his expectation——he broke out at once with that little ſubacid fourneſs of humour, which, in certain ſituations, diſtinguiſhed his character from that of all other men.

CHAP. XI.

—"Now, what can their two noddles be about? cried my father—&c.—

I dare ſay, ſaid my mother, they are making fortifications—

—Not on Mrs. *Wadman*'s premiſes! cried my father, ſtepping back—

I ſuppoſe not, quoth my mother.

I wiſh, ſaid my father, raiſing his voice, the whole ſcience of fortification at the devil, with all its trumpery of ſaps, mines, blinds, gabions, fauſſe brays, and cuvetts—

They are fooliſh things—ſaid my mother.

Now ſhe had a way, which, by the by, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow ſlippers into the bargain, if ſome of your reverences would imitate——and that was, never to refuſe her aſſent and conſent to any propoſition my father laid before her, merely becauſe ſhe did not underſtand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art upon which the tenet or propoſition rolled. She contented herſelf with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promiſed for her—but no more; and ſo would go on uſing a hard word twenty years together—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenſes, without giving herſelf any trouble to inquire about it.

This was an eternal ſource of miſery to my father, and broke the neck, at the firſt ſetting out, of more good *dialogues between* them, than could have done

the moſt petulant contradiction—the few which ſurvived were the better for the *cuvetts*—

"They are fooliſh things," ſaid my mother.

—Particularly the cuvetts, replied my father.

'Twas enough—he taſted the ſweets of triumph—and went on.

——Not that they are, properly ſpeaking, Mrs. *Wadman*'s premiſes, ſaid my father, partly correcting himſelf—becauſe ſhe is but tenant for life—

—That makes a great difference—ſaid my mother—

—In a fool's head, replied my father—

—Unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to have a child—ſaid my mother—

—But ſhe muſt perſuade my brother *Toby* firſt to get her one—

—To be ſure, Mr. *Shandy*, quoth my mother.

—Though if it comes to perſuaſion——ſaid my father—Lord have mercy upon them.

Amen: ſaid my mother, *piano*.

Amen: cried my father, *fortiſſime*.

Amen: ſaid my mother again——but with ſuch a ſighing cadence of perſonal pity at the end of it, as diſcomfited every fibre about my father——he inſtantly took out his almanack: but before he could untie it, *Yorick*'s congregation coming out of church, became a full anſwer to one half of his buſineſs with it—and my mother telling him it was a ſacrament day—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part ——He put his almanack into his pocket.

The firſt Lord of the Treaſury, thinking of *way*

and means, could not have returned home with a more embarraſſed look.

CHAP. XII.

UPON looking back from the end of the laſt chapter, and ſurveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is neceſſary, that upon this page and the three following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inſerted, to keep up that juſt balance betwixt wiſdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a ſingle year: nor is it a poor creeping digreſſion (which, but for the name of a man might continue as well going on in the king's highway) which will do the buſineſs—no; if it is to be a digreſſion, it muſt be a good friſky one, and upon a friſky ſubject too, where neither the horſe nor his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty is raiſing powers ſuitable to the nature of the ſervice: FANCY is capricious—WIT muſt not be ſearched for—and PLEASANTRY (good natured ſlut as ſhe is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

———The beſt way for a man is to ſay his prayers—

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghoſtly as bodily—for that purpoſe, he will find himſelf rather worſe after he has ſaid them than before—for other purpoſes better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, *which I have not taken* with myſelf in this caſe

ſometimes by addreſſing myſelf directly to the ſoul herſelf, and arguing the point over and over again with her, upon the extent of her own faculties—

—I never could make them an inch the wider—

Then, by changing my ſyſtem, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity: Theſe are good, quoth I, in themſelves——they are good, abſolutely;—they are good, relatively;—they are good for health—they are good for happineſs in this world——they are good for happineſs in the next—

In ſhort, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the ſoul juſt as heaven made it: As for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage: but then that ſnivelling virtue of Meekneſs (as my father would always call it) take it quite away again, ſo you are exactly where you ſtarted.

Now, in all common and ordinary caſes, there is nothing which I have found to anſwer ſo well as this—

—Certainly, if there is any dependence upon logic, and that I am not blinded by ſelf-love, there muſt be ſomething of true genius about me, merely upon this ſymptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I inſtantly make it public; willing that all mankind ſhould write as well as myſelf.

——Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAP. XIII.

Now, in ordinary caſes, that is, when I am only ſtupid, and the thoughts riſe heavily and paſs gummous through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb lift out of it *for my ſoul*; ſo muſt be obliged to go on writing like a *Dutch* commentator to the end of the chapter, unleſs ſomething be done—

—I never ſtand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of ſnuff, or a ſtride or two acroſs the room, will not do the buſineſs for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremony, except that of firſt lathering my beard, I ſhave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a gray one: this done, I change my ſhirt——put on a better coat——ſend for my laſt wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger; and, in a word, dreſs myſelf from one end to the other of me, after my beſt faſhion.

Now the devil in hell muſt be in it, if this does not do: for conſider, Sir, as every man chooſes to be preſent at the ſhaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception), and unavoidably ſits over againſt himſelf the whole time it is doing, in caſe he has a hand in it——the ſituation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain—

——I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are ſeven years more terſe and juvenile for one ſingle operation; and, if they did not run a riſk of being quite ſhaved away, might be carried up by continual ſhavings to the higheſt pitch of ſublimity—How Homer could write with ſo long a beard, I don't know——and as it makes againſt my hypotheſis, I as little care——But let us return to the toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonenſis makes this entirely an affair of the body (ξυντριπη πραξις) as he calls it—but he is deceived; the ſoul and body are joint ſharers in every thing they get: a man cannot dreſs, but his ideas get clothed at the ſame time; and if he dreſſes like a gentleman, every one of them ſtands preſented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—ſo that he has nothing to do but take his pen, and write like himſelf.

For this cauſe, when your honours and reverences would know whether I writ clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my laundreſs's bill as my book: there was one ſingle month in which I can make it appear, that I dirted one and thirty ſhirts with clean writing; and, after all, was more abuſed, curſed, criticiſed, and confounded, and had more myſtic heads ſhaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of that year put together.

——But their honours and reverences had not ſeen my bills.

CHAP. XIV.

As I never had any intention of beginning the Digreſſion I am making all this preparation for, till I come on the 15th chapter—I have this chapter to put to whatever uſe I think proper——I have twenty this moment ready for it——I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it—

Or my chapter of *Piſhes*, which ſhould follow them—

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in caſe their reverences have done with them——they might lead me into miſchief; the ſafeſt way is to follw the track of the learned, and raiſe objections againſt what I have been writing, though I declare before-hand I know no more than my heels how to anſwer them.

And firſt, it may be ſaid, there is a pelting kind of *therſitical* ſatire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and, by the by, whoever ſays ſo, is indebted to the muſter-maſter general of the *Grecian* army, for ſuffering the name of ſo ugly and foul-mouth'd a man as *Therſites* to continue upon his roll—for it has furniſhed him with an epithet)—in theſe productions he will urge, all the perſonal waſhings and ſcrubbings upon earth do a ſinking genius no ſort of good—but juſt the contrary, inaſmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he ſucceeds in it.

To this, I have no other anſwer——at leaſt ready—but that the Archbiſhop of *Benevento* wrote his *naſty* romance of the *Galatea*, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waiſtcoat, and purple pair of

breeches; and that the penance ſet him, of writing a commentary upon the book of the *Revelation*, as ſevere as it was looked upon by one part of the world, was far from being deemed ſo by the other, upon the ſingle account of that *Inveſtment*.

Another objection to all this remedy, is its want of univerſality; foraſmuch as the ſhaving part of it, upon which ſo much ſtreſs is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the ſpecies entirely from its uſe: all I can ſay is, that female writers, whether of *England* or of *France*, muſt e'en go without it—

As for the *Spaniſh* ladies—I am in no ſort of diſtreſs.——

CHAP. XV.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at laſt; and brings nothing with it but a ſad ſignature of "How our "pleaſures ſlip from under us in this world!"

For, in talking of my digreſſion—I declare before heaven I have made it! What a ſtrange creature is mortal man! ſaid ſhe.

'Tis very true, ſaid I——but 'twere better to get all theſe things out of our heads, and return to my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. XVI.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected *their* buſineſs lay the other way; ſo they faced

about, and marched up ſtraight to Mrs. *Wadman's* door.

I warrant your honour, ſaid the corporal, touching his *Montero* cap with his hand, as he paſſed him, in order to give a knock at the door—My uncle *Toby*, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful ſervant, ſaid nothing good or bad: the truth was he had not altogether marſhalled his ideas; he wiſhed for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three ſteps before the door—he hemm'd twice—a portion of my uncle *Toby's* moſt modeſt ſpirits fled at each expulſion towards the corporal; he ſtood with the rapper of the door ſuſpended for a full minute in his hand, he ſcarce knew why. *Bridget* ſtood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. *Wadman*, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, ſat breathleſs behind the window curtain of her bedchamber, watching their approach.

Trim! ſaid my uncle *Toby*—but as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and *Trim* let fall the rapper.

My uncle *Toby*, perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it—whiſtled Lillabullero.

CHAP. XVII.

As Mrs. *Bridget's* finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as perchance your honour's *taylor*—*I* might have taken my ex-

ample ſomething nearer home; for I owe mine ſome five and twenty pounds at leaſt, and wonder at the man's patience——

—But this is nothing at all to the world; only 'tis a curſed thing to be in debt; and there ſeems to be a fatality in the exchequers of ſome poor princes, particularly thoſe of our houſe, which no economy can bind down in irons: for my own part, I am perſuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or ſmall, upon earth, more deſirous in his heart of keeping ſtraight with the world than I am—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea——or walk with boots——or cheapen tooth-picks——or lay out a ſhilling upon a band-box, the year round; and for the ſix months I am in the country, I am upon ſo ſmall a ſcale, that with all the good temper in the world, I outdo *Rouſſeau* a bar length—for I keep neither man, or boy, or horſe, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a veſtal (to keep my fire in), and who has generally as bad an appetite as myſelf——but if you think this makes a philoſopher of me——I would not, my good people! give a ruſh for your judgments.

True philoſophy—but there is no treating the ſubject whilſt my uncle is whiſtling Lillabullero.

——Let us go into the houſe.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP. XX.

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——You ſhall ſee the very place, Madam; ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

Mrs. *Wadman* bluſh'd——look'd towards the door —turn'd pale——bluſh'd ſlightly again——recovered her natural colour——bluſhed worſe than ever; which, for the ſake of the unlearned reader, I tranſlate thus:

L—d! I cannot look at it—
" *What would the world ſay if I look'd at it?*
" *I ſhould drop down if I look'd at it—*
" *I wiſh I could look at it.*
" *There can be no ſin in looking at it.*
" *——I will look at it."*

Whilſt all this was running through Mrs. *Wadman's* imagination, my uncle *Toby* had riſen from the ſopha, and got to the other ſide of the parlour-door, to give *Trim* an order about it in the paſſage——

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * *—I believe it is in the garret, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—I ſaw it there, an' pleaſe your honour, this morning, anſwered *Trim*—Then, prithee, ſtep

directly for it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and bring it into the parlour.

The corporal did not approve of the orders, but moſt cheerfully obeyed them. The firſt was not an act of his will——the ſecond was; ſo he put on his *Monteros* cap, and went as faſt as his lame knee would let him. My uncle *Toby* returned into the parlour, and ſat himſelf down again upon the ſopha.

—You will lay your finger upon the place——ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. *Wadman* to herſelf.

This requires a ſecond tranſlation:——it ſhows what little knowledge is got by mere words——we muſt go up to the firſt ſprings.

Now, in order to clear up the miſt which hangs upon theſe three pages, I muſt endeavour to be as clear as poſſible myſelf.

Rub your hands thrice acroſs your foreheads——blow your noſes——cleanſe your emunctories——ſneeze, my good people!—God bleſs you——

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XXI.

As there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a huſband, ſhe firſt ſets about and carefully weighs, then ſeparates and diſtinguiſhes in her mind which of all that number of ends is her's; then by diſcourſe, inquiry, argumentation, and inference, ſhe inveſtigates and finds out whether ſhe has got hold of *the right* one—and if ſhe has——then, by pulling

t gently this way and that way, ſhe further forms a udgment whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which *Slawkenbergius* impreſſes this upon the reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decade, is ſo ludicrous, that the honour I bear the ſex will not ſuffer me to quote it—otherwiſe 'tis not deſtitute of humour.

She firſt, ſaith *Slawkenbergius*, ſtops the aſſe, and holding his halter in her left hand (leſt he ſhould get away), ſhe thruſts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier to ſearch for it—For what!—you'll not know the ſooner, quoth *Slawkenbergius*, for interrupting me—

"I have nothing, good lady, but empty bottles," ſays the aſſe.

"I am loaded with tripes," ſays the ſecond.

—And thou art little better, quoth ſhe to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hoſe and pantofles——and ſo to the fourth and fifth, going on one by one through the whole ſtring, till coming to the aſſe which carries it, ſhe turns the pannier upſide down, looks at it—conſiders it—ſamples it—meaſures it—ſtretches it—wets it—dries it—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it——

—Of what? for the love of Chriſt!

I am determined, anſwered *Slawkenbergius*, that all the powers upon earth ſhall never wring that ſecret from my breaſt.

CHAP. XXII.

WE live in a world beſet on all ſides with myſteries and riddles——and ſo 'tis no matter——elſe it ſeems ſtrange, that Nature, who makes every thing ſo well to anſwer its deſtination, and ſeldom or never errs, unleſs for paſtime, in giving ſuch forms and aptitudes to whatever paſſes through her hands, that, whether ſhe deſigns for the plough, the caravan, the cart——or whatever other creature, ſhe models, be it but an aſs's foal, you are ſure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the ſame time ſhould ſo eternally bungle it as ſhe does, in making ſo ſimple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay—or that it is frequently ſpoiled in the baking; by an exceſs of which a huſband may turn out too cruſty (you know) on one hand——or not enough ſo, through defect of heat, on the other——or whether this great Artificer is not ſo attentive to the little Platonic exigencies *of that part* of the ſpecies, for whoſe uſe ſhe is fabricating *this*—or that her Ladyſhip ſometimes ſcarce knows what ſort of a huſband will do——I know not: we will diſcourſe about it after ſupper.

It is enough, that neither the obſervation itſelf, or the reaſoning upon it, are at all to the purpoſe,——but rather againſt it; ſince, with regard to my uncle *Toby's* fitneſs for the marriage ſtate, nothing was ever better: ſhe had formed him of the beſt and kindlieſt clay—had temper'd it with her own milk, and breathed into it the ſweeteſt ſpirit—ſhe had made him all

gentle, generous, and humane—ſhe had filled his heart with truſt and confidence, and diſpoſed every paſſage which led to it for the communication of the tendereſt offices—ſhe had, moreover, conſidered the other cauſes for which matrimony was ordained——

And accordingly * * * * * * * * *

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The DONATION was not defeated by my uncle *Toby's* wound.

Now, this laſt article was ſomewhat apocryphal; and the Devil, who is the great diſturber of our faiths in this world, had raiſed ſcruples in Mrs. *Wadman's* brain about it; and, like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the ſame time, by turning my uncle *Toby's* virtue thereupon into nothing but *empty bottles*, *tripes*, *trunk-hoſe*, and *pantoſles*.

CHAP. XXIII.

MRS. *Bridget* had pawn'd all the little ſtock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world that ſhe would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the moſt conceſſible *poſtulata* in nature, namely, that whilſt my uncle *Toby* was making love to her miſtreſs, the corporal could find nothing better to do than make love to her—— "*And I'll let him as much as he will*," ſaid Bridget, "*to get it out of him.*"

Friendſhip has two garments, an outer and an un-

der one. *Bridget* was ſerving her miſtreſs's intereſt in the one—and doing the thing which moſt pleaſed herſelf in the other; ſo had as many ſtakes depending upon my uncle *Toby's* wound as the devil himſelf.—Mrs. *Wadman* had but one—and as it poſſibly might be her laſt (without diſcouraging Mrs. *Bridget*, or diſcrediting her talents), was determined to play her cards herſelf.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand—there was ſuch a plainneſs and ſimplicity in his playing out what trumps he had—with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the *ten-ace*—and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſit upon the ſame ſopha with Widow *Wadman*, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game off him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAP. XXIV.

—AND the ſtory too—if you pleaſe; for, though I have all along been haſtening towards this part of it with ſo much earneſt deſire, as well knowing it to be the choiceſt morſel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the ſtory for me that will——I ſee the difficulties of the deſcriptions I am going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at leaſt to me, that I loſt ſome fourſcore ounces of blood this week, in a moſt uncritical fever, which attacked me at the beginning of

this chapter; ſo that I have ſtill ſome hopes remaining it may be more in the ſerous or globular parts of the blood, than in the ſubtile *aura* of the brain—be it which it will—an Invocation can do no hurt—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked* to inſpire or inject me according as he ſees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE Spirit of ſweeteſt humour, who erſt did ſit upon the eaſy pen of my beloved CERVANTES; Thou who glideſt daily through his lattice, and turnedſt the twilight of his priſon into noon-day brightneſs by thy preſence——tingedſt his little urn of water with heaven-ſent nectar, and all the time he wrote of *Sancho* and his maſter, didſt caſt thy myſtic mantle o'er his wither'd * ſtump, and wide-extended it to all the evils of his life—

—Turn in hither, I beſeech thee!—behold theſe breeches!——they are all I have in the world——that piteous rent was given them at *Lyons*—

My ſhirts! ſee what a deadly ſchiſm has happened amongſt 'em——for the laps are in *Lombardy*, and the reſt of 'em here—I never had but ſix, and a cunning gypſy of a laundreſs at *Milan*, cut me off the *fore*-laps of five—To do her juſtice, ſhe did it with ſome conſideration—for I was returning out of *Italy*.

And yet, notwithſtanding all this, and a piſtol tinder-box which was moreover ſilch'd from me at *Sienna*, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at *Raddicoffini*, and a ſecond time

* He loſt his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

at *Capua*——I do not think a journey through *France* and *Italy*, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, ſo bad a thing as ſome people would make you believe; there muſt be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce ſhould we get into valleys where Nature ſpreads ſo many tables of entertainment?——'Tis nonſenſe to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be ſhaken to pieces for nothing; and, unleſs you pay twelve ſous for greaſing your wheels, how ſhould the poor peaſant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much——and for the ſize or two above par for your ſuppers and bed—at the moſt they are but one ſhilling and ninepence halfpenny——who would embroil their philoſophy for it? for heaven's and for your own ſake pay it——pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Diſappointment* ſitting drooping upon the eye of your fair Hoſteſs and her damſels in the gate-way at your departure—and beſides, my dear Sir, you get a ſiſterly kiſs of each of 'em worth a pound—at leaſt I did—

—For my uncle *Toby's* amours running all the way in my head, they had the ſame effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the moſt perfect ſtate of bounty and good-will; and felt the kindlieſt harmony vibrating within me, with every oſcillation of the chaiſe alike; ſo that whither the roads were rough or ſmooth, it made no difference; every thing I ſaw, or had to do with, touch'd upon ſome ſecret ſpring, either of ſentiment or rupture.

——They were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs to hear them *more* diſtinctly——'Tis *Maria*, ſaid the poſtillion,

obſerving I was liſtening—Poor *Maria*, continued he (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is ſitting upon a bank, playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow I would give him a four-and-twenty ſous piece when I got to *Moulins*—

—And who is *poor Maria?* ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, ſaid the poſtillion——it is but three years ago that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did *Maria* deſerve than to have her banns forced by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them—

He was going on, when *Maria*, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again——they were the ſame notes,——yet were ten times ſweeter:—It is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man——but who has taught her to play it—or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for, ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *ſervice* upon it almoſt night and day.

The poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor *Maria's* taken *ſuch full* poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where *Maria* was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide——ſhe was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ache, it was the moment I ſaw her—

—God help her! poor damſel: above an hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around for her,—but without effect; we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtillion ſpoke this, MARIA made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat, before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

MARIA looked wiſtfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and ſo on, alternately—

—Well, *Maria*, ſaid I ſoftly—What reſemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a *beaſt* man is,—that I aſked the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of Miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever *Rabelais* ſcattered; and yet I own *my heart* ſmote me, and that I ſo ſmarted at the

very idea of it, that I ſwore I would ſet up for Wiſdom, and utter grave ſentences the reſt of my days —and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman or child, the longeſt day I had to live.

As for writing nonſenſe to them—I believe, there was a reſerve——but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, *Maria!*—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!——ſome time, but not *now*, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe, and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps, walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

What an excellent inn at *Moulins!*

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before), we muſt all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which, my honour has lain bleeding this half hour——I ſtop it, by pulling off one of my yellow ſlippers, and throwing it with all my violence to the oppoſite ſide of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it——

—That whatever reſemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may now be writing in it—that it was as caſual as the foam of *Zeuxis* his horſe: beſides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it*, with reſpect; and conſidering what worſe things there are in the world——that it is no way a proper ſubject for ſatire——

Why then was it left ſo? And here, without ſtaying for my reply, ſhall I be called as many blockheads, numſkulls, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninnyhammers, gooſecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and ſh—t—a—beds—and other unfavoury appellations, as ever the cake bakers of *Lerné* caſt in the teeth of King *Garagantua*'s ſhepherds—And I'll let them do it, as *Bridget* ſaid, as much as they pleaſe; for how was it poſſible they ſhould foreſee the neceſſity I was under of writing the 25th chapter of my book before the 18th, &c.?

——So I don't take it amiſs—All I wiſh is, that it may be a leſſon to the world, "*to let people tell their ſtories their own way.*"

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

As Mrs. *Bridget* open'd the door before the corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle *Toby*'s introduction into the parlour, was ſo ſhort, that Mrs. *Wadman* had but juſt time to get from behind the curtain——lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a ſtep or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle *Toby* ſaluted Mrs. *Wadman*, after the manner in which women were ſaluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirteen—then facing about, he marched up abreaſt with her to the ſopha, and in three plain words—though not before he was ſat down—nor after he was ſat down—but as he was ſitting down, *told her*, "*he was in love*"——ſo that my uncle *Toby*

trained himſelf more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. *Wadman* naturally looked down upon a fit he had been darning up in her apron, in expectation, every moment, that my uncle *Toby* would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love moreover, of all others, being a ſubject of which he was the leaſt a maſter—when he had told Mrs. *Wadman* once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this ſyſtem of my uncle *Toby's*, as he falſely called it, and would often ſay, that could his brother *Toby* to his proceſſe have added but a pipe of tobacco—he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a *Spaniſh* proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle *Toby*, never underſtood what my father meant; nor will I preſume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error, which the bulk of the world lie under—but the *French*, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it, almoſt as much as the REAL PRESENCE, "*hat talking of love, is making* "*it.*"

—I would as ſoon ſet about making a black pudding by the ſame receipt.

Let us go on: Mrs. *Wadman* ſat in expectation my uncle *Toby*, would do ſo, to almoſt the firſt pulſation of that minute, wherein ſilence on one ſide or the other generally becomes indecent; ſo, edging herſelf a little more towards him, and raiſing up her eyes, ſub-bluſhing as ſhe did it—ſhe took up the

gaunlet——or the diſcourſe (if you like it better), and communed with my uncle *Toby*, thus:

The cares and diſquietudes of the marriage ſtate, quoth Mrs. *Wadman*, are very great. I ſuppoſe ſo,—ſaid my uncle *Toby*: and therefore when a perſon, continued Mrs. *Wadman*, is ſo much at his eaſe as you are—ſo happy, Captain *Shandy*, in yourſelf, your friends and your amuſements——I wonder what reaſons can incline you to the ſtate.——

—They are written, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in the Common Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle *Toby* went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. *Wadman* to ſail upon the gulf as ſhe pleaſed.

———As for children——ſaid Mrs. *Wadman*—though a principal end perhaps of the inſtitution, and the natural wiſh, I ſuppoſe, of every parent——yet do not we all find they are certain ſorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear Sir, to pay one for the heart-aches——what compenſation for the many tender and diſquieting apprehenſions of a ſuffering and defenceleſs mother, who brings them into life? I declare, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſmit with pity, I know of none; unleſs it be the pleaſure which it has pleaſed God—

—A fiddleſtick! quoth ſhe.

. . . . . .

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

Now, there are ſuch an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs looks, and accents, with which *the word fiddleſtick* may be pronounced in all ſuch

:aſes as this, every one of 'em impreſſing a ſenſe ınd meaning as different from the other as *dirt* from *:leanlineſs*——that cauſuiſts (for it is an affair of conſcience on that ſcore), reckon up no leſs than fourteen thouſand, in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. *Wadman* hit upon the *fiddleſtick*, which ſummoned up all my uncle *Toby*'s modeſt blood into his cheeks—ſo feeling within himſelf that he had, ſomehow or other, got beyond his depth, he ſtopt ſhort; and without entering further, either in the pains or pleaſures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and ſhare them along with her.

When my uncle *Toby* had ſaid this, he did not care to ſay it again; ſo caſting his eye upon the Bible, which Mrs. *Wadman* had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear ſoul! upon a paſſage in it, of all others the moſt intereſting to him—which was the ſiege of *Jericho*——he ſet himſelf to read it over—leaving his propoſal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now, it wrought neither as an aſtringent or a looſener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buckthorn, or any one drug which nature had beſtowed upon the world——in ſhort, it worked not at all in her; and the cauſe of that was, that there was ſomething working there before——Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire ſtill in the ſubject—Allons.

CHAP. XXVI.

It is natural for a perfect ſtranger, who is going from *London* to *Edinburgh*, to inquire before he ſets out, how many miles to *York*; which is about the half way—nor does any body wonder if he goes on and aſks about the Corporation, &c.—

It was juſt as natural for Mrs. *Wadman*, whoſe firſt huſband was all his time afflicted with a ſciatica, to wiſh to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far ſhe was likely to ſuffer more or leſs in her feelings, in the one caſe than in the other.

She had accordingly read *Drake*'s anatomy, from one end to the other. She had peeped into *Wharton* upon the brain, and borrowed * *Graaf* upon the bones and muſcles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reaſon'd likewiſe from her own powers—laid down theorems—drawn conſequences, and come to no concluſion.

To clear up all, ſhe had twice aſked Doctor *Slop* "if poor Captain *Shandy* was ever likely to recover "of his wound?"—

—He is recovered, Doctor *Slop* would ſay.

What! quite?

Quite, Madam—

But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. *Wadman* would ſay.

Doctor *Slop* was the worſt man alive at defini-

* This muſt be a miſtake in Mr. Shandy, for Graaf wrote upon *the pancreatic* juice, and the parts of generation.

tions; and ſo Mrs. *Wadman* could get no knowledge: In ſhort, there was no way to extract it but from my uncle *Toby* himſelf.

There is an accent of humanity in an inquiry of this kind, which lulls SUSPICION to reſt—and I am half perſuaded the ſerpent got pretty near it, in his diſcourſe with Eve; for the propenſity in the ſex to be deceived could not be ſo great, that ſhe ſhould have boldneſs to hold chat with the devil without it—But there is an accent of humanity—how ſhall I deſcribe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the inquirer a right to be as particular with it as your body ſurgeon.

"—Was it without remiſſion?—

"—Was it more tolerable in bed?

"—Could he lie on both ſides alike with it?

"—Was he able to mount a horſe?

"—Was motion bad for it?" *et cætera*, were ſo tenderly ſpoke to, and ſo directed towards my uncle *Toby's* heart, that every item of them ſunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themſelves——but when Mrs. *Wadman* went round about by *Namur*, to get at my uncle *Toby's* groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterſcarp, and *pêle-mêle* with the *Dutch* to take the counter-guard of St. *Roch* ſword in hand——and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent—Heaven! Earth! Sea!——all was lifted up——the ſprings of nature roſe above their levels—an angel of mercy ſat beſide him on the ſopha—his heart *glow'd* with fire, and had he

been worth a thouſand, he had loſt every heart of them to Mrs. *Wadman*.

——And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. *Wadman*, a little categorically, did you receive this ſad blow!—In aſking this queſtion, *Mrs. Wadman* gave a ſlight glance towards the waiſtband of my uncle *Toby's* red pluſh breeches, expecting naturally, as the ſhorteſt reply to it, that my uncle *Toby* would lay his forefinger upon the place—it fell out otherwiſe———for my uncle *Toby* having got his wound before the gate of St. *Nicholas*, in one of the traverſes of the trench, oppoſite to the ſalient angle of the demibaſtion of St. *Roch*; he could at any time ſtick a pin upon the identical ſpot of ground where he was ſtanding when the ſtone ſtruck him: this ſtruck inſtantly upon my uncle *Toby's* ſenſorium—and with it, ſtruck his large map of the town and citadel of *Namur*, and its environs, which he had purchaſed and paſted down upon a board, by the corporal's aid, during his long illneſs—it had lain with other military lumber in the garret ever ſince, and accordingly, the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My uncle *Toby* meaſured off thirty toiſes, with Mrs. *Wadman's* ſciſſars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. *Nicholas*; and with ſuch a virgin modeſty, laid her finger upon the place, that the goddeſs of Decency, if then in being——if not, 'twas her ſhade—ſhook her head, and with a finger wavering acroſs her eyes——forbid her to explain the miſtake.

Unhappy Mrs. *Wadman!*——

——For nothing can make this chapter go off with ſpirit but an apoſtrophe to thee—but my heart tells me that in ſuch a criſis, an apoſtrophe is but an inſult in diſguiſe, and ere I would offer one to a woman in diſtreſs—let the chapter go to the devil; provided any damn'd critic *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. XXVII.

My uncle *Toby*'s map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——And here is the *Maes*—and this is the *Sambre*, ſaid the corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. *Bridget*'s ſhoulder—but not the ſhoulder next him—and this, ſaid he, is the town of *Namur*—and this the citadel—and there lay the *French*—and here lay his honour and myſelf——and in this curſed trench, Mrs. *Bridget*, quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which cruſh'd him ſo miſerably *here*—In pronouncing which, he ſlightly preſs'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for——and let it fall.

We thought, Mr *Trim*, it had been more in the middle—ſaid Mrs. *Bridget*—

That would have undone us for ever—ſaid the corporal.

—And left my poor miſtreſs undone too—ſaid *Bridget*.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. *Bridget* a kiſs.

Come—come—ſaid *Bridget*——holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and ſliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the leaſt wart or protuberance—'Tis every ſyllable of it falſe, cried the corporal, before ſhe had half finiſhed the ſentence——

I know it to be fact, ſaid *Bridget*, from credible witneſſes.

—Upon my honour, ſaid the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and bluſhing as he ſpoke with honeſt reſentment—'tis a ſtory, Mrs. *Bridget*, as falſe as hell—not, ſaid *Bridget*, interrupting him, that either I or my miſtreſs care a halfpenny about it, whether 'tis ſo or no—only that when one is married, one would chooſe to have ſuch a thing by one at leaſt——

It was ſomewhat unfortunate for Mrs. *Bridget* that ſhe had begun the attack with her manual exerciſe; for the corporal inſtantly * * * *
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CHAP. XXIX.

It was like the momentary conteſt in the moiſt eye-lids of an *April* morning, "Whether *Bridget* ſhould "laugh or cry."

She ſnatch'd up a rolling pin——'twas ten to one *ſhe had* laugh'd——

She laid it down—ſhe cried; and, had one ſingle tear of 'em but taſted of bitterneſs, full ſorrowful would the corporal's heart have been, that he had uſed the argument; but the corporal underſtood the ſex, a *quart major to a terce* at leaſt, better than my uncle *Toby*; and accordingly he aſſailed Mrs. *Bridget* after this manner.

I know Mrs. *Bridget*, ſaid the corporal, giving her a moſt reſpectful kiſs, that thou art good and modeſt by nature, and art withal ſo generous a girl in thyſelf, that if I know thee rightly, thou wouldſt not wound an inſect, much leſs the honour of ſo gallant and worthy a ſoul as my maſter, waſt thou ſure to be made a counteſs of——but thou haſt been ſet on, and deluded, dear *Bridget*, as is often a woman's caſe, " to pleaſe others more than themſelves,——"

Bridget's eyes poured down at the ſenſations the corporal excited.

—Tell me——tell me then, my dear Bridget, continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her ſide,—and giving a ſecond kiſs—whoſe ſuſpicion has miſled thee?

Bridget ſobb'd a ſob or two—then opened her eyes—the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron—ſhe then open'd her heart, and told him all.

CHAP. XXX.

My uncle *Toby* and the corporal had gone on ſeparately with their operations the greateſt part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had

been doing, as if they had been ſeparated from each other by the *Maes* or the *Sambre*.

My uncle *Toby*, on his ſide, had preſented himſelf every afternoon in his red and ſilver, and blue and gold, alternately, and ſuſtained an infinity of attacks in them without knowing them to be attacks—and ſo had nothing to communicate.—

The corporal, on his ſide, in taking *Bridget*, by it had gained conſiderable advantages—and conſequently had much to communicate—but what were the advantages—as well as what was the manner by which he had ſeized them, required ſo nice an hiſtorian, that the corporal durſt not venture upon it, and, as ſenſible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bare-headed, and without laurels for ever, than torture his maſter's modeſty for a ſingle moment—

—Beſt of honeſt and gallant ſervants!——But I have apoſtrophiz'd thee *Trim!* once before——and could I apotheoſize thee alſo (that is to ſay) with good company—I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

CHAP. XXXI.

Now my uncle *Toby* had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himſelf, upon his finger ends (beginning at his thumb), all Mrs. *Wadman*'s perfections, one by one? and happening two or three times together, either by omitting ſome, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himſelf ſadly before he could get beyond his

middle finger——Prithee, *Trim!* ſaid he, taking up his pipe again,——bring me a pen and ink: *Trim* brought paper alſo.

Take a full ſheet—*Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, making a ſign with his pipe at the ſame time, to take a chair, and ſit down cloſe by him at the table. The corporal obeyed——placed the paper directly before him—took a pen, and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thouſand virtues, *Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

Am I to ſet them down, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth the corporal.

—But they muſt be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle *Toby*; for of them all, *Trim*, that which wins me moſt, and which is a ſecurity for all the reſt, is the compaſſionate turn, and ſingular humanity of her character——I proteſt, added my uncle *Toby*, looking up as he proteſted it, towards the top of the ceiling—That was I her brother, *Trim*, a thouſand fold, ſhe could not make more conſtant or more tender inquiries after my ſufferings——though now no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle *Toby's* proteſtation, but by a ſhort cough—he dipped the pen a ſecond time into the inkhorn; and my uncle *Toby*, pointing with the end of his pipe as cloſe to the top of the ſheet, at the left hand corner of it, as he could get it—the corporal wrote down the word HUMANITY——thus.

Prithee, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as ſoon as *Trim* had done it——how often does Mrs. *Bridget*

inquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou receivedſt at the battle of *Landen?*

She never, an' pleaſe your honour, inquires after it at all.

That, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with all the triumph the goodneſs of his nature would permit ——that ſhows the difference in the character of the miſtreſs and maid—Had the fortune of war allotted the ſame miſchance to me, Mrs. *Wadman* would have inquired into every circumſtance relating to it a hundred times———She would have inquired an' pleaſe your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin——The pain, *Trim*, is equally excruciating,—and Compaſſion has as much to do with the one as the other—

—God bleſs your honour! cried the corporal,—what has a woman's compaſſion to do with the wound upon the cap of a man's knee! had your honour's been ſhot into ten thouſand ſplinters at the affair of *Landen*, Mrs. *Wadman* would have troubled her head as little about it as *Bridget*; becauſe, added the corporal, lowering his voice, and ſpeaking very diſtinctly, as he aſſigned his reaſon—

"The knee is ſuch a diſtance from the main body "——whereas the groin, your honour knows, is up-"on the very *curtain* of the *place*."

My uncle *Toby* gave a long whiſtle—but in a note which could ſcarce be heard acroſs the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words, he told the reſt—

My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe as gently

upon the fender, as if it had been ſpun from the unravellings of a ſpider's web—

——Let us go to my brother *Shandy's*, ſaid he.

CHAP. XXXII.

THERE will be juſt time, whilſt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* are walking to my father's to inform you, that Mrs. *Wadman* had, ſome moons before this, made a confident of my mother; and that Mrs. *Bridget*, who had the burden of her own, as well as her miſtreſs's ſecret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to *Suſannah*, behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, ſhe ſaw nothing at all in it, to make the leaſt buſtle about—but *Suſannah* was ſufficient, by herſelf, for all the ends and purpoſes you could poſſibly have, in exporting a family ſecret; for ſhe inſtantly imparted it by ſigns to *Jonathan*—and *Jonathan* by tokens to the cook, as ſhe was baſting a loin of mutton; the cook ſold it with ſome kitchen-fat, to the poſtillion for a groat, who truck'd it with the dairy-maid for ſomething of about the ſame value——and though whiſper'd in the hay-loft, Fame caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and ſounded them upon the houſe-top——In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not underſtand the difficulties of my uncle *Toby's* ſiege, and what were the ſecret articles which had delayed the ſurrender.

My father, whoſe way was to force every event in nature into an hypotheſis, by which means never man crucified *Truth* at the rate he did——had but

juſt heard of the report as my uncle *Toby* ſet out; and catching fire ſuddenly at the treſpaſs done his brother by it, was demonſtrating to *Yorick*, notwithſtanding my mother was ſitting by——not only "That the devil was in women, and that the whole "of the affair was luſt;" but that every evil and diſorder in the world, of what kind or nature ſoever, from the firſt fall of *Adam*, down to my uncle *Toby's* (incluſive), was owing one way or other to the ſame unruly appetite.

Yorick was juſt bringing my father's hypotheſis to ſome temper, when my uncle *Toby* entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveneſs in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled againſt the paſſion——and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth—as ſoon as my uncle *Toby* was ſeated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

CHAP. XXXIII.

—THAT proviſion ſhould be made for continuing the race of ſo great, ſo exalted and godlike a being as man——I am far from denying——but philoſophy ſpeaks freely of every thing; and therefore I ſtill think, and do maintain it to be a pity, that it ſhould be done by means of a paſſion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wiſdom, contemplations, and operations of the ſoul backwards ——a paſſion, my dear, continued my father, addreſſing himſelf to my mother, which couples and *equals* wiſe men with fools, and makes us come out

f our caverns and hiding-places more like ſatyrs and ɔur-footed beaſts than men.

I know it will be ſaid, continued my father (avail-ng himſelf of the *Prolepſis*), that in itſelf, and ſim-ly taken——like hunger, or thirſt, or ſleep, 'tis n affair neither good or bad—or ſhameful, or other-wiſe—Why then did the delicacy of *Diogenes* and *Plato* ſo recalcitrate againſt it? And wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reaſon is it, that all the parts thereof—the congredients—the preparations —the inſtruments, and whatever ſerves thereto, are ſo held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, tranſlation, or periphraſis whatever?

—The act of killing and deſtroying a man, continued my father, raiſing his voice——and turning to my uncle *Toby*—you ſee, is glorious—and the weapons by which we do it, are honourable—We march with them upon our ſhoulders—We ſtrut with them by our ſides—We gild them—We carve them—We inlay them——We enrich them—Nay, if it be but a *ſcoundrel* cannon, we caſt an ornament upon the breech of it—

—My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet—and *Yorick* was riſing up to batter the whole hypotheſis to pieces—

—When *Obadiah* broke into the middle of the room, with a complaint which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The caſe was this:

My father, whether by ancient cuſtom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tythes, was o-

bliged to keep a Bull for the ſervice of the pariſh, and *Obadiah* had led his cow upon a *pop-viſit* to him one day or other the preceding ſummer——I ſay, one day or other——becauſe as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's houſemaid——ſo one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when *Obadiah's* wife was brought to bed—*Obadiah* thanked God—

Now, ſaid *Obadiah*, I ſhall have a calf: ſo *Obadiah* went daily to viſit his cow.

She'll calve on *Monday*—or *Tueſday*—or *Wedneſday* at the fartheſt—

The cow did not calve——no——ſhe'll not calve till next week—the cow put it off terribly—till at the end of the ſixth week, *Obadiah's* ſuſpicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the pariſh being very large, my father's Bull, to ſpeak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department: he had, however, got himſelf, ſomehow or other, thruſt into employment——and as he went through the buſineſs with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

—Moſt of the townſmen, an' pleaſe your worſhip, quoth *Obadiah*, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault—

—But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Dr *Slop*.

It never happens, ſaid Dr. *Slop*, but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough—Prithee has the child hair upon his head! added Dr. *Slop*.

——It is as hairy as I am; ſaid *Obadiah*——*Oba-*

diah had not been ſhaved for three weeks——— Wheu——u——u———————, cried my father, beginning the ſentence with an exclamatory whiſtle ———and ſo, brother *Toby*, this poor bull of mine who is as good a bull as ever p—ſs'd, and might have done for Europa herſelf in purer times—had he but two legs leſs, might have been driven into Doctors Commons and loſt his character—which to a Town Bull, brother *Toby*, is the very ſame thing as his life—

L—d! ſaid my mother, what is all this ſtory about?—

A COCK and a BULL, ſaid *Yorick*—And one of the beſt of its kind I ever heard.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE,

COMPLETE IN EIGHT VOLUMES

CONTAINING

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.
II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, AND CONTINUATION.
III. SERMONS.—IV. LETTERS.
V. THE FRAGMENT.
VI. THE KORAN.
VII. HISTORY OF A GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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1803.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

—— THEY order, ſaid I, this matter better in France——

—You have been in France? ſaid my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the moſt civil triumph in the world. Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myſelf, that one-and-twenty miles ſailing, for 'tis abſolutely no farther from Dover to Calais, ſhould give a man theſe rights.—I'll look into them: ſo giving up the argument, I went ſtraight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen ſhirts and a black pair of ſilk breeches—" the coat I have on," ſaid I, looking at the ſleeve, " will do"——took a place in the Dover ſtage; and the packet ſailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got ſat down to my dinner upon a fricaſſee'd chicken ſo inconteſtably in France, *that, had I died that* night of an indigeſtion, *the whole world could* not have ſuſpended the ef-

fects of the * *droits d'aubaine*—my ſhirts, and black pair of ſilk breeches——portmanteau and all, muſt have gone to the King of France—even the little picture which I have ſo long worn, and ſo often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. Ungenerous!—to ſeize upon the wreck of an unwary paſſenger, whom your ſubjects have beckon'd to their coaſt—By heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people ſo civilized and courteous, and ſo renown'd for ſentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reaſon with——But I have ſcarce ſet a foot in your dominions.

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finiſh'd my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to ſatisfy my mind that I bore him no ſpleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper——I roſe up an inch taller for the accommodation.

——No—ſaid I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be miſled like other people; but there is a mildneſs in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a ſuffuſion of a finer kind upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at leaſt of two livres a bottle, which

* All the effects of ſtrangers (Swiſs and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are ſeized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the ſpot—the profit of theſe contingencies being farm'd, there is no redreſs.

was ſuch as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Juſt God! ſaid I, kicking my portmanteau aſide, what is there in this world's goods which ſhould ſharpen our ſpirits, and make ſo many kind-hearted brethren of us, fall out ſo cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heavieſt of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purſe, and, holding it airily and uncompreſs'd, looks round him, as if he ſought for an object to ſhare it with.—In doing this I felt every veſſel in my frame dilate——the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which ſuſtained life, performed it with ſo little friction, that 'twould have confounded the moſt *phyſical precieuſe* in France: with all her materialiſm, ſhe could ſcarce have called me a machine.—

I'm confident, ſaid I to myſelf, I ſhould have overſet her creed.

The acceſſion of that idea, carried nature, at that time, as high as ſhe could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finiſhed the treaty with myſelf—

—Now, was I King of France, cried I—what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD ſcarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg ſomething for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the ſport of contingencies—or one man may be generous as another man is puiſſant—*ſed non quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reaſoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the ſame cauſes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themſelves——'twould oft be no diſcredit to us, to ſuppoſe it was ſo: I'm ſure, at leaſt for myſelf, that in many a caſe I ſhould be more highly ſatisfied, to have it ſaid by the world, "I had an affair with the "moon, in which there was neither ſin nor ſhame," than have it paſs altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was ſo much of both.

—But be this as it may. The moment I caſt my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous, and accordingly I put my purſe in my pocket—button'd it up——ſet myſelf a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was ſomething, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deſerved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonſure, a few ſcatter'd white hairs upon his temples, *being* all that remained of it, might be about ſeventy—*but* from his eyes, and that ſort of fire which

was in them, which ſeemed more temper'd by courteſy than years, could be no more than ſixty—— Truth might lie between——He was certainly ſixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithſtanding ſomething ſeem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of thoſe heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale,—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth——it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at ſomething beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's ſhoulders, beſt knows; but it would have ſuited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indoſtan, I had reverenced it.

The reſt of his outline may be given in a few ſtrokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to deſign, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwiſe, but as character and expreſſion made it ſo: it was a thin, ſpare form, ſomething above the common ſize, if it loſt not the diſtinction by a bend forward in the figure, but it was the attitude of Entreaty; and as it now ſtands preſented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it loſt by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he ſtood ſtill; and laying his left hand upon his breaſt (a ſlender white ſtaff with which he journey'd being in his right)——when I had got cloſe up to him, he introduced himſelf with the little ſtory of the wants of *his convent, and the* poverty of his order—and

did it with ſo ſimple a grace—and ſuch an air of deprecation was there in the whole caſt of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been ſtruck with it—

—A better reaſon was, I had predetermined not to give him a ſingle ſous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'Tis very true, ſaid I, replying to a caſt upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his addreſs—'tis very true—and heaven be their reſource who have no other but the charity of the world, the ſtock of which, I fear, is no way ſufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a ſlight glance with his eye downwards upon the ſleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, ſaid I—a coarſe habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with ſo little induſtry, that your order ſhould wiſh to procure them, by preſſing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm——the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languiſhes alſo for his ſhare of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, *inſtead* of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am,

continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully ſhould it have been open'd to you, for the ranſom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow ——but of all others, reſumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, ſurely, have the firſt rights; and I have left thouſands in diſtreſs upon our own ſhore——The monk gave a cordial wave with his head— as much as to ſay, No doubt there is miſery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. But we diſtinguiſh, ſaid I, laying my hand upon the ſleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal——we diſtinguiſh, my good father! betwixt thoſe who wiſh only to eat the bread of their own labour—and thoſe who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in ſloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciſcan made no reply: a hectic of a moment paſs'd acroſs his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature ſeemed to have had done with her reſentments in him; he ſhowed none——but letting his ſtaff fall within his arm, he preſs'd both his hands with reſignation upon his breaſt, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

My heart ſmote me the moment he ſhut the door —Pſha! ſaid I, with an air of careleſſneſs, three ſeveral times—but it would not do: every ungracious ſyllable *I had uttered*, crowded back into my

imagination, I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciſcan, but to deny him; and that the puniſhment of that was enough to the diſappointed, without the addition of unkind language——I conſider'd his grey hairs——his courteous figure ſeem'd to re-enter, and gently aſk me what injury he had done me?——and why I could uſe them thus?——I would have given twenty livres for an advocate——I have behaved very ill, ſaid I within myſelf; but I have only juſt ſet out upon my travels, and ſhall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is diſcontented within himſelf, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaiſe——and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fitteſt for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard, to buy or hire ſomething of that kind to my purpoſe: an old * Deſobligeant in the fartheſt corner of the court, hit my fancy at firſt ſight: ſo I inſtantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monſieur Deſſein the maſter of the hotel——but Monſieur Deſſein being gone to veſpers, and not caring to face the Franciſcan, whom I ſaw on the oppoſite ſide of the court, in conference with a lady juſt

* A chaiſe ſo called in France, from its holding but one perſon.

arrived at the inn——I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Desobligeant*.

PREFACE.

IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT muſt have been obſerved by many a peripatetic philoſopher, That Nature has ſet up, by her own unqueſtionable authority, certain boundaries and fences to circumſcribe the diſcontent of man: ſhe has effected her purpoſe in the quieteſt and eaſieſt manner, by laying him under almoſt inſuperable obligations to work out his eaſe, and to ſuſtain his ſufferings at home. It is there only that ſhe has provided him with the moſt ſuitable objects to partake of his happineſs, and bear a part of that burden, which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of ſhoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of ſpreading our happineſs ſometimes beyond *her* limits, but 'tis ſo ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, cuſtoms and habits, we lie under ſo many impediments in communicating our ſenſations out of our own ſphere, as often amount to a total impoſſibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of ſentimental commerce is always againſt the expatriated adventurer; he muſt buy what he has little occaſion for, *at their own* price——his converſation

will ſeldom be taken in exchange for theirs, without a large diſcount—and this, by the by, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for ſuch converſation as he can find, it requires no great ſpirit of divination to gueſs at his party.——

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the ſee ſaw of this *Deſobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient as well as the final cauſes of travelling—

Your idle people, that leave their native country, and go abroad, for ſome reaſon or reaſons, which may be derived from one of theſe general cauſes—

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of the mind, or
Inevitable neceſſity.

The two firſt include all thoſe who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curioſity, vanity, or ſpleen, ſubdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third claſs includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more eſpecially thoſe travellers who ſet out upon their travels with the benefit of the Clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors, recommended by the magiſtrate ——or young gentlemen tranſported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glaſgow.

There is a fourth claſs, but their number is ſo ſmall that they would not deſerve a diſtinction, was it not neceſſary in a work of this nature to obſerve the greateſt preciſion and nicety, to avoid a confuſion of character. And theſe men I ſpeak of, are

ſuch as croſs the ſeas, and ſojourn in a land of ſtrangers, with a view of ſaving money for various reaſons, and upon various pretences: but as they might alſo ſave themſelves and others a great deal of unneceſſary trouble, by ſaving their money at home——and as their reaſons for travelling are the leaſt complex of any other ſpecies of emigrants, I ſhall diſtinguiſh theſe gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus, the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *heads*;

Idle Travellers,
Inquiſitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow the Travellers of Neceſſity:

The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The ſimple Traveller,

And laſt of all (if you pleaſe)

The Sentimental Traveller,

(meaning thereby myſelf) who have travell'd, and of which I am now ſitting down to give an account—as much out of *Neceſſity* and the *beſoin de voyager*, as any one in the claſs.

I am well aware, at the ſame time, as both my travels and obſervations will be altogether of a different caſt from any of my forerunners; that I might have inſiſted upon a whole niche entirely to myſelf—*but I ſhould* break in upon the confines of

the *Vain* Traveller, in wiſhing to draw attention towards me, till I have ſome better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle.*

It is ſufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himſelf, that with ſtudy and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue——it will be one ſtep towards knowing himſelf; as it is great odds, but he retains ſome tincture and reſemblance of what he imbibed or carried out to the preſent hour.

The man who firſt tranſplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (obſerve he was a Dutchman), never dreamt of drinking the ſame wine at the Cape, that the ſame grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatic for that—but undoubtedly he expected to drink ſome ſort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad or indifferent—he knew enough of this world, to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his ſucceſs: however, he hoped for the beſt; and in theſe hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his diſcretion, *Mynheer* might poſſibly overſet both in his new vineyard; and by diſcovering his nakedneſs, become a laughing ſtock to his people.

Even ſo it fares with the poor Traveller, ſailing and poſting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in purſuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by ſailing and poſting for that purpoſe; but whether *uſeful knowledge* and real improvements is all a lot-

tery—and even where the adventurer is ſucceſsful, the acquired ſtock muſt be uſed with caution and ſobriety to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiouſly the other way, both as to the acquiſition and application, I am of opinion, that a man would act as wiſely, if he could prevail upon himſelf to live contented without foreign knowledge, or foreign improvements, eſpecially if he lives in a country that has no abſolute want of either——and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time coſt me, when I have obſerved how many a foul ſtep the inquiſitive Traveller has meaſured, to ſee ſights, and look into diſcoveries; all which, as Sancho Pança ſaid to Don Quixote, they might have ſeen dry-ſhod, at home. It is an age ſo full of light, that there is ſcarce a country or corner of Europe, whoſe beams are not croſſed and interchanged with others——Knowledge, in moſt of its branches, and in moſt affairs, is like muſic in an Italian ſtreet, whereof thoſe may partake who pay nothing—But there is no nation under heaven,——and God is my record (before whoſe tribunal I muſt one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not ſpeak it vauntingly——But there is no nation under Heaven, abounding with more variety of learning——where the ſciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more ſurely won, than here——where art is encouraged, and will ſoon riſe high——where Nature (take her altogether) has ſo little to anſwer for—and, to cloſe all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with——Where then, my dear countrymen, *are you going?*

—We are only looking at this chaiſe, ſaid they—Your moſt obedient ſervant, ſaid I, ſkipping out of it, and pulling off my hat—We were wondering, ſaid one of them, who, I found, was an *inquiſitive Traveller*—what could occaſion its motion—'Twas the agitation, ſaid I coolly, of writing a preface—I never heard, ſaid the other, who was a *ſimple Traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Deſobligeant*.———It would have been better, ſaid I, in a *Vis-a-Vis*.

—*As an Engliſhman does not travel to ſee Engliſhmen*, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I PERCEIVED that ſomething darken'd the paſſage more than myſelf as I ſtepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Monſ. Deſſein, the maſter of the hotel, who had juſt returned from veſpers, and, with his hat under his arm, was moſt complaiſantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myſelf pretty well out of conceit with the *Deſobligeant*; and Monſ. Deſſein ſpeaking of it, with a ſhrug, as if it would no way ſuit me, it immediately ſtruck my fancy that it belonged to ſome *innocent Traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Monſ. Deſſein's honour, to make the moſt of. Four months had elapſed ſince it had finiſh'd its career of Europe in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard; and having ſallied out from thence but a vampt-up buſineſs at the firſt, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much *by its adventures*—but by none ſo little as the ſtand-

ing ſo many months unpitied in the corner of Monſ. Deſſein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be ſaid for it—but ſomething might—and when a few words will reſcue miſery out of her diſtreſs, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

———Now, was I the maſter of this hotel, ſaid I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Monſ. Deſſein's breaſt, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Deſobligeant*——it ſtands ſwinging reproaches at you every time you paſs by it——

Mon Dieu! ſaid Monſ. Deſſein—I have no intereſt ——Except the intereſt, ſaid I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monſ. Deſſein, in their own ſenſations—I'm perſuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himſelf, every rainy night, diſguiſe it as you will, muſt caſt a damp upon your ſpirits—You ſuffer, Monſ. Deſſein, as much as the machine.

I have always obſerved, when there is as much *ſour* as *ſweet* in a compliment, that an Engliſhman is eternally at a loſs within himſelf, whether to take it, or let it alone: a Frenchman never is: Monſ. *Deſſein* made me a bow.

C'eſt bien vrai, ſaid he——But in this caſe, I ſhould only exchange one diſquietude for another, and with loſs: figure to yourſelf, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaiſe which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourſelf how much I would ſuffer, in giving an ill impreſſion of myſelf to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I muſt do, *d'un homme d'eſprit*.

The *doſe was made* up exactly after my own pre-

preſcription; ſo I could not help taking it——and returning Monſ. *Deſſein* his bow, without more caſuiſtry, we walk'd together towards his Remiſe, to take a view of his magazine of chaiſes.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

It muſt needs be a hoſtile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a ſorry poſt chaiſe) cannot go forth with the ſeller thereof into the ſtreet to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he inſtantly falls into the ſame frame of mind, and views his conventioniſt with the ſame ſort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor ſwordſman, and no way a match for Monſ. *Deſſein*, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the ſituation is incident—I looked at Monſ. *Deſſein* through and through——eyed him as he walk'd along in profile—then *en face*——thought he look'd like a Jew—then a Turk——diſliked his wig——curſed him by my gods——wiſhed him at the devil.

——And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louis d'ors, which is the moſt I can be over-reached in?——Baſe paſſion! ſaid I, turning myſelf about, as a man naturally does upon a ſudden reverſe of ſentiment—baſe, ungentle paſſion! thy hand is againſt every *man*, and every man's hand againſt thee——Heaven

forbid! ſaid ſhe, raiſing her hand up to her fore-head, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had ſeen in conference with the monk —— ſhe had followed us unperceived—Heaven forbid, indeed! ſaid I, offering her my own—ſhe had a black pair of ſilk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, ſo accepted it without reſerve—and I led her up to the door of the Remiſe.

Monſieur *Deſſein* had *diabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himſelf to have it open'd; and ſo attentive to the obſtacle, that I continued holding her hand almoſt without knowing it, ſo that Monſ. *Deſſein* left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remiſe, and ſaid he would be back in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in ſuch a ſituation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the ſtreet: in the latter caſe, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without—— when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourſelves. A ſilence of a ſingle moment upon Monſ. *Deſſein*'s leaving us, had been fatal to the ſituation—ſhe had infallibly turned about ——ſo I begun the converſation inſtantly.

——But what were the temptations (as I write not to apologize for the weakneſſes of my heart in this tour,——but to give an account of them)—ſhall be deſcribed with the ſame ſimplicity with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Deſobligeant*, becauſe I ſaw the monk in cloſe conference with a lady juſt arrived at the inn —I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much reſtrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suſpicion croſſed my brain, and ſaid, he was telling her what had paſſed; ſomething jarred upon it within me——I wiſhed him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the underſtanding, it ſaves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain ſhe was of a better order of beings——however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impreſſion returned upon my encounter with her in the ſtreet; a guarded frankneſs with which ſhe gave me her hand, ſhowed, I thought, her good education and her good ſenſe; and as I led her on, I felt a pleaſurable ductility about her, which ſpread a calmneſs over all my ſpirits——

—Good God! how a man might lead ſuch a creature as this round the world with him.

I had not yet ſeen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was inſtantly ſet about, and long before we had got to the door of the Remiſe, *Fancy* had finiſh'd the whole head, and pleaſed herſelf as much with its fitting her goddeſs, as if ſhe had dived *into the* TIBER for it—but thou art a ſeduced and a

ng ſlut; and albeit thou cheateſt us ſeven times with thy pictures and images, yet with ſo ma- arms doſt thou do it, and thou deckeſt out thy es in the ſhapes of ſo many angels of light, 'tis ne to break with thee.

ien we had got to the door of the Remiſe, ſhe rew her hand from acroſs her forehead, and let e the original—it was a face of about ſix-and- y——of a clear tranſparent brown, ſimply ſet ithout rouge or powder—it was not critically ome, but there was that in it, which, in the of mind I was in, attached me much more ——it was intereſting; I fancied it wore the cters of a widow'd look, and in that ſtate of nſion, which had paſſed the two firſt paro- s of ſorrow, and was quietly beginning to cile itſelf to its loſs———but a thouſand o- diſtreſſes might have traced the ſame lines; ſh'd to know what they had been—and was to inquire (had the ſame *bon ton* of conver- n permitted, as in the days of Eſdras)—" *What eth thee? and why art thou diſquieted? and y is thy underſtanding troubled?*"——In a word, t benevolence for her; and reſolved ſome way ther to throw in my mite of courteſy——if f ſervice.

ch were my temptations——and in this diſpo- n to give way to them, was I left alone with the with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned cloſer to the door of the Remiſe than was abſolutely neceſſary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! ſaid I, raiſing her hand up a little lightly as I began, muſt be one of Fortune's whimſical doings; to take two utter ſtrangers by their hands—of different ſexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and, in one moment, place them together in ſuch a cordial ſituation, as friendſhip herſelf could ſcarce have atchieved for them, had ſhe projected it for a month.

—And your reflection upon it, ſhows how much, Monſieur, ſhe has embarraſſed you by the adventure—

When the ſituation is what ſhe ſhould wiſh, nothing is ſo ill-timed as to hint at the circumſtances which make it ſo: you thank Fortune, continued ſhe——you had reaſon——the heart knew it, and was ſatisfied; and who but an Engliſh philoſopher would have ſent notice of it to the brain, to reverſe the judgment.

In ſaying this, ſhe diſengaged her hand with a look which I thought a ſufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miſerable picture which I am going to give of the weakneſs of my heart, by owning, that it ſuffered a pain, which worthier occaſions could not have inflicted. I was mortified with the loſs of her *hand,* and the manner in which I had loſt it, carried *ither* oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt

the pain of a ſheepiſh inferiority ſo miſerably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are ſhort upon theſe diſcomfitures. In a very few ſeconds ſhe laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finiſh her reply; ſo, ſome way or other, God knows how, I regained my ſituation.

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different converſation for the lady, thinking, from the ſpirit as well as the moral of this, that I had been miſtaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the ſpirit which had animated the reply was fled——the muſcles relax'd, and I beheld the ſame unprotected look of diſtreſs which firſt won me to her intereſt ——melancholy! to ſee ſuch ſprightlineſs the prey of ſorrow.—I pitied her from my ſoul; and, though it may ſeem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart—I could have taken her into my arms, and cheriſhed her, though it was in the open ſtreet, without bluſhing.

The pulſations of the arteries along my fingers preſſing acroſs hers, told her what was paſſing within me: ſhe looked down——a ſilence of ſome moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I muſt have made ſome ſlight efforts towards a cloſer compreſſion of her hand, from a ſubtle ſenſation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if ſhe was going to withdraw hers —*but as if ſhe thought* about it—and I had inſal-

illy loſt it a ſecond time, had not the ſame reaſon, directed me to the laſt reſource in theſe dangers——to hold it looſely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to relieve it of itſelf, if ſhe let it continue, till Monſieur *Deſpair* returned with the key; and, in the mean time, I ſet myſelf to conſider how I ſhould undo the ill impreſſion which the poor monk's ſtory, in caſe he had told it her, muſt have planted in her breaſt againſt me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within ſix paces of us, as the idea of him croſs'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he ſhould break in upon us or no.—He ſtopp'd, however, as ſoon as he came up to us, with a world of frankneſs; and having a horn ſnuff-box in his hand, he preſented it open to me——You ſhall taſte mine——ſaid I, pulling out my box (which was a ſmall tortoiſe one) and putting it into his hand—'Tis moſt excellent, ſaid the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, ſometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once uſed you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk bluſh'd as red as ſcarlet. *Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, preſſing his hands together—you never uſed me unkindly.—I ſhould think, ſaid the

ady, he is not likely. I bluſh'd in my turn; but rom what movements, I leave to the few who eel to analyze—Excuſe me, Madam, replied I—I reated him moſt unkindly; and from no provocaions—'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the lady. My God! cried he monk, with a warmth of aſſeveration which eemed not to belong to him———the fault was in ne, and in the indiſcretion of my zeal—The lady opoſed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was mpoſſible, that a ſpirit ſo regulated as his, could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered ſo weet and pleaſurable a thing to the nerves as I then elt it. We remained ſilent, without any ſenſation of that fooliſh pain which takes place, when, in ſuch a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without ſaying a word. Whilſt this laſted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the ſleeve of his tunic; and as ſoon as it had acquired a little air of brightneſs by the friction——he made a low bow, and ſaid, 'twas too late to ſay whether it was the weakneſs or goodneſs of our tempers which had involved us in this conteſt—but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes——In ſaying this, he preſented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiſs'd it—with a ſtream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his boſom—and took his leave.

I guard his box, as I would the inſtrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to ſomething better: in truth, I ſeldom go abroad without it; and oft *and many a time* have I called up by it

the courteous ſpirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the joſtlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his ſtory, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon ſome military ſervices ill requited, and meeting at the ſame time with a diſappointment in the tendereſt of paſſions, he abandon'd the ſword and the ſex together, and took ſanctuary, not ſo much in his convent, as in himſelf.

I feel a damp upon my ſpirits, as I am going to add, that, in my laſt return through Calais, upon inquiring after father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his deſire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a ſtrong deſire to ſee where they had laid him——— when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I ſat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no buſineſs to grow there, they all ſtruck together ſo forcibly upon my affections, that I burſt into a flood of tears——but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to ſmile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it ſo long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without firſt preſſing it to *my lips*: the blood and ſpirits, which had ſuffer'd

a revulſion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers, who had ſpoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that criſis to be paſſing by, and obſerving our communications, naturally took it into their heads, that we muſt be *man and wife*, at leaſt; ſo, ſtopping as ſoon as they came up to the door of the Remiſe, the one of them, who was the inquiſitive traveller, aſk'd us if we ſet out for Paris the next morning?——I could only anſwer for myſelf, I ſaid; and the lady added, ſhe was for Amiens. We dined there yeſterday, ſaid the ſimple traveller—You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thouſand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris*; but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of ſnuff——I made them a quiet bow, and wiſhed them a good paſſage to Dover-- they left us alone---

—Now, where would be the harm, ſaid I to myſelf, if I was to beg of this diſtreſſed lady to accept of half of my chaiſe?-----and what mighty miſchief could enſue?

Every dirty paſſion, and bad propenſity in my nature, took the alarm, as I ſtated the propoſition—It will oblige you to have a third horſe, ſaid AVARICE, which will put twenty livres out of our pocket—— You know not what ſhe is, ſaid CAUTION———or what ſcrapes the affair may draw you into, whiſper'd COWARDICE---

Depend upon it, Yorick! ſaid DISCRETION, 'twill

be ſaid you went off with a miſtreſs, and came by aſſignation to Calais for that purpoſe—

—You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY aloud, ſhow your face in the world—or riſe, quoth MEANNESS, in the church——or be any thing in it, ſaid PRIDE, but a louſy prebendary.

—But 'tis a civil thing, ſaid I——and as I generally act from the firſt impulſe, and therefore ſeldom liſten to theſe cabals, which ſerve no purpoſe, that I know of, but to encompaſs the heart with adamant ——I turned inſtantly about to the lady———

But ſhe had glided off unperceived, as the cauſe was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the ſtreet by the time I had made the determination; ſo I ſet off after her with a long ſtride, to make her the propoſal with the beſt addreſs I was maſter of; but obſerving ſhe walked with her cheek half reſting upon the palm of her hand——with the ſlow, ſhort-meaſur'd ſtep of thoughtfulneſs, and with her eyes, as ſhe went ſtep by ſtep, fix'd upon the ground, it ſtruck me, ſhe was trying the ſame cauſe herſelf.—God help her! ſaid I, ſhe has ſome mother-in-law, or tartufiſh aunt, or nonſenſical old woman, to conſult upon the occaſion, as well as myſelf: ſo not caring to interrupt the proceſſe, and deeming it more gallant to take her at diſcretion than by ſurpriſe, I faced about, and took a ſhort turn or two before the door of the Remiſe, whilſt ſhe walk'd muſing on one ſide.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on firſt ſight of the lady, ſettled the affair in my fancy, "that ſhe was of the better order of beings"——and then laid it down as a ſecond axiom, as indiſputable as the firſt, that ſhe was a widow, and wore a character of diſtreſs——I went no farther; I got ground enough for the ſituation which pleaſed me——and had ſhe remained cloſe beſide my elbow till midnight, I ſhould have held true to my ſyſtem, and conſidered her only under that general idea.

She had ſcarce got twenty paces diſtant from me, ere ſomething within me called out for a more particular inquiry—it brought on the idea of a farther ſeparation——I might poſſibly never ſee her more——the heart is for ſaving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wiſhes might find their way to her, in caſe I ſhould never rejoin her myſelf: in a word, I wiſh'd to know her name——her family's——her condition; and as I knew the place to which ſhe was going, I wanted to know from whence ſhe came; but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies ſtood in the way. I form'd a ſcore different plans——there was no ſuch thing as a man's aſking her directly——the thing was impoſſible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the ſtreet, ſhowed me it was the eaſieſt thing in *the world; for,* popping in betwixt us, juſt as the

lady was returning back to the door of the Remiſe, he introduced himſelf to my acquaintance, and, before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to preſent him to the lady——I had not been preſented myſelf——ſo turning about to her, he did it juſt as well by aſking her, if ſhe had come from Paris?---No: ſhe was going that route, ſhe ſaid.—*Vous n'etez pas de Londre?*—She was not, ſhe replied.——Then Madame muſt have come thro' Flanders—*Apparement vous etez Flammande?* ſaid the French captain.—The Lady anſwered ſhe was.—*Peut-etre de Liſle?* added he—She ſaid, ſhe was not of Liſle.—Nor Arras?—Nor Cambray?——nor Ghent?——nor Bruſſels? She anſwered, ſhe was of Bruſſels.

He had had the honour, he ſaid, to be at the bombardment of it laſt war—that it was finely ſituated, *pour cela*—and full of nobleſſe when the Imperialiſts were driven out by the French——(the lady made a ſlight curtſy) ſo giving her an account of the affair, and of the ſhare he had in it—he begg'd the honour to know her name—ſo made his bow.

—*Et Madame a ſon Mari?*—ſaid he, looking back when he had made two ſteps——and, without ſtaying for an anſwer—danced down the ſtreet.

Had I ſerved ſeven years apprenticeſhip to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

As the little French captain left us, Monſ. Deſſein came up with the key of the Remiſe in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaiſes.

The firſt object which caught my eye, as Monſ. Deſſein open'd the door of the Remiſe, was another old tatter'd *Deſobligeant:* and notwithſtanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy ſo much in the coach-yard but an hour before——the very ſight of it ſtirr'd up a diſagreeable ſenſation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churliſh beaſt into whoſe heart the idea could firſt enter, to conſtruct ſuch a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of uſing it.

I obſerved the lady was as little taken with it as myſelf: ſo Monſ. Deſſein led us on to a couple of chaiſes which ſtood abreaſt; telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchaſed by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no farther than Paris, ſo were in all reſpects as good as new—They were too good——ſo I paſs'd on to a third, which ſtood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price——But 'twill ſcarce hold two, ſaid I, opening the door and getting in—Have the goodneſs, Madam, ſaid Monſ. Deſſein, offering his arm, to ſtep in—The lady heſitated half a ſecond, and ſtepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to ſpeak to Monſ. Deſſein, he ſhut the door of *the chaiſe upon us, and* left us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, ſaid the lady ſmiling, from the reflection that this was the ſecond time we had been left together by a parcel of nonſenſical contingencies—*c'eſt bien comique*, ſaid ſhe—

—There wants nothing, ſaid I, to make it ſo, but the comic uſe which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to—— to make love the firſt moment, and an offer of his perſon the ſecond.

'Tis their *forte*, replied the lady.

It is ſuppoſed ſo at leaſt——and how it has come to paſs, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of underſtanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part, I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worſt ſet of markſmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *ſentiments!*

I ſhould as ſoon think of making a genteel ſuit of clothes out of remnants:—— and to do it—pop—at firſt ſight by declaration—is ſubmitting the offer and themſelves with it, to be ſifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if ſhe expected I ſhould go on.

Conſider then, Madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers—

That grave people hate Love for the name's ſake—
That ſelfiſh people hate it for their own—

Hypocrites for heaven's—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worſe frighten'd than hurt by the very *report*—

What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at leaſt after the time that his ſilence upon it becomes tormenting. A courſe of ſmall, quiet attentions, not ſo pointed as to alarm—nor ſo vague as to be miſunderſtood,—— with now and then a look of kindneſs, and little or nothing ſaid upon it---leaves nature for your miſtreſs, and ſhe faſhions it to her mind———.

Then I ſolemnly declare, ſaid the lady, bluſhing —you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR *DESSEIN* came back to let us out of the chaiſe, and acquaint the lady, Count de L——, her brother, was juſt arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot ſay, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event---and could not help telling her ſo---for it is fatal to a propoſal, Madam, ſaid I, that I was going to make to you---

—You need not tell me what the propoſal was, ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon both mine, as ſhe interrupted me.—— A man, my good Sir, has ſeldom an offer of kindneſs to make to a woman, but ſhe has a preſentiment *of it ſome* moments before—

Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preſervation—But I think, ſaid ſhe, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend—and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had ——(ſhe ſtopped a moment)—I believe your goodwill would have drawn a ſtory from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In ſaying this, ſhe ſuffered me to kiſs her hand twice, and with a look of ſenſibility, mixed with a concern, ſhe got out of the chaiſe——and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finiſhed a twelve guinea bargain ſo expeditiouſly in my life: my time ſeemed heavy upon the loſs of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myſelf into motion——I ordered poſt-horſes directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! ſaid I, hearing the town-clock ſtrike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a ſingle hour in Calais——

——What a large volume of adventures may be graſped within this little ſpan of life by him who intereſts his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to ſee what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, *miſſes* nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on.—

——If this wont turn out ſomething——another

will—no matter——'tis an eſſay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough——the pleaſure of the experiment has kept my ſenſes, and the beſt part of my blood awake, and laid the groſs to ſleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, and cry, 'Tis all barren—and ſo it is; and ſo is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, ſaid I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a deſert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections——If I could not do better, I would faſten them upon ſome ſweet myrtle, or ſeek ſome melancholy cypreſs to connect myſelf to—I would court their ſhade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and ſwear they were the loveſieſt trees throughout the deſert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myſelf to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and ſo on——but he ſet out with the ſpleen and jaundice, and every object he paſs'd by was diſcoloured or diſtorted. He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miſerable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was juſt coming out of it—*'Tis nothing but a huge cock pit* *, ſaid he—I wiſh you had ſaid nothing worſe of the Venus of Medicis, replied I—for, in paſſing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddeſs, and uſed her worſe than

* *Vide S*——'s Travels.

a common ſtrumpet, without the leaſt provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a ſad tale of ſorrowful adventures he had to tell, "wherein he ſpoke of moving acci- "dents by flood and field, and of the cannibals "which each other eat: the Anthropophagi"—— he had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and uſed worſe than St. Bartholomew, at every ſtage he had come at——

———I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, ſaid I, to your phyſician.

Mundungus, with an immenſe fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna——to Dreſden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleaſurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled ſtraight on, looking neither to his right hand nor his left, leſt Love or Pity ſhould ſeduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itſelf, was it poſſible to get there with ſuch tempers, would want objects to give it—— every gentle ſpirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival—Nothing would the ſouls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but freſh anthems of joy, freſh raptures of love, and freſh congratulations of their common felicity—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and, was the happieſt manſion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be *ſo far from being happy*, that the ſouls of Smelfun-

;us and Mundungus would do penance there to all :ternity.

MONTRIEUL.

I HAD once loſt my portmanteau from behind my chaiſe, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the poſtillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting—Nor was it till I got to Montrieul, upon the landlord's aſking me if I wanted not a ſervant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

A ſervant! that I do moſt ſadly, quoth I —— Becauſe, Monſieur, ſaid the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to ſerve an Engliſhman——But why an Engliſh one more than any other?—They are ſo generous, ſaid the landlord —— I'll be ſhot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myſelf, this very night ——But they have wherewithal to be ſo, Monſieur, added he—Set down one livre more for that, quoth I—It was but laſt night, ſaid the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois preſentoit un eau a la fille de chambre*—— *Tant pis, pour Mademoiſelle Janatone*, ſaid I.

Now, Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord ſuppoſing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I ſhould not have ſaid *tant pis* —— but, *tant mieux Tant mieux, toujours, Monſieur*, ſaid he, when there is any thing to be got —— *tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the ſame thing, ſaid I. *Pardonnez moi*, ſaid the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to obſerve, once

for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux*, being two of the great hinges in French converſation, a ſtranger would do well to ſet himſelf right in the uſe of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis, at our ambaſſador's table, demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet? No, ſaid H—— mildy—*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is Mr. H —— the hiſtorian, ſaid another—*Tant mieux*, ſaid the Marquis. And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had ſet me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had ſpoke of—ſaying only firſt, That as for his talents, he would preſume to ſay nothing—Monſieur was the beſt judge what would ſuit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would ſtand reſponſible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which inſtantly ſet my mind to the buſineſs I was upon—and La Fleur, who ſtood waiting without in that breathleſs expectation which every ſon of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIEUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at firſt ſight; but never more ſo, than when a poor devil comes to offer his ſervice to ſo poor a devil as myſelf; and as I know this weakneſs, I always ſuffer my judgment to draw back ſomething on that very *account*——and this more or leſs, according to the

mood I am in, and the caſe——and I may add the gender too, of the perſon I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every diſcount I could make for my ſoul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; ſo I hired him firſt—and then began to inquire what he could do: But I ſhall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them—beſides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now, poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't ſay my weakneſs was ever ſo inſulted by my wiſdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had ſet out early in life, as gallantly as moſt Frenchmen do, with *ſerving* for a few years: at the end of which, having ſatisfied the ſentiment, and found, moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it opened no farther track of glory to him——he retired *à ſes terres*, and lived *comme il plaiſoit à Dieu*—that is to ſay, upon nothing.

—And ſo, quoth *Wiſdome*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy! Pſha! ſaid I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a humdrum *compagnon du voyage* the ſame round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay beſides? When a man can extricate himſelf with an *equivoque* in ſuch an unequal match——he is not ill off——But you can do ſomething elſe, La Fleur, ſaid I——*n'importe!*—he could make ſpatterdaſhes, and play a little upon the fiddle

—Bravo! ſaid Wiſdome—Why, I play a ba
ſelf, ſaid I—we ſhall do very well—You can
and dreſs a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had
diſpoſitions in the world—It is enough for h
ſaid I, interrupting him——and ought to be
for me——So ſupper coming in, and having a
Engliſh ſpaniel on one ſide of my chair, and a
valet, with as much hilarity in his counten
ever nature painted in one, on the other—I wa
fied to my heart's content with my empire;
monarchs knew what they would be at, they
be as ſatisfied as I was.

MONTRIEUL.

As La Fleur went the whole tour of Fran
Italy with me, and will be often upon the
muſt intereſt the reader a little further in his
by ſaying, that I had never leſs reaſon to re
the impulſes which generally do determine m
in regard to this fellow——he was a faithful
tionate, ſimple ſoul, as ever trudged after th
of a philoſopher; and, notwithſtanding his ta
drum-beating and ſpatterdaſh-making, which,
very good in themſelves, happen'd to be of
ſervice to me, yet was I hourly recompenſed
feſtivity of his temper—it ſupplied all defects
a conſtant reſource in his looks in all difficul
diſtreſſes of my own—I was going to have ad
his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach o
thing; for, whether 'twas hunger, or thirſt,
or nakedneſs, or watchings, or whatever ſtrip

luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his phyſiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the ſame; ſo that if I am a piece of a philoſopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am——it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philoſophy of this poor fellow, for ſhaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a ſmall caſt of the coxcomb—but he ſeemed at firſt ſight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he ſeemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIEUL.

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen ſhirts and ſilk pair of breeches; and bid him faſten all upon the chaiſe—get the horſes put to—and deſire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'eſt un garçon de bonne fortune, ſaid the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were moſt kindly taking their leave of him, as the poſtillion was leading out the horſes. La Fleur kiſſed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promiſed he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, ſaid the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is ſcarce a corner in Montrieul where the *want* of him will not be felt; he

has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love."——I am heartily glad of it, ſaid I——'twill ſave me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In ſaying this, I was making not ſo much La Fleur's eloge, as my own, having been in love with one princeſs or other almoſt all my life, and I hope I ſhall go on ſo, till I die, being firmly perſuaded, that, if ever I do a mean action, it muſt be in ſome interval betwixt one paſſion and another: whilſt this interregnum laſts, I ſhall always perceive my heart locked up——I can ſcarce find in it to give Miſery a ſixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as faſt as I can; and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generoſity and good-will again: and would do any thing in the world, either for, or with any one, if they will but ſatisfy me there is no ſin in it.

—But in ſaying this—ſure I am commending the paſſion—not myſelf.

A FRAGMENT.

——THE town of Abdera, notwithſtanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vileſt and moſt profligate town in all Thrace. What for poiſons, conſpiracies, and aſſaſſinations—— libels, paſquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day—— 'twas worſe by night.

Now, when things were at the worſt, it came to paſs, that the Andromeda of Euripides being repreſented at Abdera, the whole orcheſtra was delighted

with it: but, of all the paſſages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender ſtrokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic ſpeech of Perſeus,

O Cupid, Prince of God and men, &c.

Every man almoſt ſpoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perſeus his pathetic addreſs—" O Cupid! prince of God and men"——In every ſtreet of Abdera, in every houſe—" O " Cupid! Cupid!"——In every mouth, like the natural notes of ſome ſweet melody which drops from it, whether it will or no——nothing but " Cu- " pid! Cupid! prince of God and men"——The fire caught, and the whole city, like the heart of one man, open'd itſelf to Love.

No pharmacopoliſt could ſell one grain of hellebore—not a ſingle armourer had a heart to forge one inſtrument of death—Friendſhip and Virtue met together, and kiſs'd each other in the ſtreet——the golden age return'd, and hung over the town of Abdera——every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitiſh woman left her purple web, and chaſtely ſat her down and liſten'd to the ſong.

'Twas only in the power, ſays the Fragment, of the God whoſe empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the ſea, to have done this.

MONTRIEUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is diſputed and *paid for in the inn*, unleſs you are a little ſour'd

by the adventure, there is always a matter of compound at the door, before you can get into your chaiſe; and that is with the ſons and daughters of poverty, who ſurround you. Let no man ſay, "let "them go to the devil"—'tis a cruel journey to ſend a few miſerables, and they have had ſufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few ſous out in my hand; and I would counſel every gentle traveller to do ſo likewiſe: he need not be ſo exact in ſetting down his motives for giving them ——they will be regiſter'd elſewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives ſo little as I do; for few that I know have ſo little to give: but as this was the firſt public act of my charity in France I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! ſaid I, I have but eight ſous in the world, ſhowing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd ſoul, without a ſhirt on, inſtantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two ſteps out of the circle, and making a diſqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the ſentiment with a deference for the ſex with half the effect.

Juſt heaven! for what wiſe reaſons haſt thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at ſuch variance in other countries, ſhould find a way to be at unity in this?

——I inſiſted on preſenting him with a ſingle ſous, merely for his *politeſſe*.

A poor little dwarfiſh briſk fellow, who ſtood over

me in the circle, putting ſomething firſt un-
arm, which had once been a hat, took his
ox out of his pocket, and generouſly offered
1 on both ſides of him: it was a gift of cou-
:e, and modeſtly declin'd——The poor little
preſs'd it upon them with a nod of welcome-
renez en-prenez, ſaid he, looking another
ſo they each took a pinch—Pity thy box
ever want one! ſaid I to myſelf; ſo I put a
of ſous into it—taking a ſmall pinch out of
, to enhance their value, as I did it——He
e weight of the ſecond obligation more than
firſt——'twas doing him an honour——the
vas only doing him a charity——and he made
ow down to the ground for it.

-Here! ſaid I to an old ſoldier with one hand,
ad been campaign'd and worn out to death in
vice——here's a couple of ſous for thee——
Roi! ſaid the old ſoldier.

ad then but three ſous left: ſo I gave one,
pour l'amour de Dieu, which was the footing
ich it was begg'd—The poor woman had a
ted hip; ſo it could not be well upon any o-
otive.

1 cher, et tres charitable Monſieur——There's
ɔoſing this, ſaid I.

Lord Anglois—the very ſound was worth the
—ſo I gave *my laſt ſous for it*. But in the ea-
s of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*,
had no one to aſk a ſous for him, and who, I
ed, would have periſh'd ere he could have
one for *himſelf*: he ſtood by the chaiſe a little

without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had ſeen better days——Good God! ſaid I——and I have not one ſingle ſous left to give him—But you have a thouſand! cried all the powers of nature ſtirring within me—ſo I gave him—no matter what——I am aſhamed to ſay *how much*, now——and was aſhamed to think how little, then: ſo if the reader can form any conjecture of my diſpoſition, as theſe two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the preciſe ſum.

I could afford nothing for the reſt, but *Dieu vous beniſſe*——*Et le bon Dieu vous beniſſe, encore*—ſaid the old ſoldier, the dwarf, *&c.* The *pouvre honteux* could ſay nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING ſettled all theſe little matters, I got into my poſt-chaiſe with more eaſe than ever I got into a poſt-chaiſe in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far ſide of a little *bidet* *, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs), —he canter'd away before as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.———

——But what is happineſs! what is grandeur in this painted ſcene of life! A dead aſs, before we had got a league, put a ſudden ſtop to La Fleur's

* Poſt-Horſe.

areer——his bidet would not paſs by it—conten-ion aroſe betwixt them, and the poor fellow was ick'd out of his jack-boots the very firſt kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Chriſtian, ſay-ıg neither more or leſs upon it, than, Diable! ſo reſently got up, and came to the charge again aſtride is bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat is drum.

The bidet flew from one ſide of the road to the ther, then back again—then this way—then that ray, and, in ſhort, every way but by the dead aſs, -La Fleur inſiſted upon the thing, and the bidet hrew him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, ſaid I, with this ıidet of thine?——*Monſieur*, ſaid he, *c'eſt un cheval : plus opiniatre du monde*—Nay, if he is a conceited eaſt, he muſt go his own way, replied I——ſo La 'leur got off him, and giving him a good ſound aſh, the bidet took me at my word, and away he camper'd back to Montrieul—*Peſte!* ſaid La Fleur.

It is not *mal a propos* to take notice here, that hough La Fleur availed himſelf but of two differ-nt terms of exclamation in this encounter—namely, *)iable!* and *Peſte!* that there are, nevertheleſs, ıree in the French language; like the poſitive, ɔmparative, and ſuperlative, one or the other of hich, ſerve for every unexpected throw of the dice ı life.

Le Diable! which is the firſt and poſitive degree, ; generally uſed upon ordinary emotions of the ıind, where ſmall things only fall out contrary to our expectations——ſuch as——the throwing once

doublets—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horſe, and ſo forth——cuckoldom, for the ſame reaſon, is always—*Le Diable!*

But in caſes where the caſt has ſomething provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots——'tis the ſecond degree.

'Tis then *Peſte!*

And for the third——

—But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miſeries muſt have been their lot, and how bitterly ſo refined a people muſt have ſmarted, to have forced them upon the uſe of it.—

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in diſtreſs!—whatever is my *caſt*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

But as theſe were not to be had in France, I reſolved to take every evil juſt as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no ſuch covenant with himſelf, followed the bidet with his eyes, till it was got out of ſight——and then, you may imagine, if you pleaſe, with what word he cloſed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd horſe in jack-boots, there remained no alternative, but taking La Fleur either behind the chaiſe, or into it.—

I preferred the latter, and, in half an hour, we got to the poſt-houſe at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

——AND this, ſaid he, putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet—and this ſhould have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but 'twas to his aſs, and to the very aſs we had ſeen dead in the road, which had occaſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was ſitting upon a ſtone bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time———then laid them down——look'd at them, and ſhook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it ſome time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle—looked wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a ſigh.

The ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongſt the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready; as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

——He ſaid he had come laſt from Spain, where he had been from the furtheſt borders of Franconia; and had got ſo far on his return home, when his aſs died. *Every one ſeem'd* deſirous to know what bu-

ſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleaſed Heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having, in one week, loſt two of the eldeſt of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him alſo, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his ſtory, he ſtopp'd to pay nature her tribute——and wept bitterly.

He ſaid, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had ſet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey——that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ſtood about, heard the poor fellow with concern——La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner ſaid, he did not want it——it was not the value of the aſs—but the loſs of him.——The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him—and upon this, told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which time, the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and that they had neither ſcarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I, at leaſt, in the loſs of thy poor beaſt; I'm ſure thou haſt been a merciful maſter to him.——Alas! ſaid the mourn-

', I thought ſo, when he was alive——but now
iat he is dead, I think otherwiſe.—I fear the weight
: myſelf, and my afflictions together, have been
o much for him——they have ſhortened the poor
'eature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer
ır.——Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf——
lid we but love each other, as this poor ſoul loved
is aſs——'twould be ſomething.———

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's ſtory threw ne into, required ſome attention; the poſtillion paid ıot the leaſt to it, but ſet off upon the *pave* in a full ;allop.

The thirſtieſt ſoul in the moſt ſandy deſert of Arabia could not have wiſhed more for a cup of cold vater, than mine did for grave and quiet movenents; and I ſhould have had an high opinion of he poſtillion, had he but ſtolen off with me in ſomehing like a penſive pace—On the contrary, as the nourner finiſhed his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling laſh to each of his beaſts, and ſet off clatering like a thouſand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's ſake, to go ſlower———and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.——The deuce take him and his galloping too——ſaid I——he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces, till he has worked me

into a fooliſh paſſion, and then he'll go ſlow, that I may enjoy the ſweets of it.

The poſtillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a ſteep hill about half a league from Nampont,——he had put me out of temper with him, and then with myſelf, for being ſo.

My caſe then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real ſervice to me——

—Then, prithee, get on—get on, my good lad, ſaid I.

The poſtillion pointed to the hill——I then tried to return back to the ſtory of the poor German and his aſs——but I had broke the clue——and could no more get into it again, than the poſtillion could into a trot.—

—The deuce go, ſaid I, with it all! Here am I ſitting as candidly diſpoſed to make the beſt of the worſt, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one ſweet lenitive at leaſt for evils, which Nature holds out to us; ſo I took it kindly at her hands, and fell aſleep; and the firſt word which rouſed me was *Amiens*.

——Bleſs me! ſaid I, rubbing my eyes—this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were ſcarce out of my mouth, when *the Count* de L***'s poſt-chaiſe, with his ſiſter *in it, drove* haſtily by: ſhe had juſt time to make me

a bow of recognition——and of that particular kind of it, which told me ſhe had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finiſhed my ſupper, her brother's ſervant came into the room with a billet, in which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to preſent myſelf to Madame R*** the firſt morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, ſhe was ſorry, but from what *penchant* ſhe had not conſidered, that ſhe had been prevented telling me her ſtory—that ſhe ſtill owed it me; and if my route ſhould ever lie through Bruſſels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***——that Madame de L*** would be glad to diſcharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, ſaid I, fair ſpirit! at Bruſſels——'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home ——'twill ſcarce be ten poſts out of my way; but were it ten thouſand! with what a mortal delight will it crown my journey, in ſharing in the ſickening incidents of a tale of miſery told to me by ſuch a ſufferer? to ſee her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquiſite ſenſation is there ſtill left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the firſt and faireſt of women, as I'm ſitting with my handkerchief in my hand in ſilence the whole night beſide her?

There was nothing wrong in the ſentiment; and yet I inſtantly reproached my heart with it in the bittereſt and moſt reprobate of expreſſions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the

ſingular bleſſings of my life, to be almoſt every hour of it miſerably in love with ſome one; and my laſt flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealouſy on the ſudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afreſh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before——ſwearing as I did it, that it ſhould laſt me through the whole journey——Why ſhould I diſſemble the matter? I had ſworn to her eternal fidelity—ſhe had a right to my whole heart——to divide my affections was to leſſen them—to expoſe them, was to riſk them: where there is riſk, there may be loſs:——and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to anſwer to a heart ſo full of truſt and confidence——ſo good, ſo gentle, and unreproaching!

——I will not go to Bruſſels, replied I, interrupting myſelf——but my imagination went on——I recalled her looks at that criſis of our ſeparation, when neither of us had power to ſay adieu! I look'd at the picture ſhe had tied in a black ribband about my neck——and bluſh'd as I look'd at it—I would have given the world to have kiſs'd it—but was aſhamed.—And ſhall this tender flower, ſaid I, preſſing it between my hands—ſhall it be ſmitten to its very root——and ſmitten Yorick! by thee, who haſt promiſed to ſhelter it in thy breaſt?

Eternal fountain of happineſs! ſaid I, kneeling down upon the ground——be thou my witneſs——and every pure ſpirit which taſtes it, be my witneſs alſo, That I would not travel to Bruſſels, unleſs Eliza *went along* with me, did the road lead me towards *heaven.*

In tranſports of this kind, the heart, in ſpite of the underſtanding, will always ſay too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not ſmiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unſucceſsful in his feats of chivalry—and not one thing had offer'd to ſignalize his zeal for my ſervice from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almoſt four-and-twenty hours. The poor ſoul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s ſervant coming with the letter, being the firſt practicable occaſion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his maſter, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the beſt wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s ſervant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeneſs with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a paſſport in his very looks) ſoon ſet every ſervant in the kitchen at eaſe with him: and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no ſort of prudery in ſhowing them, La Fleur, in leſs than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and leading off the dance himſelf with the firſt note, ſet the *fille de chambre*, *the maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the ſcullion, and all the houſehold, dogs and cats, beſides an old monkey, a-dancing: I ſuppoſe there never was a merrier kitchen *ſince the flood.*

Madame de L***, in paſſing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing ſo much jollity below ſtairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to aſk about it; and hearing it was the Engliſh gentleman's ſervant who had ſet the whole houſe merry with his pipe, ſhe order'd him up.

As the poor fellow could not preſent himſelf empty, he had loaden'd himſelf in going up ſtairs with a thouſand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his maſter——added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health——told her, that Monſieur his maſter was *au deſeſpoir* for her re-eſtabliſhment from the fatigues of her journey—and, to cloſe all, that Monſieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour——And he has done me the honour, ſaid Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to ſend a billet in return.

Madame de L*** had ſaid this with ſuch a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to diſappoint her expectations—he trembled for my honour——and poſſibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a maſter who could be wanting *en egards vis a vis d'une femme!* ſo that when Madame de L*** aſked La Fleur if he had brought a letter ———*O qu'oui*, ſaid La Fleur: ſo, laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-ſide pocket with his left hand, he began to ſearch for the letter with his right——then contrariwiſe---*Diable!*——then ſought every pocket——pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob——

Peſte!—Then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor ——pulled out a dirty cravat——a handkerchief—a comb—a whip-laſh—a night-cap——then gave a peep into his hat—*Quelle etourderi!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge—he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had juſt finiſhed my ſupper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure; he told the whole ſtory ſimply as it was: and only added, that if Monſieur had forgot *(par hazard)* to anſwer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*——— and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether ſure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had ———a devil himſelf could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and, however he might have miſtook the road—or embarraſſed me in ſo doing—his heart was in no fault——I was under no neceſſity to write—and, what weighed more than all—— he did not look as if he had done amiſs.

—'Tis all very well, La Fleur, ſaid I.——'Twas ſufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them cloſe before me, with ſuch a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to ſay, and that nothing might have been expreſs'd in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen *different beginnings*, and could no way pleaſe myſelf

In ſhort, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur ſtepped out and brought a little water in a glaſs to dilute my ink—then fetch'd ſand and ſeal-wax——It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again——*Le Diable l'emporte!* ſaid I half to myſelf——I cannot write this ſelf-ſame letter; throwing the pen down deſpairingly as I ſaid it.

As ſoon as I had caſt down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the moſt reſpectful carriage up to the table, and making a thouſand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durſt ſay, would ſuit the occaſion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour——Then prithee, ſaid I, let me ſee it.

La Fleur inſtantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of ſmall letters and billet-doux in a ſad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the ſtring which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in queſtion—*La voila!* ſaid he, clapping his hands; ſo unfolding it firſt, he laid it before me, and retired three ſteps from the table whilſt I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

Je ſuis penetré de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit *en meme* temps au deſeſpoir, par ce retour imprevu

du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce ſoir la choſe du monde la plus impoſſible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne ſera de penſer à vous.

L'amour n'eſt *rien* ſans ſentiment.

Et le ſentiment eſt encore *moins* ſans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais ſe deſeſperer.

On dit auſſi que Monſieur le Corporal monte la garde Mecredi: alors ce ſera mon tour.

Chacun a ſon tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je ſuis, MADAME,

Avec toutes les ſentiments les plus reſpecteux et les plus tendres tout à vous,

JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count—and ſaying nothing about mounting guard on Wedneſday—and the letter was neither right or wrong—ſo, to gratify the poor fellow, who ſtood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter—I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way—I ſeal'd it up, and ſent it with him to Madame de L***—and the next morning we purſued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can conteſt the point by dint of equipage, *and carry on all* floundering before him with

half a dozen lackies, and a couple of cooks——'tis very well in ſuch a place as Paris——he may drive in at which end of the ſtreet he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whoſe whole infantry does not exceed a ſingle man, had beſt quit the field, and ſignalize himſelf in the cabinet, if he can get up into it—I ſay *up into it*—for there is no deſcending perpendicular amongſt 'em with a "*Me voici, mes enfans*"—here I am—whatever many may think.

I own, my firſt ſenſations, as ſoon as I was left ſolitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being ſo flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my duſty black coat, and, looking through the glaſs, ſaw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleaſure.———The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had loſt their vizards—the young in armour bright, which ſhone like gold, be-plumed with each gay feather of the eaſt—all—all tilting at it like faſcinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love.—

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very firſt onſet of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom——ſeek——ſeek ſome winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never roll'd, or flambeau ſhot its rays——there thou may'ſt ſolace thy ſoul in converſe ſweet with ſome kind *griſſet* of a barber's wife, and get into ſuch coteries!——

—May I periſh! if I do, ſaid I, pulling out the *letter* which I had to preſent to Madame R***——

I'll wait upon this lady the very firſt thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go ſeek me a barber directly ——and come back and bruſh my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

When the barber came, he abſolutely refuſed to have any thing to do with my wig, 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend, ſaid I, this buckle won't ſtand.—You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will ſtand—.

What a great ſcale is every thing upon in this city! thought I——the utmoſt ſtretch of an Engliſh periwig-maker's ideas could have gone no farther than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—— What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confeſs I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally ſo ſtruck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a compariſon leſs than a mountain at leaſt. All that can be ſaid againſt the French ſublime in this inſtance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the *word;* and *leſs* in the *thing.* No doubt, the ocean fills the mind with vaſt ideas; but Paris being ſo far inland, it was not likely I ſhould run poſt a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment——*the Pariſian* barber meant nothing.—

The pail of water ſtanding beſide the great deep, makes certainly but a ſorry figure in ſpeech—but 'twill be ſaid—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a ſingle moment.

In honeſt truth, and upon a more candid reviſion of the matter, *The French expreſſion profeſſes more than it performs.*

I think I can ſee the preciſe and diſtinguiſhing marks of national characters more in theſe nonſenſical *minutiæ*, than in the moſt important matters of ſtate; where great men of all nations talk and ſtalk ſo much alike, that I would not give ninepence to chooſe amongſt them.

I was ſo long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dreſſed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account: ſo taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go—I ſhall conſider of that, ſaid I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye ſmall ſweet courteſies of life, for ſmooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at firſt ſight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the ſtranger in.

—*Pray*, Madame, ſaid I, have the goodneſs to tell

me which way I muſt turn to go to the *opera comique*;——Moſt willingly, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, laying aſide her work———

I had given a caſt with my eye into half a dozen ſhops as I came along, in ſearch of a face not likely to be diſordered by ſuch an interruption; till at laſt, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as ſhe ſat in a low chair, on the far ſide of the ſhop facing the door——*Tres volontiers!* moſt willingly, ſaid ſhe, laying her work down upon a chair next her and riſing up from the low chair ſhe was ſitting in, with ſo cheerful a movement and ſo cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I ſhould have ſaid—"This woman is grateful."

You muſt turn, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, going with me to the door of the ſhop, and pointing the way down the ſtreet I was to take——you muſt turn firſt to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns: and be ſo good as to take the ſecond——then go down a little way, and you'll ſee a church, and when you are paſt it, give yourſelf the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you muſt croſs——and there, any one will do himſelf the pleaſure to ſhow you——

She repeated her inſtructions three times over to me with the ſame good-natured patience the third time as the firſt—and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unleſs to hearts which ſhut them out—ſhe ſeem'd really intereſted, that I *ſhould not loſe* myſelf.

I will not ſuppoſe it was the woman's beauty, notwithſtanding ſhe was the handſomeſt griſſet, I think, I ever ſaw, which had much to do with the ſenſe I had of her courteſy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, and that I repeated my thanks as often as ſhe had done her inſtructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what ſhe had ſaid ——ſo looking back, and ſeeing her ſtill ſtanding in the door of the ſhop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to aſk her whether the firſt turn was to my right or left—for that I had abſolutely forgot.——Is it poſſible! ſaid ſhe, half laughing.—'Tis very poſſible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—ſhe took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a ſlight courteſy.

Attendez! ſaid ſhe, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilſt ſhe called a lad out of the back ſhop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am juſt going to ſend him, ſaid ſhe, with a packet into that quatter, and if you will have the complaiſance to ſtep in, it will be ready in a moment, and he ſhall attend you to the place.———So I walk'd in with her to the far ſide of the ſhop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which ſhe laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to fit, ſhe ſat down herſelf in her low chair, and I inſtantly ſat myſelf down beſide her.

—He will be ready, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, in a moment——And in that moment, replied I, moſt willingly would I ſay ſomething very civilly to you for all theſe courteſies. Any one may do a caſual act of good nature, but a continuation of them ſhows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is in the ſame blood which comes from the heart, which deſcends to the extremes (touching her wriſt), I am ſure you muſt have one of the beſt pulſes of any woman in the world—Feel it, ſaid ſhe, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery——

——Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadſt paſſed by, and beheld me ſitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-ſical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever——How wouldſt thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profeſſion!—and thou ſhouldſt have laugh'd and moralized on——Truſt me, my dear Eugenius, I ſhould have ſaid, "there "are worſe occupations in this world *than feeling a* "*woman's pulſe.*"——But a Griſſet's! thou wouldſt have ſaid—and in an open ſhop! Yorick——

—So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world ſaw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulſations, and was going on faſt towards the fortieth, when her huſband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the ſhop, put me a little out in my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her huſband, ſhe ſaid—ſo I began a freſh ſcore——Monſieur is ſo good, quoth ſhe, as he paſs'd by us, as to give himſelf the trouble of feeling my pulſe——The huſband took off his hat, and making me a bow, ſaid I did him too much honour——and having ſaid that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! ſaid I to myſelf, as he went out——and can this man be the huſband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what muſt have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to thoſe who do not.

In London, a ſhopkeeper and a ſhopkeeper's wife ſeem to be one bone and one fleſh: in the ſeveral endowments of mind and body, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other has it, ſo as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are ſcarce two orders of beings more different: for the legiſlative and executive powers of the ſhop not reſting in the huſband, he ſeldom comes there——in ſome dark and diſmal room behind, he ſits commerceleſs in his thrum night-cap, the *ſame* rough ſon of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the ma-

rchy is *ſalique*, having ceded this department, with ıdry others, totally to the women——by a conti- al higgling with cuſtomers of all ranks and ſizes, m morning to night, like ſo many rough pebbles ok long together in a bag, by amicable colliſions y have worn down their aſperities and ſharp angles, l not only become round and ſmooth, but will re- ve, ſome of them, a poliſh like a brilliant—Mon- ır *Le Marli* is little better than the ſtone under ır foot.——

—Surely—ſurely, man! it is not good for thee to alone—thou waſt made for ſocial intercourſe and ıtle greetings; and this improvement of our na- es from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

——And how does it beat, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe.— ith all the benignity, ſaid I, looking quietly in her es, that I expected——She was going to ſay ſome- ng civil in return—but the lad came into the ſhop th the gloves—*Apropos*, ſaid I; I want a couple of irs myſelf.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Griſſet roſe up when I ſaid this, and ›ing behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel, and ıtied it: I advanced to the ſide over againſt her; ey were all too large. The beautiful Griſſet mea- red them one by one acroſs my hand——It would ›t alter the dimenſions—She begg'd I would try a ngle *pair, which ſeemed* to be the leaſt—She held

it open—my hand ſlipp'd into it at once.—It will not do, ſaid I, ſhaking my head a little—No, ſaid ſhe, doing the ſame thing.

There are certain combined looks of ſimple ſubtlety——where whim, and ſenſe, and ſerioufneſs, and nonſenſe, are ſo blended, that all the languages of Babel ſet looſe together, could not expreſs them—they are communicated and caught ſo inſtantaneouſly, that you can ſcarce ſay which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to ſwell pages about it——it is enough in the preſent to ſay again, the gloves would not do; ſo folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was juſt room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful Griſſet look'd ſometimes at the gloves, then ſide-ways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not diſpoſed to break ſilence—I follow'd her example: ſo I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and ſo on alternately.

I found I loſt conſiderably in every attack—ſhe had a quick black eye, and ſhot through two ſuch long and ſilken eye-laſhes with ſuch penetration, that ſhe look'd into my very heart and reins——It may ſeem ſtrange, but I could actually feel ſhe did——

It is no matter, ſaid I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was ſenſible the beautiful Griſſet had not aſk'd above a ſingle livre above the price——I wiſh'd ſhe had aſk'd a livre more; and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about—Do you think, my

ear Sir, ſaid ſhe, miſtaking my embarraſſment, that could aſk a *fous* too much of a ſtranger—and of a ranger whoſe politeneſs, more than his want of loves, has done me the honour to lay himſelf at my ıercy?—*M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, ſaid I; ıd if you were, you are welcome—ſo counting the ıoney into her hand, and with a lower bow than one enerally makes to a ſhopkeeper's wife, I went out, ıd her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into but kindly old French officer. I love the character, not nly becauſe I honour the man whoſe manners are oftened by a profeſſion which makes bad men worſe; ut that I once knew one——for he is no more—nd why ſhould I not reſcue one page from violation, y writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the deareſt of my flock nd friends, whoſe philanthropy I never think of at his long diſtance from his death——but my eyes guſh out with tears. For his ſake I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and ſo I ſtrode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myſelf beſide him.

The old officer was reading attentively a ſmall pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of ſpectacles. As ſoon as I ſat down, he took his ſpectacles off, and putting them into a ſha-

green caſe, return'd them and the book in
ket together. I half roſe up, and made h

Tranſlate this into any civilized langu
world—the ſenſe is this:

" Here's a poor ſtranger come into the
" ſeems as if he knew nobody: and is n
" was he to be ſeven years in Paris, if ev
" comes near keeps his ſpectacles upon
" 'tis ſhutting the door of converſation at
" his face—and uſing him worſe than a

The French officer might as well have
aloud; and if he had, I ſhould, in courſ
the bow I made him into French too, an
" I was ſenſible of his attention, and retu
" thouſand thanks for it."

There is not a ſecret ſo aiding to the
ſociality, as to get maſter of this *ſhort-han*
quick in rendering the ſeveral turns o
limbs, with all their inflections and delin
to plain words. For my own part, by lon
I do it ſo mechanically, that when I wall
of London, I go tranſlating all the way
more than once ſtood behind the circle,
three words have been ſaid, and have
twenty different dialogues with me, wh
have fairly wrote down, and ſworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's
Milan, and was juſt entering the door
when the Marquiſina di F*** was comi
ſort of a hurry——ſhe was almoſt upon
ſaw her; ſo I gave a ſpring to one ſide
paſs——She had done the ſame, and o

too; ſo we ran our heads together: ſhe inſtant-
t to the other ſide to get out; I was juſt as un-
nate as ſhe had been, for I had ſprung to that
and oppoſed her paſſage again—We both flew
her to the other ſide, and then back—and ſo
—it was ridiculous; we both bluſh'd intolera-
ſo I did, at laſt, the thing I ſhould have done
rſt—I ſtood ſtock ſtill, and the Marquiſina had
ıore difficulty. I had no power to go into the
ı, till I had made her ſo much reparation as to
and follow her with my eye to the end of the
ge—She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it
ɜr ſide-ways, as if ſhe would make room for any
coming up ſtairs to paſs her—No, ſaid I—that's
le tranſlation: the Marquiſina has a right to the
apology I can make her: and that opening is left
ne to do it in——ſo I ran and begg'd pardon for
ɜmbarraſſment I had given her, ſaying it was my
ıtion to have made her way. She anſwered, ſhe
guided by the ſame intention towards me—ſo
ɜciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the
of the ſtairs; and ſeeing no *chichiſbee* near her, I
;'d to hand her to her coach—ſo we went down
ſtairs, ſtopping at every third ſtep to talk of the
ɜrt and the adventure——Upon my word, Ma-
e, ſaid I, when I had handed her in, I made ſix
ɜrent efforts to let you go out—And I made ſix
ɜts, replied ſhe, to let you enter—I wiſh to hea-
you would make a ſeventh, ſaid I——With all
heart,—ſaid ſhe, making room—Life is too ſhort
e long about the forms of it—ſo I inſtantly ſtep-
in, and ſhe carried me home with her——And

what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I ſuppoſe, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which aroſe out of the tranſlation, gave me more pleaſure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; ſo that being pretty much unprepoſſeſſed, there muſt have been grounds for what ſtruck me the moment I caſt my eyes over the *parterre*—and that was, the unaccountable ſport of Nature, in forming ſuch numbers of dwarfs—No doubt, ſhe ſports at certain times in almoſt every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amuſements—The goddeſs ſeems almoſt as merry as ſhe is wiſe.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I meaſured every body I ſaw walking in the ſtreets by it——Melancholy application! eſpecially where the ſize was extremely little——the face extremely dark—the eyes quick—the noſe long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to ſee ſo many miſerables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper claſs into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down—every third man a pigmy!——ſome by rickety heads and hump *backs*—others by bandy legs—a third ſet arreſted by

the hand of Nature in the ſixth and ſeventh years of their growth—a fourth in their perfect and natural ſtate, like dwarf apple-trees; from the firſt rudiments and ſtamina of their exiſtence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might ſay, 'tis owing to undue bandages ——a ſplenetic one, to want of air ——and an inquiſitive traveller, to fortify the ſyſtem, may meaſure the height of their houſes—the narrowneſs of their ſtreets, and in how few feet ſquare in the ſixth and ſeventh ſtoreys ſuch numbers of the *Bourgeoiſe* eat and ſleep together; but I remember Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body elſe, in ſpeaking one evening of theſe matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increaſed almoſt to any ſize, provided they came right into the world; but the miſery was, the citizens of Paris were ſo coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I do not call it getting any thing, ſaid he—'tis getting nothing—— Nay, continued he, riſing in his argument, 'tis getting worſe than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tendereſt care, and moſt nutritious aliment beſtowed upon it, ſhall not at laſt be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very ſhort, there could be nothing more ſaid of it.

As this is not a work of reaſoning, I leave the ſolution as I found it, and content myſelf with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carouſal to the Palais Royal,

and obſerving a little boy in ſome diſtreſs at the ſide of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty—Never mind, ſaid I; ſome good body will do as much for me, when I am ninety.

I feel ſome little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my ſpecies, who have neither ſize or ſtrength to get on in the world—I cannot bear to ſee one of them trode upon; and had ſcarce got ſeated beſide my old French officer, ere the diſguſt was exerciſed, by ſeeing the very thing happen under the box we ſat in.

At the end of the orcheſtra, and betwixt that and the firſt ſide-box, there is a ſmall eſplanade left, where, when the houſe is full, numbers of all ranks take ſanctuary. Though you ſtand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the ſame price as in the orcheſtra. A poor defenceleſs being of this order had got thruſt ſomehow or other into this luckleſs place—the night was hot, and he was ſurrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himſelf. The dwarf ſuffered inexpreſſibly on all ſides; but the thing which incommoded him moſt, was a tall corpulent German, near ſeven feet high, who ſtood directly betwixt him and all poſſibility of his ſeeing either the ſtage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by ſeeking for ſome little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying firſt one ſide, then the other; but the German ſtood ſquare, in the moſt unaccommodating poſture that can be imagined——the dwarf

might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepeſt draw-well in Paris; ſo he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's ſleeve, and told him his diſtreſs—The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David——and unfeelingly reſumed his poſture.

I was juſt then taking a pinch of ſnuff out of my monk's little horn box—And how would thy meek and courteous ſpirit, my dear monk! ſo temper'd to *bear and forbear!*——how ſweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor ſoul's complaint!

The old French officer ſeeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apoſtrophe, took the liberty to aſk me what was the matter——I told him the ſtory in three words, and added how inhumane it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his firſt tranſports, which are generally unreaſonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife—The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome if he could reach it.

An injury ſharpen'd by an inſult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of ſentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box, to have redreſſed it—The old French officer did it with much leſs confuſion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the ſame time with his finger at the diſtreſs—the centinel made his way to it.—There was no occaſion to tell the grievance—the thing told itſelf; ſo thruſting back the German inſtantly with his *muſket*——*he took* the poor dwarf by the hand

and placed him before him—This is noble! ſaid I, clapping my hands together——and yet you would not permit this, ſaid the old officer, in England.

——In England, dear Sir, ſaid I, *we ſit all at our caſe.*

The old French officer would have ſet me at unity with myſelf, in caſe I had been at variance,—by ſaying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth ſomething at Paris, he offered me a pinch of ſnuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

It was now my turn to aſk the old French officer, "What was the matter?" for a cry of *Hauſſez les "mains, Monſieur l'Abbe,"* re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me as my apoſtrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was ſome poor Abbe in one of the upper *loges*, who he ſuppoſed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of griſſets, in order to ſee the opera, and that the *parterre* eſpying him, were inſiſting upon his holding up both his hands during the repreſentation.—And can it be ſuppoſed, ſaid I, that an eccleſiaſtic would pick the griſſets' pockets? The old French officer ſmiled, and whiſpering in my ear, open'd a door of knowledge which I had no idea of——

Good God! ſaid I, turning pale with aſtoniſh-

ment—is it poſſible, that a people ſo ſmit with ſentiment, ſhould at the ſame time be ſo unclean, and ſo unlike themſelves—*Quelle groſſierte!* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal ſarcaſm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere——but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining——Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *groſſiertes*, in which they take the lead, and loſe it of one another by turns——that he had been in moſt countries, but never in one where he found not ſome delicacies, which others ſeemed to want: *Le* POUR, *et le* CONTRE, *ſe trouvant en chaque nation;* there is a balance, ſaid he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is ſo, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepoſſeſſion which it holds againſt the other—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *ſçavoir vivre*, was by ſeeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of ſuch candour and good ſenſe as coincided with my firſt favourable impreſſions of his character——I thought I loved the man; but I fear I miſtook the object——'twas my own way of thinking——the difference was, I could not have expreſſed it half ſo well.

It is alike troubleſome to both the rider and his beaſt——if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and ſtarting all *the way* at every object which he never

ſaw before——I have as little torment of this kind as any creature alive; and yet I honeſtly confeſs, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I bluſh'd at many a word the firſt month—which I found inconſequent and perfectly innocent the ſecond.

Madame de Rambouliet, after an acquaintance of about ſix weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town—Of all women, Madame de Rambouliet is the moſt correct; and I never wiſh to ſee one of more virtues and purity of heart——In our return back, Madame de Rambouliet deſired me to pull the cord—I aſk'd her if ſhe wanted any thing, *Rien que pour piſſer*, ſaid Madame de Rambouliet——

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouliet p—s on—And, ye fair myſtic nymphs! go each one *pluck your roſe*, and ſcatter them in your path——for Madame de Rambouliet did no more—I handed Madame de Rambouliet out of the coach; and had I been the prieſt of the chaſte CASTALIA, I could not have ſerved at her fountain with a more reſpectful decorum.

END OF VOLUME I.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY MR. YORICK.

VOL. II.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

THAT the old French officer had delivered upon velling, bringing Polonius's advice to his ſon upon ſame ſubject into my head—and that bringing in mlet, and Hamlet the reſt of Shakſpeare's works, topped at the Quai de Conti in my return home, purchaſe the whole ſet.

The bookſeller ſaid he had not a ſet in the world *Comment!* ſaid I; taking one up out of a ſet which upon the counter betwixt us—He ſaid they were it him only to be got bound, and were to be ſent k to Verſailles in the morning to the Count de —.

And does the Count de B——, ſaid I, read Shakare? *C'eſt un Eſprit fort;* replied the bookſeller.—He loves Engliſh books; and, what is more to

his honour, Monſieur, he loves the Engliſh too. You ſpeak this ſo civilly, ſaid I, that it is enough to oblige an Engliſhman to lay out a louis d'or or two at your ſhop—The bookſeller made a bow, and was going to ſay ſomething, when a young decent girl about twenty, who by her air and dreſs ſeemed to be *fille de chambre* to ſome devout woman of faſhion, came into the ſhop and aſked for *Les Egarements du Cœur et de l'Eſprit*; the bookſeller gave her the book directly; ſhe pulled out a little green ſatin purſe, run round with riband of the ſame colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, ſhe took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to ſtay me in the ſhop, we both walked out of the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, ſaid I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who ſcarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has firſt told you it, or ſome faithleſs ſhepherd has made it ache, canſt thou ever be ſure it is ſo——*Le Dieu m'en garde!* ſaid the girl.—With reaſon, ſaid I——for if it is a good one, 'tis pity it ſhould be ſtolen: it is a little treaſure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dreſſed out with pearls.

The young girl liſtened with a ſubmiſſive attention, holding her ſatin purſe by its riband in her hand all the time.——It is a very ſmall one, ſaid I, taking hold of the bottom of it—ſhe held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, ſaid I; but be but as good as thou art handſome, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakſpeare; and as ſhe had let go the purſe

entirely, I put a ſingle one in; and, tying up the riband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courteſy than a low one—it was one of thoſe quiet thankful ſinkings, where the ſpirit bows itſelf down—the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleaſure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, ſaid I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you ſee the crown, you will remember it—ſo do not, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

Upon my word, Sir, ſaid the girl, earneſtly, I am incapable—in ſaying which, as is uſual in little bargains of honour, ſhe gave me her hand—*En verite, Monſieur, je mettrai cet argent apart,* ſaid ſhe.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it ſanctifies their moſt private walks: ſo notwithſtanding it was duſky, yet as both our roads lay the ſame way, we made no ſcruple of walking along the the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a ſecond courteſy in ſetting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if ſhe had not done enough before, ſhe made a ſort of a little ſtop, to tell me again—ſhe thanked me.

It was a ſmall tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be miſtaken in the perſon I had been rendering it to for the world—but I ſee innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befal the man who ever lays a ſnare in its way!

The girl ſeemed affected ſome way or other with

what I ſaid—ſhe gave a low ſigh——I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it—ſo ſaid nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers where we were to part.

—But is this the way, my dear, ſaid I, to the hotel de Modene? ſhe told me it was—or, that I might go by the Rue de Guenegualt, which was the next turn—Then I will go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegualt, ſaid I, for two reaſons; firſt I ſhall pleaſe myſelf, and next I ſhall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was ſenſible I was civil——and ſaid, ſhe wiſhed the hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre.——You live there? ſaid I. She told me ſhe was *fille de chambre* to Madame R****—Good God! ſaid I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens——the girl told me, that Madame R****, ſhe believed, expected a ſtranger with a letter, and was impatient to ſee him—ſo I deſired the girl to preſent my compliments to Madame R****, and ſay I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We ſtood ſtill at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilſt this paſſed—We then ſtopped a moment while ſhe diſpoſed of her *Egarements du Cœur, &c.* more commodiouſly than carrying them in her hand——they were two volumes; ſo I held the ſecond for her, whilſt ſhe put the firſt into her pocket; and then ſhe held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

It is ſweet to feel by what fine-ſpun threads our *affections* are drawn together.

We ſet off afreſh, and as ſhe took her third ſtep, the girl put her hand within my arm—I was juſt bidding her——but ſhe did it of herſelf, with that undeliberating ſimplicity, which ſhowed it was out of her head that ſhe had never ſeen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of conſanguinity ſo ſtrongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and ſee if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeneſs—Tut! ſaid I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the Rue de Gueneguault, I ſtopped to bid her adieu for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindneſs——She bid me adieu twice——— I repeated it as often; and ſo cordial was the parting between us, that, had it happened any where elſe, I am not ſure but I ſhould have ſigned it with a kiſs of charity, as warm and holy as an apoſtle.

But in Paris, as none kiſs each other but the men —I did what amounted to the ſame thing—

—I bid God bleſs her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been enquired after by the Lieutenant de Police—The deuce take it, ſaid I——I know the reaſon. It is time the reader ſhould know it; for, in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head, but that,

had I told it then it might have been forgot now ——and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with ſo much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glaſs at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea preſented itſelf; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a paſſport. Go but to the end of a ſtreet, I have a mortal averſion for returning back no wiſer than I ſet out; and as this was one of the greateſt efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could leſs bear the thoughts of it: ſo hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begg'd he would take me in his *ſuite*. The Count had ſome little knowledge of me, ſo made little or no difficulty—only ſaid, his inclination to ſerve me could reach no farther than Calais, as he was to return by way of Bruſſels to Paris; however, when I had once paſſed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris, I muſt make friends, and ſhift for myſelf——Let me get to Paris, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I——and I ſhall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been inquiring after me——the thing inſtantly recurred——and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the maſter of the hotel came into my room to tell me the ſame thing, with this addition to it, that my paſſport had been particularly aſked after: the maſter of the hotel concluded with ſaying, He hoped I had one—Not I, faith! ſaid I.

The maſter of the hotel retired three ſteps from me, as from an infected perſon, as I declared this ———and poor La Fleur advanced three ſteps towards me, and with that ſort of movement which a good ſoul makes to ſuccour a diſtreſſed one——the fellow won my heart by it; and from that ſingle *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had ſerved me with fidelity for ſeven years.

Mon Seigneur! cried the maſter of the hotel—but recollecting himſelf as he made the exclamation, he inſtantly changed the tone of it—If Monſieur, ſaid he, has not a paſſport *(apparement)* in all likelihood, he has friends in Paris who can procure him one—Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference.—Then *certes*, replied he, you will be ſent to the Baſtile, or the Chatelet, *au moiens*. Poo, ſaid I, the king of France is a good-natured ſoul—he will hurt nobody———*Cela n'empeche pas*, ſaid he—you will certainly be ſent to the Baſtile tomorrow morning.——But I have taken your lodgings for a month, anſwered I, and I will not quit them a day before the time, for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whiſper'd in my ear, That nobody could oppoſe the king of France.

Pardi! ſaid my hoſt, *ces Meſſieurs Anglois ſont des gens tres extraordinaires*——and having both ſaid and ſworn it—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur's with a ſerious look upon the ſubject of my embarraſſment, which was the reaſon I had treated it ſo cavalierly: and, to ſhow him how lightly it lay upon my mind, I dropped the ſubject entirely; and whilſt he waited upon me at ſupper, talked to him with more than uſual gaiety, about Paris, and of the *opera comique*——La Fleur had been there himſelf, and had followed me through the ſtreets as far as the bookſeller's ſhop; but ſeeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unneceſſary to follow me a ſtep farther——ſo making his own reflections upon it, he took a ſhorter cut——and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the Police againſt my arrival.

As ſoon as the honeſt creature had taken away, and gone down to ſup himſelf, I then began to think a little ſeriouſly about my ſituation.—

—And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt ſmile at the remembrance of a ſhort dialogue which paſſed betwixt us the moment I was going to ſet out—I muſt tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little ſubject to be overburdened with money as thought, had drawn me aſide, to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact ſum, Eugenius *ſhook* his head, and ſaid, it would not do; ſo pull-

d out his purſe, in order to empty it into mine:—I ave enough, in conſcience, Eugenius, that I—Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius—— know France and Italy better than you——But ou do not conſider, Eugenius, that I, reckoning his ffer, that, before I have been three days in Paris, ſhall take care to lay or do ſomething or other for rhich I ſhall get clapped up into the Baſtile, and there ſhall live there a couple of months entirely at the ing of France's expence.——I beg pardon, Eugenius, drily: really I had forgot that reſource.

Now the event I treated gaily, came ſeriouſly to ıy door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philoſophy, or pernacity—or what is it in me, that, after all, when a Fleur had gone down ſtairs, and I was quite aone, I could not bring down my mind to think f it otherwiſe than I had then ſpoken of it to Eugeius?

—And as for the Baſtile! the terror is in the ord—Make the moſt of it you can, ſaid I to myſelf, the Baſtile is but another word for a tower, ıd a tower is but another word for a houſe you ınnot get out of—Mercy on the gouty! for they e in it twice a year——but, with nine livres a ıy, and pen and ink and paper and patience, alzit a man cannot get out, he may do very well ithin—at leaſt for a month or ſix weeks; at the ıd of which, if he is a harmleſs fellow, his innoınce appears, and he comes out a better and a iſer man than he went in.

I had ſome occaſion (I forget what) to ſtep into

the court-yard, as I ſettled this account; and remember I walked down ſtairs in no ſmall triumph with the conceit of my reaſoning—Beſhrew the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I vauntingly—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind ſits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf, and blackened: reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them —It is true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition—the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed—but ſtrip it of its towers—fill up the foſſe——unbarricade the doors ——call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe it ſome tyrant of a diſtemper—and not of a man which holds you in it——the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up I ſaw it was a ſtarling hung in a little cage.——"I "can't get out—I can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling.

I ſtood looking at the bird: and to every perſon who came through the paſſage, it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentation of its captivity——"I "can't get out," ſaid the ſtarling——God help thee! ſaid I; but I will let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage, to get the door; it was twiſted, and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire,

there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces——I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty——"No," said the starling—"I can't get out "—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I——still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.——It is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change——no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron——with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled——Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent——grant *me but health*, thou great Bestower of it, and

give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me——

——I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood——he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice:—His children——

——But here my heart began to bleed——and I

was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the fartheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at his head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there —he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down——ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle——He gave a deep ſigh—— I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul—I burſt into tears——I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn—I ſtarted up from my chair, and called La Fleur, I bid him beſpeak me a *remiſe*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

—I will go directly, ſaid I, myſelf, to Monſieur Le Duc de Choiſeul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing he ſhould ſee any thing upon my cheek which would coſt the honeſt fellow a heart-ache—I told him I would go to bed myſelf—and bid him go do the ſame.

got up behind, and I bid the coachman m
of his way to Verſailles.

As there was nothing in this road, o
thing which I look for in travelling, I ca
the blank better than with a ſhort hiſt
ſelf-ſame bird, which became the ſubjec
chapter.

Whilſt the honourable Mr. **** was
a wind at Dover, it had been caught up
before it could well fly, by an Engliſh l
his groom; who, not caring to deſtroy it
it in his breaſt into the packet——and b
feeding it, and taking it once under his
in a day or two grew fond of it, and gc
long with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livr
cage for the ſtarling; and as he had litt
ter the five months his maſter ſtaid ther
it, in his mother's tongue, the four ſim

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whoſe language he had learned his notes——and telling the ſtory of him to Lord A—Lord A begged the bird of me—in a week, Lord A gave him to Lord B—Lord B made a preſent of him to Lord C—and Lord C's gentleman ſold him to Lord D's for a ſhilling——Lord D gave him to Lord ——and ſo on—half round the alphabet——From that rank he paſſed into the lower houſe, and paſſed the hands of as many commoners—But as all theſe wanted to *get in*—and my bird wanted to *get out*—he had almoſt as little ſtore ſet by him in London as in Paris.

It is impoſſible but many of my readers muſt have heard of him; and if any, by mere chance, have ever ſeen him——I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird,——or ſome vile copy ſet up to repreſent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor ſtaring as the creſt to my arms.—

——And let the heralds officers twiſt his neck about if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind, when I am going to aſk protection of any man; for which reaſon, I generally endeavour to protect myſelf; but this going to Monſieur Le D[illegible]

de C**** was an act of compulsion——had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreathe myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C****'s good graces—This will do——said I—Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his measure——Fool! continued I——see Monsieur Le Duc's face first—observe what character is written in it—take notice in what posture he stands to hear you—mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs——And for the tone—the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together, you will compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke——the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over—Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field——why not face to face in the cabinet too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself; and betrays his own succours ten times, where nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C**** with the Bastile in thy looks——My life for it thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour, with an *escort.*

believe ſo, ſaid I—Then I will go to the Duke, Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairneſs in world.—
-And there you are wrong again, replied I.—eart at eaſe, Yorick, flies into no extremes——ever on its centre——Well! well! cried I, as coachman turned in at the gates——I find I ſhall ery well: and by the time he had wheeled round court, and brought me up to the door, I found elf ſo much the better for my own lecture, that ither aſcended the ſteps like a victim to juſtice, was to part with life upon the topmaſt, nor did ount them with a ſkip and a couple of ſtrides, as when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.
s I entered the door of the ſaloon, I was met perſon who poſſibly might be the *maitre d'hotel*, had more the air of one of the under ſecretaries, told me the Duc de C**** was buſy—I am ut- ignorant, ſaid I, of the forms of obtaining an ience, being an abſolute ſtranger, and what is ſe in the preſent conjuncture of affairs, being an liſhman too.—He replied, that did not increaſe difficulty.——I made him a ſlight bow, and told I had ſomething of importance to ſay to Mon- r le Duc. The ſecretary looked towards the s, as if he was about to leave me to carry up account to ſome one—but I muſt not miſlead , ſaid I——for what I have to ſay is of no man- of importance to Monſieur le Duc de C****— of great importance to myſelf.—*C'eſt une autre ire*, replied he—Not at all, ſaid I, to a man of antry.—But pray, good Sir, continued I, when

can a ſtranger hope to have *acceſſe?* In not leſs than two hours, ſaid he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard ſeemed to juſtify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a proſpect——and as walking backwards and forwards in the ſaloon, without a ſoul to commune with, was, for the time, as bad as being in the Baſtile itſelf, I inſtantly went back to my *remiſe*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the neareſt hotel.

I thing there is a fatality in it——I ſeldom go to the place I ſet out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half way down the ſtreet, I changed my mind: as I am at Verſailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; ſo I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round ſome of the principal ſtreets——I ſuppoſe the town is not very large, ſaid I.——The coachman begged pardon for ſetting me right, and told me it was very ſuperb, and that numbers of the firſt dukes and marquiſſes and counts had hotels——The count de B****, of whom the bookſeller at the Quai de Conti had ſpoke ſo handſomely the night before, came inſtantly into my mind——And why ſhould I not go, thought I, to the count de B****, who has ſo high an idea of Engliſh books, and Engliſh men ——and tell him my ſtory? ſo I changed my mind

ſecond time——In truth it was the third: for I ıd intended that day for Madame de R**** in the .ue St. Pierre, and had devoutly ſent her word by er *fille de chambre* that I would aſſuredly wait upon er——but I am governed by circumſtances—I can- ot govern them; ſo ſeeing a man ſtanding with a aſket on the other ſide of the ſtreet, as if he had ›mething to ſell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and ıquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned, a little pale; and told me it ras a Chevalier de St. Louis ſelling *pates*——It is npoſſible, La Fleur! ſaid I.——La Fleur could no ıore account for the phenomenon than myſelf; but erſiſted in his ſtory: he had ſeen the croix ſet in old, with its red riband, he ſaid, tied to his button- ole—and had looked into the baſket, and ſeen the *ates* which the Chevalier was ſelling; ſo could not e miſtaken in that.

Such a reverſe in a man's life awakens a better rinciple than curioſity: I could not help looking for ›me time at him, as I ſat in the *remiſe*—the more I ›oked at him——his croix and his baſket, the ſtrong- r they wove themſelves into my brain—I got out of he *remiſe*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell ıelow his knees, and with a ſort of a bib that went ıalf way up his breaſt; upon the top of this, but a ittle below the hem, hung his croix. His baſket of ittle *pates* was covered over with a white damaſk ıapkin; another of the ſame kind was ſpread at the ›ottom; and there was ſuch a look of *proprete* and ıeatneſs *throughout*, that one might have bought

his *pates* of him, as much from appetite as ſentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but ſtood ſtill with them at the corner of a hotel, for thoſe to buy who choſe it, without ſolicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a ſedate look, ſomething approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the baſket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *pates* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the beſt part of his life had paſſed in the ſervice, in which, after ſpending a ſmall patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it; but that at the concluſion of the laſt peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with thoſe of ſome other regiments, left without any proviſion—he found himſelf in a wide world, without friends, without a livre—and indeed, ſaid he, without any thing but this (pointing, as he ſaid it, to his croix)——The poor Chevalier won my pity, and he finiſhed the ſcene, with winning my eſteem too.

The King, he ſaid, was the moſt generous of princes, but his generoſity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongſt the number. He had a little wife, he ſaid, whom he loved, who did the *patiſſerie*; and added, he felt no diſhonour in defending her and himſelf from want in this way—unleſs Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleaſure from

e good, in paſſing over what happened to this poor ievalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It ſeems he uſually took his ſtand near the iron tes which lead up to the palace; and as his croix d caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made e ſame inquiry which I had done——He had told em the ſame ſtory, and always with ſo much moſty and good ſenſe, that it had reached at laſt the ng's ears——who hearing the Chevalier had been gallant officer, and reſpected by the whole regient as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up s little trade, by a penſion of fifteen hundred livres ear.

As I have told this to pleaſe the reader, I beg he ll allow me to relate another out of its order, to eaſe myſelf——the two ſtories reflect light upon ch other, and it is a pity they ſhould be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of denſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and verty is—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe of d'E**** in Britany into cay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up againſt s condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preve, and ſtill ſhow to the world, ſome little fragents of what his anceſtors had been——their indiſcretions had put it out of his power. There was ough left for the little exigencies of *obſcurity*——

But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*——he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword——it could not open the way——the *mounting* was too expenſive——and ſimple economy was not a match for it—there was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France, ſave Britany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wiſhed to ſee re-bloſſom——But in Britany, there being a proviſion for this, he availed himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion, when the ſtates were aſſembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which though ſeldom claimed, he ſaid was no leſs in force; he took his ſword from his ſide—Here——ſaid he——take it; and be truſty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword—he ſtayed a few minutes to ſee it depoſited in the archives of his houſe—and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of ſucceſsful application to buſineſs, with ſome unlook'd-for bequeſts from diſtant branches of his houſe——returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to ſupport it.

It was an incident of good fortune, which will never happen to any traveller but a ſentimental one, that I ſhould be at Rennes at the very time of this

ſolemn requiſition: I call it ſolemn——it was ſo to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he ſupported his lady——his eldeſt ſon ſupported his ſiſter, and his youngeſt was at the other extreme of the line next his mother——he put his handkerchief to his face twice—

—There was a dead ſilence. When the Marquis had approached within ſix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioneſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family he reclaimed his ſword——his ſword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard—it was the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up,—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame——when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it——I think I ſaw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I ſhall find, ſaid he, ſome *other way* to get it "off."

When the Marquis had ſaid this, he returned his ſword into its ſcabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it——and, with his wife and daughter, and his two ſons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monſieur le Count de B****. The ſet of Shakeſpears was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up cloſe to the table, and giving firſt ſuch a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to preſent me, knowing I ſhould meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I truſted, would do it for me——it is my countryman, the great Shakeſpeare, ſaid I, pointing to his works——*et ayez la bonte, mon cher ami*, apoſtrophizing his ſpirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur la.*—

The Count ſmiled at the ſingularity of the introduction; and ſeeing I looked a little pale and ſickly, inſiſted upon my taking an arm-chair: ſo I ſat down; and to ſave him conjectures upon a viſit ſo out of all rule, I told him ſimply of the incident in the bookſeller's ſhop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the ſtory of a little embarraſſment I was under, than to any other man in France—— And what is your embarraſſment? let me hear it, ſaid the Count. So I told him the ſtory juſt as I have told it the reader.—

—And the maſter of my hotel, ſaid I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monſieur le Count, that I ſhould be ſent to the Baſtile—but I have no apprehenſions, continued I——for in falling into the *hands* of the moſt poliſhed people in the world, and

being conſcious I was a true man, and not come to ſpy the nakedneſs of the land, I ſcarce thought I lay at their mercy. It does not ſuit the gallantry of the French, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I, to ſhow it againſt invalids.

An animated bluſh came into the Count de B****'s cheeks as I ſpoke this——*Ne craignez rien*—Do not fear, ſaid he—indeed I do not, replied I again—beſides, continued I, a little ſportingly—I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monſieur le Duc de Choiſeul is ſuch an enemy to mirth as to ſend me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monſieur le Count de B**** (making him a low bow) is to deſire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good nature, or I had not ſaid half as much——and once or twice ſaid—*C'eſt bien dit.* So I reſted my cauſe there——and determined to ſay no more about it.

The Count led the diſcourſe: we talked of indifferent things—of books and politics, and men——and then of women——God bleſs them all! ſaid I, after much diſcourſe about them——there is not a man upon earth who loves them ſo much as I do: after all the foibles I have ſeen, and all the ſatires I have read againſt them, ſtill I love them, being firmly perſuaded, that a man, who has not a ſort of an affection for the whole ſex, is incapable of ever loving a ſingle one as he ought.

Heh bien! Monſieur l'Anglois, ſaid the Count, gaily——You are *not come* to ſpy the nakedneſs of the

land——I believe you——*ni encore*, I dare
of our women—But, permit me to conjec
if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way——
proſpect would not affect you.

I have ſomething within me which ca
the ſhock of the leaſt indecent inſinuation
ſportability of chit-chat, I have often endea
conquer it, and, with infinite pain, have h
thouſand things to a dozen of the ſex toge
the leaſt of which I could not venture to a fi
to gain heaven.

Excuſe me, Monſieur le Count, ſaid I—
nakedneſs of your land, if I ſaw it, I ſhoul
eyes over it with tears in them—and for tha
women (bluſhing at the idea he had excited
am ſo evangelical in this, and have ſuch
feeling for whatever is *weak* about them
would cover it with a garment, if I knew how
it on—But I could wiſh, continued I, to ſpy
edneſs of their hearts, and, through the diffe
guiſes of cuſtoms, climates, and religion,
what is good in them, to faſhion my own by
therefore am I come.

It is for this reaſon, Monſieur le Coun
nued I, that I have not ſeen the Palais Ro
the Luxembourg——nor the Façade of th
——nor have attempted to ſwell the catalo
have of pictures, ſtatues and churches—I
every fair being as a temple, and would rat
in, and ſee the original drawings and looſe
hung up in it, than the transfiguration of
itſelf.

The thirſt of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breaſt of the connoiſſeur, has led me from my own home into France——and from France will lead me through Italy——it is a quiet journey of the heart in purſuit of NATURE, and thoſe affections which ariſe out of her, which make us love each other—and the world, better than we do.

The Count ſaid a great many civil things to me upon the occaſion: and added, very politely, how much he ſtood obliged to Shakeſpeare, for making me known to him——but, *a-propos*, ſaid he—Shakeſpeare is full of great things——He forgot a ſmall punctilio, of announcing your name——it puts you under a neceſſity of doing it yourſelf.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to ſet about telling any one who I am——for there is ſcarce any body I cannot give a better account of than myſelf; and I have often wiſhed I could do it in a ſingle word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occaſion in my life, I could accompliſh this to any purpoſe——for Shakeſpeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-digger's ſcene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and, advancing the

book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name——*Me voici!* ſaid I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Yorick's ſkull was put out of the Count's mind, by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of ſeven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—it is certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the leſs at this; inaſmuch as one of the firſt of our own church, for whoſe candour and paternal ſentiments I have the higheſt veneration, fell into the ſame miſtake in the very ſame caſe.——"He could "not bear, he ſaid, to look into the ſermons wrote by "the king of Denmark's jeſter."—Good, my Lord! ſaid I——but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your Lordſhip thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flouriſhed in Horwendillus's court—the other Yorick is myſelf, who have flouriſhed, my Lord, in no court—He ſhook his head—Good God! ſaid I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the copper-ſmith, my Lord—It was all one, he replied—

——If Alexander king of Macedon could have tranſlated your Lordſhip, ſaid I——I am ſure your Lordſhip would not have ſaid ſo.

The poor Count de B**** fell but into the ſame *error*——

—*Et, Monſieur, eſt il Yorick?* cried the Count.—*Je le ſuis*, ſaid I.—*Vous?—Moi?—moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monſieur le Compte—Mon Dieu!* ſaid he, embracing me—*Vous etes Yorick!*

The Count inſtantly put the Shakeſpeare into his pocket—and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the Count de B**** had gone ſo abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakeſpeare into his pocket—*Myſteries which muſt explain themſelves, are not worth the loſs of time which a conjecture about them takes up:* it was better to read Shakeſpeare; ſo taking up "*Much ado about Nothing*," I tranſported myſelf inſtantly from the chair I ſat in, to Meſſina in Sicily, and got ſo buſy with Don Pedro and Benedict and Beatrice, that I thought not of Verſailles, the Count, or the Paſſport.

Sweet pliability of man's ſpirit, that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments!—long—long ſince had he numbered out my days, had I not trod ſo great a part of them upon this enchanted ground; when my way is too rough for my feet, or too ſteep for my ſtrength, I get off it, to ſome ſmooth velvet path which fancy has ſcattered over with roſe-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back ſtrengthened and refreſhed—When evils preſs ſore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new courſe——I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elyſian fields than I have of heaven, I force myſelf, like Æneas,

into them—I ſee him meet the penſive ſhade of his forſaken Dido ——and wiſh to recogniſe it—I ſee the injured ſpirit wave her head, and turn off ſilent from the author of her miſeries and diſhonours——I loſe the feelings for myſelf in hers——and in thoſe affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at ſchool.

Surely this is not walking in a vain ſhadow—nor does man diſquiet himſelf in vain *by it*——he oftener does ſo in truſting the iſſue of his commotions to reaſon only.——I can ſafely ſay for myſelf I was never able to conquer any one ſingle bad ſenſation in my heart ſo deciſively, as by beating up as faſt as I could for ſome kindly and gentle ſenſation, to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B**** entered with my paſſport in his hand. Monſ. le Duc de C****, ſaid the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare ſay, as he is a ſtateſman—*Un homme qui rit*, ſaid the Duke, *ne ſera jamais dangereux*—Had it been for any one but the king's jeſter, added the Count, I could not have got it theſe two hours.—*Pardonnez moi*, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I—I am not the king's jeſter——But you are Yorick?—Yes.—*Et vous plaiſantez?*—I anſwered, Indeed I did jeſt—but was not paid for it—it was entirely at my own expence.

We have no jeſter at court, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I; the laſt we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.——ſince which time, our manners have been ſo gradually refining, that our court at preſent *is ſo* full of patriots, who wiſh for *nothing* but the

honours and wealth of their country—and our ladies are all ſo chaſte, ſo ſpotleſs, ſo good, ſo devout—— there is nothing for a jeſter to make a jeſt of——

Voila un perſiflage! cried the count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

As the paſſport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, juſticiaries, and all officers of juſtice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jeſter, and his baggage, travel quietly along——I own the triumph of obtaining the paſſport was not a little tarniſhed by the figure I cut in it——but there is nothing unmixed in this world; and ſome of the graveſt of our divines have carried it ſo far, as to affirm, that enjoyment itſelf was attended even with a ſigh——and that the greateſt *they knew of*, terminated, *in a general way*, in little better than a convulſion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriſkius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of ſparrows upon the out edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at laſt had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

—It is ſtrange! writes Bevoriſkius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curioſity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cockſparrow, during the little time that I could have finiſhed

ill-fated Porick! that the gravest of th
ſhould be able to write that to the wo
ſtains thy face with crimſon, to copy e
ſtudy.

But this is nothing to my travels——S
twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? ſaid
de B****, after he had given me the Paſſ

The reader may ſuppoſe, that after ſo
proof of courteſy, I could not be at a
ſomething handſome to the inquiry.

Mais paſſe, pour cela—Speak frankly, f
you find all the urbanity in the French,
world give us the honour of?——I had

believe, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I, that man has certain compaſs, as well as an inſtrument; and t the ſocial, and other calls, have occaſion, by ns, for every key in him: ſo that if you begin a e too high or too low, there muſt be a want, ei- r in the upper or under part, to fill up the ſyſtem harmony—The Count de B*** did not under- id muſic, ſo deſired me to explain it ſome other y. A poliſhed nation, my dear Count, ſaid I, kes every one its debtor; and beſides, urbanity lf, like the fair ſex, has ſo many charms, it goes inſt the heart to ſay it can do ill; and yet I be- e, there is but a certain line of perfection, that n, take him altogether, is empowered to arrive at —if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, n gets them. I muſt not preſume to ſay, how this has affected the French in the ſubject we are aking of—but, ſhould it ever be the caſe of the gliſh, in the progreſs of their refinements, to ar- e at the ſame poliſh which diſtinguiſhes the French, we did not loſe the *politeſſe de cœur*, which inclines n more to humane actions, than courteous ones —we ſhould at leaſt loſe that diſtinct variety and ginality of character, which diſtinguiſhes them, only from each other, but from all the world be- s.

I had a few of King William's ſhillings, as ſmooth glaſs, in my pocket: and foreſeeing they would be uſe in the illuſtration of my hypotheſis, I had got m into my hand, when I had proceeded ſo far— See, Monſ. le Count, ſaid I, riſing up, and lay- them before him upon the table—by jingling and

rubbing one againſt another for ſeventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become ſo much alike, you can ſcarce diſtinguiſh one ſhilling from another.

The Engliſh, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and paſſing but few people's hands, preſerve the firſt ſharpneſſes which the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not ſo pleaſant to feel—but, in return, the legend is ſo viſible, that, at the firſt look, you ſee whoſe image and ſuperſcription they bear.——But the French, Monſ. le Count, added I, wiſhing to ſoften what I had ſaid, have ſo many excellencies, they can the better ſpare this—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good-temper'd people, as is under heaven—if they have a fault—— they are too *ſerious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, riſing out of his chair.

Mais vous plaiſantez, ſaid he, correcting his exclamation.———I laid my hand upon my breaſt, and with earneſt gravity aſſured him, it was my moſt ſettled opinion.

The Count ſaid, he was mortified he could not ſtay to hear my reaſons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc de C****.

But, if it is not too far to come to Verſailles to eat your ſoup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleaſure of knowing you retract your opinion——or, in what manner you ſupport it.—But if you do ſupport it, Monſ. Anglois, ſaid he, you muſt do it with all your powers, becauſe you have the whole world againſt you.—I pro-

miſed the Count I would do myſelf the honour of dining with him before I ſet out for Italy——ſo took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman, with a band-box, had been that moment inquiring for me.——I do not know, ſaid the porter, whether ſhe is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up ſtairs; and when I had got within ten ſteps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming eaſily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R**** had ſent her upon ſome commiſſion to a *marchante de modes*, within a ſtep or two of the hotel de Modene; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris: and if ſo, whether I had not left a letter addreſſed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was ſo near my door, ſhe returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two, whilſt I wrote a card.

It was a fine ſtill evening, in the latter end of the month of May——the crimſon window curtains (which were of the ſame colour of thoſe of the bed) were drawn cloſe—the ſun was ſetting, and reflected through them ſo warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face—I thought ſhe bluſhed—the idea of

it made me bluſh myſelf—we were quite alone; and that ſuperinduced a ſecond bluſh, before the firſt could get off.

There is a ſort of a pleaſing half guilty bluſh, where the blood is more in fault than the man—— it is ſent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it,—not to call it back, but to make the ſenſation of it more delicious to the nerves—it is aſſociated—

But I will not deſcribe it——I felt ſomething at firſt within me, which was not in ſtrict uniſon with the leſſon of virtue I had given her the night before ——I ſought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one——I took up a pen—I laid it down again ——my hand trembled---the devil was in me.

I know, as well as any one, he is an adverſary, whom, if we reſiſt, he will fly from us---but I ſeldom reſiſt him at all, from a terror, that, though I may conquer, I may ſtill get a hurt in the combat—ſo I give up the triumph for ſecurity; and inſtead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myſelf.

The fair *fille de chambre* came cloſe up to the bureau where I was looking for a card---took up firſt the pen I caſt down, then offered to hold me the ink: ſhe offered it ſo ſweetly, I was going to accept it---but I durſt not——I have nothing, my dear, ſaid I, to write upon.————Write it, ſaid ſhe, ſimply, upon any thing.——

I was juſt going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.---

If I do, ſaid I, I ſhall periſh---ſo I took her by the hand and led her to the door, and begged ſhe

would not forget the leſſon I had given her—She ſaid, indeed ſhe would not——and as ſhe uttered it with ſome earneſtneſs, ſhe turned about, and gave me both her hands, cloſed together, into mine—— It was impoſſible not to compreſs them in that ſituation——I wiſhed to let them go: and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myſelf againſt it ——and ſtill I held them on——In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again——— and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were ſtanding——I had ſtill hold of her hands,——and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither aſked her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed——but ſo it did happen, we both ſat down.

I will juſt ſhow you, ſaid the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purſe I have been making to-day to hold your crown. So ſhe put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it ſome time—then into the left——"She had loſt it."—— I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at laſt——ſhe pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted ſatin, and juſt big enough to hold the crown——ſhe put it into my hand——it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes, with the back of my hand reſting upon her lap—looking ſometimes at the purſe, ſometimes on one ſide of it.

A ſtitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my ſtock—*the fair fille de chambre*, without ſaying a

word, took out her little huſſive, threaded a ſmall needle, and ſewed it up---I foreſaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as ſhe paſſed her hand in ſilence acroſs and acroſs my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels ſhake which Fancy had wreathed about my head.

A ſtrap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her ſhoe was juſt falling off---See, ſaid the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot---I could not for my ſoul but faſten the buckle in return, and putting in the ſtrap---and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to ſee both were right---in doing it too ſuddenly——it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre---and then------

THE CONQUEST.

PARIS.

YES——and then---Ye, whoſe clay-cold heads, and lukewarm hearts, can argue down, or maſk your paſſions——tell me, what treſpaſs is it that man ſhould have them? or how his ſpirit ſtands anſwerable to the Father of ſpirits, but for his conduct under them?

If Nature has ſo wove her web of kindneſs, that ſome threads of love and deſire are entangled with the piece——muſt the whole web be rent in drawing them out?——Whip me ſuch ſtoicks, great Governor of Nature! ſaid I to myſelf---Wherever thy providence ſhall place me for the trials of my virtue ——whatever is my danger---whatever is my ſitu-

tion—let me feel the movements which riſe out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one—I will truſt the iſſues to thy juſtice, for thou haſt made us——and not we ourſelves.

As I finiſhed my addreſs, I raiſed the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room ——ſhe ſtood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket—and *then*—the victory being quite deciſive—and not till then, I preſſed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her ſafe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

If a man knows the heart, he will know it was impoſſible to go back inſtantly to my chamber——it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which had called forth my affections——therefore, when I had let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for ſome time, looking at every one who paſſed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a ſingle object, which confounded all kind of reaſoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philoſophic, ſerious, adult look, which paſſed and repaſſed ſedately along the ſtreet, making a turn of about ſixty paces on each ſide of the gate of the hotel——the man was about

fifty-two——had a ſmall cane under his arm—was dreſſed in a dark drab-colour'd coat, waiſtcoat and breeches, which ſeemed to have ſeen ſome years ſervice—they were ſtill clean, and there was a little air of frugal *proprete* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accoſting a good many in his way, I ſaw he was aſking charity; ſo I got a ſous or two out of my pocket, ready to give him as he took me in his turn—he paſſed by me without aſking any thing——and yet did not go five ſteps farther before he aſked charity of a little woman——I was much more likely to have given of the two ——He had ſcarce done with the woman, when he pulled his hat off to another who was coming the ſame way. ——An ancient gentleman came ſlowly——and, after him, a young ſmart one—He let them both paſs, and aſked nothing: I ſtood obſerving him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably purſued the ſame plan.

There were two things very ſingular in this, which ſet my brain to work, and to no purpoſe——the firſt was, why the man ſhould *only* tell his ſtory to the ſex—and ſecondly—what kind of ſtory it was, and what ſpecies of eloquence it could be, which ſoftened the hearts of the women, which he knew it was to no purpoſe to practiſe upon the men.

There were two other circumſtances which entangled this myſtery—the one was, he told every woman what he had to ſay in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a ſecret than a petition,——the other was, it was always ſucceſsful—

he never ſtopped a woman, but ſhe pulled out her purſe, and immediately gave him ſomething.

I could form no ſyſtem to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuſe me for the reſt of the evening, ſo I walked up ſtairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I was immediately followed up by the maſter of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I muſt provide lodgings elſewhere—How ſo, friend? ſaid I.—He anſwered, I had had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and it was againſt the rules of his houſe.—Very well, ſaid I, we will all part friends then—for the girl is no worſe—and I am no worſe—and you will be juſt as I found you—It was enough, he ſaid, to overthrow the credit of his hotel.——*Voyez vous, Monſieur*, ſaid he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been ſitting upon.—I own it had ſomething of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not ſuffering me to enter into any detail of the caſe, I exhorted him to let his ſoul ſleep in peace, as I reſolved to let mine do that night, and that I would diſcharge what I owed him at breakfaſt.

I ſhould not have minded, Monſieur, ſaid he, if you had had twenty girls—It is a ſcore more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon——Provided, added *he*, *it* had been but in a morning—

And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris, make a difference in the ſin?—It made a difference, he ſaid, in the ſcandal—I like a good diſtinction in my heart; and cannot ſay I was intolerably out of temper with the man——I own it is neceſſary, reſumed the maſter of the hotel, that a ſtranger at Paris ſhould have the opportunities preſented to him of buying lace and ſilk ſtockings and ruffles, *et tout cela*——and it is nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.—O' my conſcience, ſaid I, ſhe had one; but I never looked into it.—Then, *Monſieur*, ſaid he, has bought nothing?—not one earthly thing, replied I.—Becauſe, ſaid he, I could recommend one to you who would uſe you *en conſcience*—But I muſt ſee her this night, ſaid I—He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now ſhall I triumph over this *maitre d'hotel*, cried I—and what then?—Then I ſhall let him ſee I know he is a dirty fellow.---And what then?—What then!---I was too near myſelf to ſay it was for the ſake of others.---I had no good anſwer left—there was more of ſpleen than principle in my project, and I was ſick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the Griſſet came in with her box of lace---I will buy nothing, however, ſaid I within myſelf.

The Griſſet would ſhow me every thing—I was hard to pleaſe: ſhe would not ſeem to ſee it; ſhe opened her little magazine, and laid all her laces one after another before me---unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the moſt patient ſweetneſs---I might buy---or not---ſhe would let me have

every thing at my own price——the poor creature ſeemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herſelf out to win me, and not ſo much in a manner which ſeemed artful, as in one I felt ſimple and careſſing.

If there is not a fund of honeſt culibility in man, ſo much the worſe—my heart relented, and I gave up my ſecond reſolution, as quietly as the firſt——Why ſhould I chaſtiſe one for the treſpaſs of another! if thou art tributary to this tyrant of an hoſt, thought I, looking up in her face, ſo much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors* in my purſe, there was no ſuch thing as riſing up and ſhowing her the door, till I had firſt laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

——The maſter of the hotel will ſhare the profit with her—no matter—then I have only paid, as many a poor ſoul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at ſupper, he told me how ſorry the maſter of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's reſt will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it——ſo I bid La Fleur tell the maſter of the hotel, that I was *ſorry, on my ſide,* for the occaſion I had given

C'eſt deroger a nobleſſe, Monſieur, ſaid making me a bow down to the ground —*Et encore, Monſieur*, ſaid he, may cha timents——and if *(par hazard)* he ſhou muſe himſelf——I find no amuſement i interrupting him——

Mon Dieu! ſaid La Fleur—and took a

In an hour's time he came to put me was more than commonly officious—ſom upon his lips to ſay to me, or aſk me, whi not get off; I could not conceive what it indeed gave myſelf little trouble to find had another riddle ſo much more inter my mind, which was that of the man's rity before the door of the hotel—I wo ven any thing to have got to the bottom that, not out of curioſity——it is ſo low

brains, to no manner of purpoſe; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my ſpirits as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not heſitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wiſe men of Paris, as much as thoſe of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

It was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himſelf ſo gallantly arrayed, I ſcarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montrieul to give him a new hat with a ſilver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s' adoniſer*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him juſtice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good ſcarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the ſame—They were not a crown worſe, he ſaid, for the wearing—I wiſhed him hanged for telling me——they looked ſo freſh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have impoſed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart ſore at Paris.

He had purchaſed, moreover, a handſome blue ſatin waiſtcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed *ſomething* the worſe for the ſervice it

had done, but it was clean ſcoured——the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather ſhowy than otherwiſe—and as the blue was not violent, it ſuited with the coat and breeches very well: he had ſqueez'd out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a ſolitaire, and had inſiſted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees—He had purchaſed muſlin ruffles, *bien brodees*, with four livres of his own money—and a pair of white ſilk ſtockings for five more, and, to top all, Nature had given him a handſome figure, without coſting him a ſous.

He entered the room thus ſet off, with his hair dreſſed in the firſt ſtyle, and with a handſome *bouquet* in his breaſt—in a word, there was that look of feſtivity, in evety thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it inſtantly ſtruck me, that the favour he wiſhed to aſk of me the night before, was to ſpend the day, as every body in Paris ſpent it beſides. I had ſcarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of truſt, as if I ſhould not refuſe him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-a-vis de ſa maitreſſe.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myſelf *vis-a-vis* Madame de R****——I had retained the *remiſe* on purpoſe for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a ſervant ſo well dreſſed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worſe ſpared him.

But we muſt *feel*, not argue in theſe embarraſſments—the ſons and daughters of ſervice part with

liberty, but not with Nature, in their contracts; they are fleſh and blood, and have their little vanities and wiſhes in the midſt of the houſe of bondage, as well as their taſk-maſters——no doubt, they have ſet their ſelf-denials at a price——and their expectations are ſo unreaſonable, that I would often diſappoint them, but that their condition puts it ſo much in my power to do it.

Behold—Behold, I am the ſervant——diſarms me at once of the powers of a maſter—

—Thou ſhalt go, La Fleur! ſaid I.

—And what miſtreſs, La Fleur, ſaid I, canſt thou have picked up in ſo little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſaid, it was a *petite demoiſelle* at Monſieur Le Compte de B****'s—La Fleur had a heart made for ſociety; and, to ſpeak the truth of him, let as few occaſions ſlip him as his maſter—ſo that, ſomehow or other——but how——heaven knows—he had connected himſelf with the *demoiſelle* upon the landing of the ſtair-caſe, during the time I was taken up with my paſſport; and, as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my intereſt, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his——the family, it ſeems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's houſehold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that, once a week at leaſt, are ſure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and ſing, and ſport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the ſpirit of other nations to the earth.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

La Fleur had left me ſomething to amuſe myſelf with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had a good ſtep to bring it, he had begged a ſheet of waſte paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand—As that plate was ſufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I reſolved to ſtay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur* to beſpeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfaſt by myſelf.

When I had finiſhed the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the ſame by the waſte paper—but ſtopping to read a line firſt, and that drawing me on to a ſecond and third——I thought it better worth; ſo I ſhut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I ſat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time, and, for aught I know, might have been wrote by him—it was, moreover, in a Gothic letter, and that ſo faded and gone off by damps, and length of time, it coſt me infinite trouble to make any thing of it—I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afreſh——and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter

to Eliza—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of underſtanding it, increaſed but the deſire.

I got my dinner, and, after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again—and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almoſt as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonſenſical inſcription, I thought I made ſenſe of it; but, to make ſure of it, the beſt way, I imagined, was to turn it into Engliſh, and ſee how it would look then—ſo I went on leiſurely, as a trifling man does, ſometimes writing a ſentence—then taking a turn or two——and then looking how the world went, out of the window; ſo that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it—I then began and read it, as follows:—

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

——Now, as the Notary's wife diſputed the point with the Notary with too much heat—I wiſh, ſaid the Notary, throwing down the parchment, that there was another Notary here, only to ſet down and atteſt all this—

——And what would you do then, Monſieur? ſaid ſhe, riſing haſtily up—the Notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the Notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply—I would go, anſwered he, to bed—You may go to the devil, anſwered the Notary's wife.

Now, there happening to be but one bed in the

houſe, the other two rooms being unfurniſhed, as is the cuſtom at Paris, and the Notary not caring to lie in the ſame bed with a woman who had but that moment ſent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane and ſhort cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at eaſe towards the *Pont Neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have paſſed over the *Pont Neuf*, muſt own, that it is the nobleſt—the fineſt—the grandeſt—the lighteſt—the longeſt—the broadeſt that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe——

By this, it ſeems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worſt fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can allege againſt it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, it is more blaſphemouſly *ſacre Dieu'd* there, than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reaſon good and cogent, Meſſieurs, for it comes againſt you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with ſuch unpremeditable puffs, that, of the few who croſs it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor Notary, juſt as he was paſſing by the ſentry, inſtinctively clapped his cane to the ſide of it, but in raiſing it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the ſentinel's hat, hoiſted it over the ſpikes of the balluſtrade clear into the Seine.

—*It is an ill wind*, ſaid a boatman who catched it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The ſentry, being a Gaſcon, incontinently twirled up his whiſkers, and levelled his harquebus.

Harquebuſſes, in thoſe days, went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, ſhe had borrowed the ſentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gaſcon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage—*it is an ill wind*, ſaid he, catching off the Notary's caſtor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor Notary croſſed the bridge, and paſſing along the Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, lamented himſelf, as he walked along, in this manner:

Luckleſs man that I am! ſaid the Notary, to be the ſport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the ſtorm of ill language levelled againſt me and my profeſſion wherever I go———to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempeſt of a woman—to be driven forth out of my houſe by domeſtic winds, and deſpoiled of my caſtor by pontific ones—to be here, bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents———where am I to lay my head?——miſerable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compaſs can blow unto thee, as it does to the reſt of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the Notary was paſſing on by a dark paſſage, complaining in this ſort, a voice called out to a girl,

to bid her run for the next Notary——now the Notary being the next, and availing himſelf of his ſituation, walked up the paſſage to the door, and paſſing through an old ſort of a ſaloon, was uſhered into a large chamber, diſmantled of every thing but a long military pike—a breaſt plate—a ruſty old ſword, and bandoleer, hung up equi-diſtant in four different places againſt the wall.

An old perſonage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unleſs decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay ſupporting his head upon his hand in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was ſet cloſe beſide it, and cloſe by the table was placed a chair——the Notary ſat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a ſheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breaſt over the table, he diſpoſed every thing to make the gentleman's laſt will and teſtament.

Alas! Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, raiſing himſelf up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the hiſtory of myſelf, which I could not die in peace, unleſs I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits ariſing out of it, I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me——it is a ſtory ſo uncommon, it muſt be read by all mankind—it will make the fortunes of your houſe—the Notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn—Almighty Director of every event in my life! ſaid the old gentleman, looking up earneſtly, and raiſing his hands towards hea-

ven——thou whoſe hand has led me on through ſuch a labyrinth of ſtrange paſſages down into this ſcene of deſolation, aſſiſt the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken-hearted man——direct my tongue by the Spirit of thy eternal truth, that this ſtranger may ſet down nought but what is written in that BOOK, from whoſe records, ſaid he, claſping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!—The Notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye——

—It is a ſtory, Monſieur le Notaire, ſaid the gentleman, which will rouſe up every affection in nature——it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herſelf with pity——

—The Notary was inflamed with a deſire to begin, and put his pen a third time in to his ink-horn —and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the Notary, began to dictate his ſtory in theſe words——

—And where is the reſt of it, La Fleur? ſaid I, —he juſt then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,

AND THE BOUQUET *.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up cloſe to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other ſheets of it, which he

* Nofegay.

had wrapped round the ſtalks of a *bouquet*, to keep it together, which he had preſented to the *demoiſelle* upon the *boulevards*—Then prithee, La Fleur, ſaid I, ſtep back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel, and *ſee if thou canſt get it*——There is no doubt of it, ſaid La Fleur—and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of diſappointment in his looks than could ariſe from the ſimple irreparability of the fragment—*Juſte ciel!* in leſs than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his laſt tender farewell of her—his faithleſs miſtreſs had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen—the footman to a young ſempſtreſs—and the ſempſtreſs to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it—Our misfortunes were involved together——I gave a ſigh——and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear——

——How perfidious! cried La Fleur—How unlucky! ſaid I.——

—I ſhould not have been mortified, Monſieur, quoth La Fleur, if ſhe had loſt it—Nor I, La Fleur, ſaid I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be ſeen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either diſdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for an hundred things; but he will not do to make

a good ſentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I ſee paſs at broad noon day, in large and open ſtreets—Nature is ſhy, and hates to act before ſpectators; but in ſuch an unobſerved corner, you ſometimes ſee a ſingle ſhort ſcene of hers, worth all the ſentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together——and yet they are *abſolutely* fine ——and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they ſuit a preacher juſt as well as a hero, I generally make my ſermon out of them——and for the text—"Cappadocia, "Pontus, and Aſia, Phrygia and Pamphilia"——Is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark paſſage iſſuing out from the *opera comique* into a narrow ſtreet; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre* *, or wiſh to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a ſmall candle, the light of which is almoſt loſt before you get half way down, but near the door—it is more for ornament than uſe: you ſee it as a fixed ſtar of the leaſt magnitude; it burns——but does little good to the world that we know of.

In returning along this paſſage, I diſcerned, as I approached within five or ſix paces of the door, two ladies ſtanding arm and arm, with their backs againſt the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; ſo edged myſelf up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my ſtand—I was in black, and ſcarce ſeen.

* Hackney coach.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-ſix; the other of the ſame ſize and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them—— they ſeemed to be two upright veſtal ſiſters, unſapped by careſſes, unbroke in upon by tender ſenſations: I could have wiſhed to have made them happy—— their happineſs was deſtined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expreſſion, and ſweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-ſous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it ſingular, that a beggar ſhould fix the quota of an alms——and that the ſum ſhould be twelve times as much as what is uſually given in the dark. They both ſeemed aſtoniſhed at it as much as myſelf —Twelve ſous! ſaid one——a twelve-ſous piece! ſaid the other——and made no reply.

The poor man ſaid, He knew not how to aſk leſs of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Poo! ſaid they——we have no money.

The beggar remained ſilent for a moment or two, and renewed his ſupplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, ſaid he, ſtop your good ears againſt me——Upon my word, honeſt man! ſaid the younger, we have no change—— Then God bleſs you, ſaid the poor man, and multiply thoſe joys which you can give to others without change!—I obſerved the elder ſiſter put her hand into her pocket—I will ſee, ſaid ſhe, if I have a ſous. ——A ſous! give twelve, ſaid the ſupplicant; Na-

ture has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, ſaid the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the elder——What is it but your goodneſs and humanity which makes your bright eyes ſo ſweet, that they outſhine the morning even in this dark paſſage? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother ſay ſo much of you both, as they juſt paſſed by?

The two ladies ſeemed much affected; and impulſively at the ſame time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-ſous piece.

The conteſt betwixt them and the poor ſupplicant was no more——it was continued betwixt themſelves, which of the two ſhould give the twelve-ſous piece in charity——and, to end the diſpute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED haſtily after him: it was the very man whoſe ſucceſs in aſking charity of the women before the door of the hotel had ſo puzzled me—and I found at once his ſecret, or at leaſt the baſis of it—it was flattery.

Delicious eſſence! how refreſhing art thou to nature! how ſtrongly are all its powers and all its

weakneſſes on thy ſide! how ſweetly doſt thou mix with the blood, and help it through the moſt difficult and tortuous paſſages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not ſtraitened for time, had given it here in a larger doſe: it is certain he had a way of bringing it into leſs form, for the many ſudden cauſes he had to do with in the ſtreet; but how he contrived to correct, ſweeten, concentre, and qualify it—I vex not my ſpirit with the inquiry ——it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-ſous pieces—and they can beſt tell the reſt, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

We get forwards in the world not ſo much by doing ſervices, as receiving them: you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it, becauſe you have planted it.

Monſ. le Compte de B****, merely becauſe he had done me one kindneſs in the affair of my paſſport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to preſent me to others, and ſo on.

I had got maſter of my *ſecret*, juſt in time to turn theſe honours to ſome little account; otherwiſe, as is commonly the caſe, I ſhould have dined or ſupped a ſingle time or two round, and then by *tranſlating* French looks and attitudes into plain Engliſh, I ſhould preſently have ſeen, that I had got hold of

ıe *couvert* * of ſome more entertaining gueſt; and ı courſe ſhould have reſigned all my places one after nother, merely upon the principle that I could not eep them.——As it was, things did not go much miſs.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old Marquis de B****; in days of yore he had ſigna-ized himſelf by ſome ſmall feats of chivalry in the *our d'amour*, and had dreſſed himſelf out to the dea of tilts and tournaments ever ſince —— the Mar-uis de B**** wiſhed to have it thought the affair vas ſomewhere elſe than in his brain. "He could like to take a trip to England," and aſked much f the Engliſh ladies. Stay where you are, I be-eech you, Monſ. le Marquis ſaid I——Les Meſſrs. Anglois can ſcarce get a kind look from them as it ı.——The Marquis invited me to ſupper.

Monſ. P****, the farmer-general, was juſt as in-uiſitive about our taxes.——They were very con-derable, he heard—If we knew but how to collect ıem, ſaid I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monſ. P****'s oncerts upon any other terms.

I had been miſrepreſented to Madame de Q*** as n *eſprit*.—Madam de Q*** was an *eſprit* herſelf; ıe burnt with impatience to ſee me, and hear me ılk. I had not taken my ſeat before I ſaw ſhe did ot care a ſous whether I had any wit or no—I was t in, to be convinced ſhe had.—I call heaven to itneſs I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de V*** vowed to every creature ſhe

* Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and ſpoon.

met, "She had never had a more improving conver-"ſation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French-woman—She is coquette—then deiſt—then *devote:* the empire during theſe is never loſt——ſhe only changes her ſubjects: when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominions of the ſlaves of love, ſhe repeoples it with the ſlaves of infidelity—and then with the ſlaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the firſt of theſe epochas: the colour of the roſe was fading faſt away—ſhe ought to have been a deiſt five years before the time I had the honour to pay my firſt viſit.

She placed me upon the ſame ſopha with her, for the ſake of diſputing the point of religion more cloſely——In ſhort, Madame de V*** told me, ſhe believed nothing.

I told Madame de V***, it might be her principle; but I was ſure it could not be her intereſt to evel the outworks, without which I could not conceive how ſuch a citadel as hers could be defended—that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deiſt—that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her——that I had not been five minutes ſat upon the ſopha beſide her, but I had begun to form deſigns——and what is it, but the ſentiments of religion, and the perſuaſion they had excited in her breaſt, which could have checked them as they roſe up?

We are not adamant, ſaid I, taking hold of her hand—and there is need of all reſtraints, till age in

her own time ſteals in, and lays them on us——but, my dear lady, ſaid I, kiſſing her hand—it is too—too ſoon—

I declare I had the credit all over Paris, of unperverting Madame de V***—She affirmed to Monſieur D*** and the Abbe M***, that in one half hour I had ſaid more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopœdia had ſaid againſt it——I was liſted directly into Madame de V***'s *Coterie*—and ſhe put off the epocha of deiſm for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a diſcourſe, in which I was ſhowing the neceſſity of a *firſt cauſe*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the fartheſt corner of the room, to tell me my *ſolitaire* was pinned too ſtrait about my neck———It ſhould be *plus badinant*, ſaid the Count, looking down upon his own——*but a word*, Monſ. Yorick, *to the wiſe*—

—And *from the wiſe*, Monſ. le Compte, replied I, making him a bow—*is enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met—*Pardi! ce Monſ. Yorick a autant d'eſprit que nous autres.—Il raiſonne bien*, ſaid another, *C'eſt un bon enfant*, ſaid a third.—And at this price, I could have eaten and drank, and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but it was a diſhoneſt *reckoning*—I grew aſhamed of it—it was the gain of a ſlave—every ſentiment of honour revolted againſt it——the higher I got, the more I was forced upon my *beggarly ſyſtem*——the better the *Coterie*—the

more children of Art——I languiſhed for thoſe of Nature: and one night, after a moſt vile proſtitution of myſelf to half a dozen different people, I grew ſick——went to bed——ordered La Fleur to get me horſes in the morning, to ſet out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the diſtreſs of plenty was in any one ſhape till now—To travel it through the Bourbonnois, the ſweeteſt part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up ——a journey, through each ſtep of which, Muſic beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their cluſters—to paſs through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures——

Juſt heaven!——it would fill up twenty volumes ——and, alas! I have but a few ſmall pages left of this to crowd it into——and half of theſe muſt be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The ſtory he had told of that diſordered maid, affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighbourhood where ſhe lived, it returned ſo ſtrong into my mind, that I could not reſiſt an impulſe which prompted me to go half a

ague out of the road, to the village where her pa-
nts dwelt, to enquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the knight of the Woeful
ountenance, in queſt of melancholy adventures—
ut I know not how it is, but I am never ſo perfect-
conſcious of the exiſtence of a ſoul within me, as
hen I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told
e the ſtory before ſhe opened her mouth——She
ad loſt her huſband; he had died, ſhe ſaid, of an-
uiſh for the loſs of Maria's ſenſes, about a month
efore——ſhe had feared, at firſt, ſhe added, that it
ould have plundered her poor girl of what little un-
erſtanding was left——but, on the contrary, it had
rought her more to herſelf—ſtill ſhe could not reſt
-her poor daughter, ſhe ſaid, crying, was wander-
ig ſomewhere about the road——

——Why does my pulſe beat languid, as I write
is? and what made La Fleur, whoſe heart ſeemed
nly to be tuned to joy, to paſs the back of his hand
wice acroſs his eyes, as the woman ſtood and told
? I beckoned to the poſtillion to turn back into the
oad.

When we had got within half a league of Mou-
nes, at a little opening in the road leading to a
icket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a pop-
r—ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and
er head leaning on one ſide within her hand——a
nall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Mou-
nes—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that
would walk after him.

in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied b
to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, ſhe c
towards her with the ſtring—"Thou ſhalt
"me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I looked in Mar
and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her fath
her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe utter
the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let
them away as they fell, with my handke
then ſteeped it in mine own—and then in h
then in mine—and then I wiped hers agai
I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions w
as I am ſure could not be accounted for
combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all
with which materialiſts have peſtered the w
convince me to the contrary.

—that ill as ſhe was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſhed it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket, to reſtore it to him, in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it; ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril —— on opening it, I ſaw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once——and returned back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Appennines——had travelled over all Lombardy without money——and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes—how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell—— but *God tempers the wind*, ſaid Maria, to the ſhorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and ſhelter thee: thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio——in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers, and when I had done, thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe; nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this, and

ſorrows—ſhe looked with wiſtful diſorder
time in my face; and then, without ſaying
took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the
The ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vibrate—
ment or two Maria returned to herſelf—le
fall——and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid
ſaid, to Moulines.—Let us go, ſaid I, toge
Maria put her arm within mine, and length
ſtring, to let the dog follow—in that orde
tered Moulines.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

THOUGH I hate ſalutations and greetin
market-place, yet when we got into the

in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza out of mine, ſhe ſhould *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!——imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds ——the Being who has twice bruiſed thee, can only bind them up for ever.

THE BOURBONNOIS.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myſelf ſo joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France: but preſſing through this gate of ſorrow to it, my ſufferings have totally unfitted me: in every ſcene of feſtivity I ſaw Maria in the back ground of the piece, ſitting penſive under her poplar; and I had got almoſt to Lyons before I was able to caſt a ſhade acroſs her.

—Dear ſenſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows! thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw—and it is thou who lift'ſt him up to HEAVEN—Eternal Fountain of our feelings!——it is here I trace thee—and this is thy "*divinity which ſtirs within* "*me*"——not that, in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, "*my ſoul ſhrinks back upon herſelf, and ſtartles* "*at deſtruction*"—mere pomp of words! but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares be-

for the disorder of his nerves. Thou give
tion of it ſometimes to the rougheſt pea
traverſes the bleakeſt mountains——he fin
cerated lamb of another's flock—This mom
held him leaning with his head againſt h
with piteous inclination looking down upo
had I come one moment ſooner!—it bleeds
——his gentle heart bleeds with it—

Peace to thee, generous ſwain!—I ſee th
eſt off with anguiſh—but thy joys ſhall bal
for happy is thy cottage——and happy is
of it——and happy are the lambs which ſ
thee.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming looſe from the fore-fo
thill-horſe, at the beginning of the aſcent
Taurira, the poſtillion diſmounted, twiſted

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil loſt a ſecond ſhoe, and from off his other forefoot; I then got out of the chaiſe in good earneſt; and ſeeing a houſe about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the poſtillion to turn up to it. The look of the houſe, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, ſoon reconciled me to the diſaſter.——It was a little farm houſe, ſurrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and cloſe to the houſe, on one ſide, was a *potagerie* of an acre and an half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peaſant's houſe—and on the other ſide was a little wood which furniſhed wherewithal to dreſs it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the houſe—ſo I left the poſtillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine I walked directly into the houſe.

The family conſiſted of an old grey-headed man and his wife, with five or ſix ſons and ſons-in-law, and their ſeveral wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all ſitting down together to their lentil-ſoup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promiſed joy through the ſtages of the repaſt—'twas a feaſt of love.

The old man roſe up to meet me, and with a reſpectful cordiality would have me ſit down at the table; my heart was ſet down the moment I entered the room; ſo I ſat down at once like a ſon of

the family; and to inveſt myſelf in the character as ſpeedily as I could, I inſtantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myſelf a hearty luncheon: and, as I did it, I ſaw a teſtimony in every eye, not only of an honeſt welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not ſeemed to doubt it.

Was it this; or tell me, Nature, what elſe it was, that made this morſel ſo ſweet——and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was ſo delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the ſupper was to my taſte——the grace which followed it was much more ſo.

THE GRACE.

When ſupper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife——to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the ſignal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to waſh their faces, and change their ſabots; and in three minutes, every ſoul was ready upon a little eſplanade before the houſe, to begin——The old man and his wife came out laſt, and, placing me betwixt them, ſat down upon a ſopha of turf by the door.

The old man had ſome fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*——and at the age he was then of, touched well enough for the purpoſe. His wife ſung now and then a little to the

tune—then intermitted——and joined her old man again, as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the ſecond dance, when, from ſome pauſes in the movement wherein they all ſeemed to look up, I fancied I could diſtinguiſh an elevation of ſpirit different from that which is the cauſe or the effect of ſimple jollity.——In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but, as I had never ſeen her ſo engaged, I ſhould have looked upon it now as one of the illuſions of an imagination, which is eternally miſleading me, had not the old man, as ſoon as the dance ended, ſaid, that this was their conſtant way; and that all his life long, he had made it a rule, after ſupper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice: believing, he ſaid, that a cheerful and contented mind was the beſt ſort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peaſant could pay—

—Or a learned prelate either, ſaid I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of Mount Taurira, you run preſently down to Lyons———adieu then to all rapid movements! It is a journey of caution; and it fares better with ſentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; ſo I contracted with a voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaiſe ſafe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honeſt people! fear not;

your poverty, the treaſury of your ſimple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your valleys be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midſt of thy diſorders, thou art ſtill friendly to the ſcantineſs thou haſt created——with all thy great works about thee, little haſt thou left to give, either to the ſcythe or to the ſickle—but to that little, thou granteſt ſafety and protection! and ſweet are the dwellings which ſtand ſo ſheltered.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the ſudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up——the horrors of getting down——mountains impracticable—and cataracts, which roll down great ſtones from their ſummits, and block his road up—The peaſants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing, before a paſſage could any how be gained: there was nothing but to wait with patience——it was a wet and tempeſtuous night; ſo that, by the delay, and that together, the voiturin found himſelf obliged to take up, five miles ſhort of his ſtage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road ſide.

I forthwith took poſſeſſion of my bed-chamber—got a good fire—ordered ſupper; and was thanking heaven it was no worſe——when a voiture arrived, with a lady in it and her ſervant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the houſe, the hoſteſs, without much nicety, led them into mine, *telling* them, as ſhe uſhered them in, that there was

nobody in it but an Engliſh gentleman—that there were two good beds in it, and a cloſet within the room, which held another—The accent in which ſhe ſpoke of this third bed did not ſay much for it——however, ſhe ſaid, there were three beds, and but three people——and ſhe durſt ſay, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters——I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it—ſo inſtantly made a declaration that I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an abſolute ſurrender of my bed-chamber, I ſtill felt myſelf ſo much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it——ſo I deſired the lady to ſit down——preſſed her into the warmeſt ſeat——called for more wood——deſired the hoſteſs to enlarge the plan of the ſupper, and to favour us with the very beſt wine.

The lady had ſcarce warmed herſelf five minutes at the fire before ſhe began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener ſhe caſt her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed—I felt for her——and for myſelf; for in a few minutes, what by her looks and the caſe itſelf, I found myſelf as much embarraſſed as it was poſſible the lady could be herſelf.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the ſame room, was enough ſimply by itſelf to have excited all this—but the poſition of them, for they ſtood parallel, and ſo very cloſe to each other as only to allow ſpace for a ſmall wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair ſtill more oppreſſive to us——they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and

the projection of the chimney on one ſide, and a large beam which croſſed the room on the other, formed a kind of receſs for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our ſenſations —— if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of them ſo very ſmall, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together; which in either of them could it have been feaſible, my lying beſide them, though a thing not to be wiſhed, yet there was nothing in it ſo terrible which the imagination might not have paſſed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no conſolation to us; it was a damp cold cloſet, with a half diſmantled window ſhutter, and with a window which had neither glaſs or oil paper in it to keep out the tempeſt of the night. I did not endeavour to ſtifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; ſo it reduced the caſe in courſe to this alternative—that the lady ſhould ſacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the cloſet herſelf, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl ſhould take the cloſet, *&c. &c.*

The lady was a Piedmonteſe, of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks——The maid was a Lyonoiſe, of twenty, and as briſk and lively a French girl as ever moved.——There were difficulties every way, and the obſtacle of the ſtone in the road, which brought us into the diſtreſs, great as it appeared whilſt the peaſants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now——I have only to add, that it did not leſſen the weight which hung

upon our ſpirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt, to each other, upon the occaſion.

We ſat down to ſupper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furniſhed, our tongues had been tied up, till Neceſſity herſelf had ſet them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, ſent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; ſo that by the time ſupper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourſelves inſpired with a ſtrength of mind ſufficient to talk, at leaſt without reſerve, upon our ſituation. We turned it every way, and debated and conſidered it in all kinds of lights, in the courſe of a two hours negotiation; at the end of which, the articles were ſettled finally betwixt us, and ſtipulated for, in form and manner of a treaty of peace——and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both ſides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to poſterity.

They were as follow:

1ſt, As the right of the bed-chamber is in Monſieur —and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmeſt, he inſiſts upon the conceſſion on the lady's ſide of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of Madame; with a proviſo, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimſy tranſparent cotton, and appear likewiſe too ſcanty to draw cloſe, that the *fille de chambre* ſhall faſten up the opening either by corking pins, or needle and

thread, in ſuch manner as ſhall be deemed a ſufficient barrier on the ſide of Monſieur.

2dly, It is required on the part of Madame, that Monſieur ſhall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre*.

Rejected: inaſmuch as Monſieur is not worth a *robe de chambre*; he having nothing in his portmanteau, but ſix ſhirts, and a black ſilk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the ſilk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre*, and ſo it was ſtipulated and agreed upon, that I ſhould lie in my black ſilk breeches all night.

3dly, It was inſiſted upon, and ſtipulated for, by the lady, that after Monſieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguiſhed, that Monſieur ſhould not ſpeak one ſingle word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monſieur's ſaying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myſelf ſhould be obliged to undreſs and get to bed—there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to deviſe; proteſting as I do, that if it is not the moſt delicate in nature, it is the fault of his own imagination—againſt which this is not my firſt complaint.

Now, when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the ſituation, or what it was, I know not; but ſo it was, I could not ſhut my eyes; I tried this ſide and that, and turned and turned again, till

hour after midnight; when nature and pati-
both wearing out—O my God! ſaid I—
You have broke the treaty, Monſieur, ſaid the
who had no more ſlept than myſelf.—I begged
uſand pardons—but inſiſted it was no more than
iculation—ſhe maintained it was an entire in-
on of the treaty——I maintained it was provid-
r in the clauſe of the third article.
e lady would by no means give up the point,
h ſhe weakened her barrier by it; for in the
ith of the diſpute, I could hear two or three
ng-pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.
on my word and honour, Madame, ſaid I——
hing my arm out of bed, by way of aſſevera-
—
(I was going to have added, that I would not
treſpaſſed againſt the remoteſt idea of decorum
ie world)—
——But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were
s between us, and fearing that hoſtilities would
: in courſe, had crept ſilently out of her cloſet,
t being totally dark, had ſtolen ſo cloſe to our
that ſhe had got herſelf into the narrow paſ-
which ſeparated them, and had advanced ſo far
to be in a line betwixt her miſtreſs and me—
that when I ſtretched out my hand, I caught
of the *fille de chambre's*——

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY,

CONTINUED

BY EUGENIUS.

VOL. III.

PREFACE.

THE following sheets are not presented to the public as the offspring of Mr. Sterne's pen.

The Editor has, however, compiled this Continuation of his *Sentimental Journey*, from motives, and upon such authority, as, he flatters himself, will form a sufficient apology to his readers for its publication.

The abrupt manner in which the second volume concluded, seemed forcibly to claim a sequel; and doubtless, if the author's life had been spared, the world would have received it from his own hand, as he had materials already prepared. The intimacy which subsisted between Mr. Sterne and the editor, gave the latter frequent occasion of hearing him relate the most remarkable incidents of the latter part of his last journey, which made such an impression on him, that he thinks he has retained them so perfectly, as to be able to commit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imitate his friend's style and manner; but how far he has been successful in this respect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work may now, however, be considered as complete; and the remaining curiosity of the readers of Yorick's Sentimental Journey, will at least be gratified with respect to facts, events, and observations.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY,

CONTINUED.

THE CASE OF DELICACY COMPLETED.

—CAUGHT hold of the *fille de chambre*'s——

"What?" ſays the critic.

"Hand."

"No, no, a plain ſubterfuge, Mr. Yorick," cries the caſuiſt.

"Yes, 'tis but too plain," ſays the prieſt.

Now, I'll venture my black ſilk breeches, that have never been worn but upon this occaſion, againſt a dozen of Burgundy, ſuch as we drank laſt night—for I meant to lay with the lady——that their worſhips are all in the wrong.

"'Tis ſcarcely poſſible," reply theſe ſagacious gentlemen: "the conſequence is too obvious to be miſtaken."

Now I think, that if we conſider the occaſion—notwithſtanding the *fille de chambre* was as lively a French girl as ever moved, and ſcarce twenty——if we conſider that she would naturally have turned her front towards her miſtreſs, by way of covering the breach occaſioned by the removal of the corking-pins—it would puzzle all the geometricians that ever exiſted, to point out the ſection my arm muſt have formed to have caught hold of the *fille de chambre*'s—

But we will allow them the *poſition*—was it criminal in me? was I appriſed of her being ſo ſituated? could I imagine she would come without covering? for what, alas! is a *ſhift only*, upon ſuch an occaſion?

Had she, indeed, been as much diſpoſed for taciturnity as my Pariſian *fille de chambre*, whom I firſt met with her *Egaremens de cœur*, all would have been well: but this loquacious *Lyonoiſe* no ſooner felt my hand, than she ſcreamed like a ſtuck pig. Had it contained a poignard, and had I been making an attempt upon her life, as well as her virtue, she could not have been more vociferous. *Ah Monſeigneur! —Ah Madame!—Monſieur l'Anglois—il y eſt! il y eſt!*

Such repeated exclamations ſoon brought together the hoſteſs and the two voiturins; for as they thought nothing leſs than bloodſhed was going on, their conſciences would not let them remain abſent.——The hoſteſs in a tremulous ſituation, was imploring St. *Ignace*, whilſt ſhe croſſed herſelf with the greateſt ſwiftneſs. The voiturins had forgot even their breeches in the hurry, and therefore had a leſs claim to decency in appearance than myſelf; for I had by

this time jumped out of bed, and was ſtanding bolt upright, cloſe to the lady, when we received this viſit.

After the firſt teſtimonies of ſurpriſe had ſubſided, the *fille de chambre* was ordered to explain the cauſe of her outcry, and whether any robbers had broke into the inner room. To this ſhe made no reply, but had preſence of mind enough to make a precipitate retreat into the cloſet.

As the explanation reſted upon her, and ſhe was unwilling to make it, I ſhould have eſcaped all cenſure of ſuſpicion, had I not, moſt unfortunately, in my toſſing and tumbling in bed for want of reſt, worked off a very material button upon my black ſilk breeches; and, by ſome accident, the other button having ſlipped its hole, the ſtipulated article of the breeches ſeemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I ſaw the Piedmonteſe lady's eye catch the object; and mine purſuing the courſe of her direction, I beheld what put me more to the bluſh, though in breeches, than the nakedneſs of the two voiturins, the hoſteſs's tattered ſhift, or even her ladyſhip's diſmantled charms.

I was ſtanding, Eugenius, bolt upright, cloſe to her, when ſhe made this diſcovery.——It brought back her recollection——ſhe jumped into bed, and covered herſelf over with the clothes, ordering breakfaſt to be got immediately.

Upon this ſignal our viſitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE NEGOTIATION.

As the ſecurity of the corking-pins had been ineffectual for ſome time, the Piedmonteſe lady, like an able negotiator, armed herſelf at all points, before ſhe reſumed the conference. She well knew the powers of dreſs as well as addreſs;—though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetoric inſurmountable. But here comes the *caffe au lait*, and I have ſcarce time to huddle on my things.

At Breakfast.

Lady. I wonder not, Sir, that the miſunderſtandings between France and England are ſo frequent, when your nation are ſo often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

Yor. Bleſs me! Madam, recollect yourſelf; it was ſtipulated by the third article, that Monſieur might ſay his prayers; and I have to this moment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your *fille de chambre*, by her extraordinary, and as yet, unintelligible outcries, threw me into violent convulſions, and ſuch as were very far from being of the pleaſanteſt ſort.

Lady. Pardon me, Sir, you have infringed upon every article, except the firſt, which was dictated by external politeneſs;——but even here, the barrier ſtipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your Ladyſhip will pleaſe to obſerve, that

the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourſelf, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady. But then, Sir, the breeches?

Tor. There, indeed, Madam, you touch me to the quick.——I acknowledge the default;—but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occaſioned you to lay violent hands upon my *fille de chambre.*

Tor. Violent hands, Madam!——I touched her but with one hand: and a jury of virgins, Madam, could have brought it in nothing more than the chance medley of ſenſation.

After this congreſs a new treaty was entered into, by which all poſſible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking-pins, naked *fille de chambres*, unlucky breeches, buttons, *&c. &c. &c.* So that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the harbour of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could not have been done with more political circumſpection: nor could one have thought it poſſible to have been evaded, either by deſign or accident.

A PROVISION FOR THE POOR.

NATURE! whatever ſhape thou weareſt, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or on the parched ſoil of the torrid tropics, ſtill thou art amiable! ſtill ſhalt thou guide my footſteps! With thy help, the life allotted to this weak, this tender fabric, ſhall

be rational and juſt. Thoſe gentle emotions which thou inſpireſt by an organized congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel;—inſtruct me to participate another's woes, to ſympathize at diſtreſs, and find an uncommon glow of ſatisfaction and felicity. How then can the temporary, tranſient misfortunes of an hour cloud this brow, where Serenity was wont to fix her reign?—No;—avaunt ye wayward jaundice ſpleens!——ſeize on the hypocrite, whoſe heart recoils at every forged puritanic face; aſſail the miſer, who ſighs even when he beholds his treaſures, and thinks of the inſtability of bolts and locks.——Reflect, wretch! on the ſtill greater inſtability of life itſelf; calculate, caitiff, the days thou haſt to live——ſome ten years, or leſs;——allot the portion thou now ſpendeſt for that period, and give the reſt to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reaſon joined, miſery would be baniſhed from earth, and every month be a vintage to the poor.

FRIENDSHIP.

Some over-rigid prieſt may perhaps imagine my prayer ſhould have preceded breakfaſt and buſineſs, and that then my negotiation with the fair Piedmonteſe might have been more ſucceſsful—It might ſo.

My life hath been a tiſſue of incidents, interwoven by the hand of Fortune, after a whimſical but not diſtaſteful pattern: the ground is light and cheerful, but the flowers are ſo variegated, that ſcarce any weaver of fancy will be able to imitate it.

A letter from Paris, from London, from you, Eu-ɛnius!——Oh, my friend! I'll be with thee, at ıe Hotel de Saxe, ere you have tarried the double ɔtation of diurnal reckoning.

THE CONFLICT.

THEN I will meet thee, ſaid I, fair ſpirit! at Bruſſels.—'Tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders.' What a conflict between love and friendſhip! Ah Madame de L——! the Remiſe door hath ruined ıy peace of mind.——The monk's horn-box recalls ou every moment to my ſight;——and thoſe eyes, hich view thy fair form in fancy, realize a ſtream hat involuntarily flows!

If ever I wiſhed for an inflexible heart callous to nxiety, and equally inſenſible to pleaſure and to ɔain, 'tis now: but this is blaſphemy againſt the religion of ſentiment, and I will expiate my crime. ——How? I will pay that tribute which is due to riendſhip, though it coſt my affections the toll even ɔf life.

THE CASE OF FALSE DELICACY.

WHEN I had embraced this reſolution, I began to think what apology I could politely make to the Piedmonteſe lady for my abrupt departure, and non-performance of the treaty I had entered into as far as Turin. If any part of our former connection had the appearance of being infringed upon, the inci-

dents and accidents which occaſioned the ſeeming infraction, might in ſome meaſure palliate the circumſtances; but here is a direct violation of our ſecond treaty, that was ſo religiouſly ratified. How then can the potentates of the earth be conſidered as culpable for the renewal of a war, after a *definitive treaty of peace*, conſidering the many unforeſeen and unexpected events by which the temple of Janus may be thrown open!——Whilſt I was in this ſoliloquy, ſhe entered the room, and told me, that the voiturins were ready, and the mules harnaſſed. ——Eugenius, if a bluſh be a mark of innate modeſty, or ſhame, and not of guilt, I will confeſs to thee, that whilſt my face was crimſoned o'er with the tinge of conſcious impropriety, my tongue faultered, and refuſed its office.——"Madam," ſaid I, "a letter"——and here I ſtopped. She ſaw my confuſion, but could not account for it.

"We can ſtay, Sir, till you have wrote your let-"ter."——my confuſion increaſed;——and it was not till after a pauſe of ſome minutes, when I ſummoned to my aid the powers of reſolution and friendſhip, that I was able to tell her, "I muſt be the "bearer of it myſelf."

Didſt thou ever, when in want of money, apply to a dubious friend to aſſiſt thee? What then were thy feelings, whilſt thou waſt viewing the agitations of his muſcles, the terror or compaſſion of his eye; or, ſinking the tender emotions of the heart, and turning to thee with a malicious ſneer, he aſked thee, ——"What ſecurity?" Or, wert thou ever enamoured with an imperious haughty fair one, on

whom thou hadſt laviſhed all thy wiſhes, hopes, and joys; when having at length marſhalled thy reſolution to declare thy paſſion, catching her eyes at the firſt opening of thy ſoul, thou ſaweſt indignation and contempt lurking in each pupil arming for thy deſtruction:—then, Eugenius, figure to yourſelf the beauteous Piedmonteſe collecting all her pride and vanity into one *focus*, with female reſentment for their engineer.

C'eſt la politeſſe Anglois: mais cela ne convient pas a les honnetes gens.

"This is Engliſh politeneſs; but it ſhould not be 'exerciſed upon decent people."

Why, in the name of fate, or chance, or fatal way, or what you will, ſhould the incidents of my life, the wayward ſhades of my canvas, draw upon a whole nation ſuch an imputation?

'Twere injurious, fair Piedmonteſe! But thou art gone, and may the cherubims of felicity attend thee!

OBSTINACY.

THIS was not the only difficulty I experienced from the alteration in my plan of operations. The voiturin, with whom I had agreed to carry me to Turin, would not wheel about to St. Michael, before he had completed his journey, as he there expected a returning traveller to defray the expence back. I in vain pleaded the advantage he would receive by ſo ſhort a poſt, and that he would moſt probably find ſomebody there deſtined to Turin.

No;——he was as obſtinate as the mules he drove, and there ſeemed a congeniality of ſentiment between them, which might, perhaps, be aſcribed to their conſtant acquaintance and converſation. All my rhetoric, all my reaſoning, made as little impreſſion as the excommunications and anathemas religiouſly and devoutly pronounced by the French clergy againſt the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than paying the double fare back, I at length conſented; and with my uſual philanthropy, began to impute this thirſt of gain, ſo univerſally prevalent, to ſome latent cauſe in our frame, or to ſome inviſible particles of air which we ſuck in with our firſt breath, as ſoon as we are uſhered into the world, with a ſcream of diſapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY OF EXISTENCE.

"THE ſcream of diſapprobation at the journey we "are compelled to perform."——This conceit pleaſed me, and I thought it both new and appoſite to my preſent ſituation; ſo getting into the chaiſe, with a ſmile of complacency at the mules, who for once ſeemed to have conferred all their perverſe diſpoſition on their driver, I revolved in my mind ſome ſtrange unconnected concluſions from the premiſes of my conceit.

If then, ſaid I, we are forced upon this journey of life; if we are brought into it without our knowledge or conſent; and if, had it not been for the

fortuitous concourſe of atoms, we might have been a tobacco-pipe, or even a tobacco-ſtopper—a goose, or a monkey,——why are we accountable for our paſſions, our follies, and our caprices? Were you or I, Eugenius, by ſome tyrant, compelled to be a courtier, ere we had learn'd to dance, ſhould he puniſh us for the awkwardneſs of our bow? Or, having learn'd to dance, ſhould know nothing of the etiquettes of courts, wherefore make me, againſt my will, a maſter of the ceremonies, to be impaled for my ignorance!——Heroes and emperors have been loſt in nocturnal imagery, and Alexander and Cæſar might have been bleached from exiſtence.

Conſider this, Eugenius, and laugh at the boaſted ſelf-importance of the greateſt monarchs of the earth.

MARIA.

Upon my arrival at Moulines, I inquired after this diſconſolate maid, and was informed ſhe had breathed her laſt, ten days after I had ſeen her. I informed myſelf of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was

Not a ſtone to tell where ſhe lay.

However, by the freſhneſs of the ſurface of the earth which had been removed, I ſoon traced out her grave,——where I paid the laſt tribute due to virtue; nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, ſweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is to be

numbered with angels, whoſe fair repreſentative thou waſt upon earth.——Thy cup of bitterneſs was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.——There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the ſweets, the pureſt ſweets of immortal felicity.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

AFTER having paid theſe ſincere obſequies to the manes of Maria, I reſumed my chaiſe, and fell into a train of thinking on the happineſs and miſery of mankind: this reverie, however, was preſently interrupted by the claſhing of ſwords in a thicket adjoining to the road. I ordered the poſtillion to ſtop, and, getting out, repaired to the ſpot from whence the noiſe iſſued. It was with ſome difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and intricate.

The firſt object which preſented itſelf to my view, was a handſome young man, who appeared to be expiring, in conſequence of a wound he had juſt received from another not much older, who ſtood weeping over him, whilſt he held the bloody inſtrument of deſtruction reeking in his hand——I ſtood aghaſt for ſome moments, on ſeeing this melancholy ſpectacle. When I had recovered myſelf from the ſurpriſe into which it had thrown me, I inquired the cauſe of this bloody conflict; but received no other anſwer than a freſh ſtream of tears.

At length, wiping away the briny flood which watered his cheek, with a ſigh he uttered, "My

" honour, Sir, compelled me to the deed; my con-
" ſcience condemned it:——but all remonſtrance
" was vain; and through the boſom of my friend I
" have pierced my own heart, whoſe wounds will
" never heal." Here a freſh guſh of woe iſſued from the ſource of ſorrow, which ſeemed inexhauſtible.

What is this phantom, Honour! that plunges a dagger where it ſhould offer balſam? Traitor, perfidious traitor! thou that ſtalkeſt at large under the habit of ridiculous cuſtom, or more ridiculous faſhion, which, united by caprice, have become a law ——a code of laws!——Equally unknown to our forefathers, unknown to thoſe we ſtyle unpoliſhed and barbarous, you are reſerved for this age of luxury, learning, and refinement; for the ſeat of the Muſes, the reſidence of the Graces.——Ah! is it poſſible? Are ye not the fair repreſentatives of Gratitude, which ſo often runs counter to honour, and her fallacious blandiſhments?

GRATITUDE.

A FRAGMENT.

——GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than Beneficence, muſt neceſſarily, from having ſo noble an origin, ſo divine a deſcent, be a perfect virtue.

I ſhall not, for my part, ſays *Multifarius Secundus*, heſitate to place it at the head of all the other virtues; eſpecially as the Omnipotent himſelf requires no o-

ther at our hand;——this alone affording all the others neceſſary for ſalvation.

Even the Pagans held this virtue in ſuch high eſteem, that, in honour of it, they imagined three divinities, under the name of the Graces, whom they diſtinguiſhed by the names of *Thalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphroſyne*. Theſe three goddeſſes preſided over Gratitude, judging, that one alone was not ſufficient to do honour to ſo rare a virtue. It is to be obſerved, that the poets have repreſented them naked, in order to point out, that in caſes of beneficence and acknowledgment, we ſhould act with the utmoſt ſincerity, and without the leaſt diſguiſe. They were depicted Veſtals, and in the bloom of youth; to inculcate, that good offices ſhould ever be remembered in their moſt verdant freſhneſs; that our gratitude ought never to ſlacken or ſink under the weight of time; and that it behoves us to ſearch for every poſſible occaſion to teſtify our ſenſibility of benefits received. They were repreſented with a ſoft and ſmiling mien, to ſignify the joy we ſhould feel, when we can expreſs our ſenſe of the obligations we owe; their number was fixed to three, to teach us that acknowledgments ſhould be threefold, in proportion to the benefit received; and they were deſcribed as holding each other by the hand, to inſtruct us, that obligations and gratitude ſhould be inſeparable.

Thus have we been taught by the Pagans, whom we condemn!—Chriſtians, remember you are their ſuperiors;—ſhow your ſuperiority in virtue.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

WHILST the unfortunate ſtranger was lamenting the deſtruction of his friend, he forgot his own ſafety.——Perceiving ſome horſemen at a diſtance, and conjecturing, that, having gained intelligence of the intended duel, they might, perhaps, be coming in ſearch of the combatants, I entreated him to get into my chaiſe, which ſhould carry him with all poſſible ſpeed to Paris, where he could either conceal himſelf till the affair was ſettled in his favour, or eſcape to any part of Europe.

My remonſtrances had their proper effect, and, with little father entreaty, I prevailed on him to be my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from the fatal ſpot, I obſerved the moiſture of his eyes diminiſhed, his boſom throbbed with leſs energy, and his whole frame began to tranquilize. We had not yet broke ſilence ſince my reſuming the chaiſe; when, finding his propenſity to make me acquainted with the cauſe of his misfortune increaſe, I politely, tho' not impertinently, urged him to the taſk.

THE STORY.

"I AM, ſaid he, the ſon of a member of the parliament of Languedoc. Having finiſhed my ſtudies, I went to reſide for ſome months at Paris, where I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman ſomewhat younger than myſelf, who was a man of rank, and

the heir to a conſiderable fortune, and who had been ſent thither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to eſtrange him from a young lady of inferior rank and fortune, who ſeemed too much to have engroſſed his attention.

"He revealed to me his paſſion for this young lady, who, he ſaid, had made ſo great an impreſſion on him, that it was not in the power of time or abſence to obliterate her dear image from his boſom. They kept up a conſtant correſpondence by letters: thoſe from her ſeemed to breathe the pureſt accents of ſympathetic love. He conſulted me how he ſhould act, and I adviſed him always to the beſt of my judgment. I could not pretend to diſſuade him from loving the lady, whoſe form, he told me, was the repreſentation of Venus: and, if it is poſſible to be enamoured with a portrait drawn by ſuch a warm admirer, that, ſurely, had the power of exciting all the emotions of the tender paſſion. I therefore applauded his choice; and, as our ſentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and grandeur, when placed in competition with happineſs, we conſidered the tyranny of parents, in compelling their children to marry againſt their inclinations, as the greateſt of all temporal evils.

"About this time, I received a letter from my father, ordering me to return home. As there was ſomething very poſitive in the command, without any reaſon being aſſigned, I was apprehenſive that ſome of my little gallantries, which, you know, are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myſelf for the journey with a contrite heart

and a penitential aſpect. I had indeed the more reaſon for this gloomineſs, as my laſt remittance, which was to have ſerved me three months, was exhauſted at the end of the firſt, and there was no poſſibility of travelling without money. But my generous friend anticipated even a hint upon the occaſion; and, preſenting me with a ſmall box, which he begged I would keep for his ſake, I found in it a draught upon a banker for a larger ſum than I required to perform the journey.

"As he never omitted any opportunity of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver a letter to her, as ſhe reſided in my father's neighbourhood, and alſo his picture, which had been executed by one of the moſt celebrated artiſts in Paris, and was richly ſet with brilliants, for a bracelet.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"It was with the greateſt reluctance I left Paris, and its various amuſements; but they did not affect me nearly ſo much as the loſs of my friend's company, as we had lived together upon the footing of brothers, and were by ſome called Pylades and Oreſtes. On my way, every ſtage brought me nearer, I thought, to parental reproach for my follies and extravagance, and I prepared myſelf to receive the ſevereſt caſtigation, with the humility and reſpect due from a ſon (a prodigal ſon) to his father.

"But what was my ſurpriſe, when, running to meet me at the gate, with joy depicted in his countenance, he exclaimed, "My ſon, this mark of your

" ready obedience endears you ſtill more to me, and " renders you worthy the good fortune that awaits " you." I thanked him for the kindneſs he expreſſed for me, but teſtified my ſurpriſe at this good fortune he talked of. " Walk in, ſaid he, and that " myſtery will be revealed." Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman, and a young lady; adding, " Sir, this is to be your wife."

" There was an honeſt ſincerity and friendly bluntneſs in my father, very different from the fawning of court ſycophants, a ſpecies of beings he had ever been eſtranged from.

" The young lady bluſhed, whilſt I ſtood motionleſs; my tongue was deprived of the powers of utterance, my hands forgot their office, and my legs tottered under me. Surpriſed at the ſight of ſo much beauty and innocence, I had not time to reflect, but found a thouſand Cupids at once ſeize upon my heart, and force it into inevitable captivity.

" As ſoon as I recovered myſelf from the conſternation this unexpected event had thrown me into, I paid my reſpects to the company in the beſt manner I was able, and was wiſhed joy upon my happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really taken place. It is true, it was impoſſible to view ſo divine an object without being enamoured; or not to have judged my lot completely happy, when my father's approbation had forerun my own.

THE INTERVIEW.

"DINNER was ſerved, when mirth and feſtivity reigned in every countenance, except that of my intended bride: this I aſcribed to her modeſty and baſhfulneſs at my ſudden arrival, and abrupt introduction. I took the earlieſt opportunity of being alone with her, to unfold my ſentiments, and acquaint her with the deep impreſſion ſhe had made upon my heart.

"Soon after dinner this opportunity occurred. Walking in the garden, we found ourſelves ſequeſtered from the reſt of the company, in a little grove, which Nature, in her kindeſt hours, ſeemed to have deſtined for the retreat of lovers. "Madam, ſaid "I, after the declaration which has been made, and "our happy introduction, with the conſent of both "our fathers, I flatter myſelf I ſhall not offend you, "when I tell you, that there is nothing wanting to "complete my felicity, and make me the happieſt of "beings, but your telling me that the alliance which "is going to take place, is as agreeable to you as it "ſeems to every one elſe. Oh! tell me, my angel, "that I am not forced upon you:—ſay, at leaſt, I "may hope to enjoy ſome ſmall ſhare in your af-"fections:——for the moſt earneſt aſſiduity, and "the moſt conſtant deſire of pleaſing you, ſhall be "the taſk of my whole life."

"Sir, replied ſhe, there is a noble candour in "your countenance, which muſt abhor deception. "Were I to tell you I could ever love you, I ſhould

" be guilty of the greateſt deception. It is impoſ-
" ſible."

" Heaven! what do I hear!—Impoſſible to love
" me!—— Am I then of ſo hideous, ſo monſtrous a
" form?——Hath nature caſt me in ſo barbarous a
" mould, that I am repugnant to the ſight, and de-
" teſtable to the faireſt and moſt amiable of the crea-
" tion!—If ſo"—

" No, Sir, you wrong Nature, and injure your-
" ſelf——your mien is graceful, your perſon elegant,
" your countenance pleaſing, and every embelliſh-
ment of art ſeems exhauſted upon you!—but it is
" my cruel lot"——Here a ſtream of tears ſtopped
her farther utterance.——

" Oh! Madam, ſaid I, kneeling, I beſeech you
" to hear the prayer of the moſt earneſt of your ſup-
" pliants.——It is not becauſe the mandates of a
" parent may ſeem to entitle me to your hand;—I
" ſcorn to force it, or have it without your heart:—
" but I beſeech you to endeavour to let me merit
" you, and convince you of the reality of my paſſion,
" which is ardent as it is inſurmountable."

" Heaven! what was my ſurpriſe, when uttering
theſe laſt words, I perceived my friend, my honoured
friend, ruſhing from behind the thicket, and drawing
his ſword—

—" Villain, exclaimed he, thou ſhalt pay for thy
" treachery."

" The lady fainting, he ſheathed his ſword to aſ-
ſiſt her. When ſhe was carried into the houſe, he
bid me follow him. Unknowing how I had offend-
ed, or by what magic he could be at my father's

houſe, when I thought him in Paris, I accompanied him. As we walked on toward the foreſt, he thus explained himſelf:

" Sir, your treachery to me I was acquainted with " a few hours after your departure from Paris; and " though you thought proper to conceal the ſubject " of your journey from me, the whole city echoed " with your nuptails before night. I accordingly " ſet out poſt directly, and, as you find, have come " in time to prevent your union with Angelica."

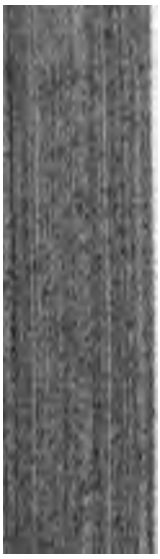
" Angelica! ſaid I——Heaven knows how un- " juſtly you accuſe me:—I was ignorant that this " was Angelica."

" Childiſh evaſion? ſaid he; this may impoſe on " fools and drivellers——but I muſt have other ſa- " tisfaction.—Have you delivered my letter and pic- " ture?"

" No;——it was impoſſible."

" Villain, villain!——No—you thought it more " prudent to recommend your own ſuit——I heard " every word that paſſed, and therefore it is need- " leſs to add to your guilt, by the violation of truth."

" In vain did I expoſtulate with him, to prove my innocence;—in vain did I promiſe to give up all my pretenſions to Angelica, and travel to the moſt diſtant parts of the world to forget her; he was inexorable.—It was impoſſible for me to convince him that I had not deceived him at Paris, or that I had not known it was Angelica to whom I propoſed paying my addreſſes. In a word, we reached the ſpot where you found us, when, with the greateſt reluctance, I drew to defend myſelf, after being branded



THIS affecting ſtory had preyed ſo m
ſpirits, and I had entered ſo deep into
ſtances, that I was very glad to ſee a lit
ſide of the road, as I ſtood in great nee
freſhment.

The hoſteſs, who welcomed us ſoon
tered, was a comely well-looking woma
neither old nor young; or, as the Frenc
d'un certain age;——which, by the wa
uncertain method of determining it: I
fore claſs her about thirty-eight. A C
taking his leave of her, and there was rea
from the ſanctity with which ſhe eyed h
been at confeſſion. Her handkerchief w
rumpled, and deficient in a few pins; t
her cap was alſo not directly upon the
head; but this may be attributed to th
her devotion, and the hurry in which ſh

" *neurs* in Europe; that ſhe ſhould therefore think " herſelf guilty of much injuſtice, if ſhe were to of- " fer an Engliſhman a glaſs of wine which was not " fit for the *Grand Monarque.*"

There was no diſputing with a female upon ſo delicate a ſubject; and therefore, though my companion, with myſelf, judged it the worſt bottle of champaign we had ever taſted, I highly applauded it, as highly paid for it, and as highly complimented my landlady for her *politeſſe.*

On our arrival at Paris, I ſet down my fellow-traveller at his old lodgings in *La Rue Guenigaud*, where he propoſed diſguiſing himſelf in the habit of an Abbé, a character the leaſt taken notice of in that city except they are profeſſed wits, or determined critics. He promiſed to meet me at the *Caffe Anglois*, over againſt the *Pont Neuf*, at nine, that we might ſup together, and deliberate on the ſteps neceſſary to be taken for his ſecurity. It was now five, ſo that I had four hours of lounging and lodging-hunting:——how then could I better employ my time, than in a ſhort (perhaps a long) conference with the agreeable *Marchande de Gands?*

In the firſt place no woman in the whole city, was better informed where lodgings were to be let; her ſhop was a kind of *bureau d'addreſſe* for empty hotels. This, indeed, I did not know when I entered her ſhop:——but why ſhould the circumſtance be leſs in my favour, becauſe I was not pre-acquainted with it? In the ſecond place, no female had more early intelligence with reſpect to the news of the day, and it was neceſſary I ſhould know if my friend's affair

had yet reached the capital: but this I was to learn with caution and addreſs; it was therefore neceſſary we ſhould retire into the back ſhop.

THE TILT OF ARMS.

PARIS AND LONDON.

PARIS—thy emblem is a ſhip;—yet thy Seine is not navigable.—Take London's croſs—(you may drop the bloody dagger in the ſtraits of Dover and Calais, to cleanſe its ſanguinary blade) and with it emblazon *Notre Dame*; whilſt thy ſhip ſails with the tide up the Thames, and caſts anchor in the port of commerce.

In which of the nine hundred ſtreets——I mean lanes—of this capital of the world——(for who can diſpute a Pariſian's word, who never has excurſed beyond the gates?)——I ſay, in which ſhall I take up my lodging?—But ſoftly:—There lives my beautiful *Marchande de Gands*.—Thoſe ſilken eye-laſhes! there ſhe is at the door——the nets of love fabled by poets are ſurely realized by them.——"*Madame, la for-* "*tune m'a jette encore une fois dans votre quartier ſans* "*y penſer——Comment ſe porte, Madame?*"—*Amer-* "*veille, Monſieur:—charmée de vous voir?*"

What urbanity in a ſtranger!—what a polite language!——and how happily expreſſed by a glover's wife!

THE BACK SHOP.

E had not made this retreat many minutes, be- e my beautiful *Marchande* had run over all the vs of the day. I was preſently informed of every h connection between the opera-dancers, *les filles nneur, et les filles de joye, avec My Lords Anglois les rons Allemands, et les Marquis Italiens.* The rapi- r with which ſhe diſpatched theſe connections, ld be compared to nothing but the torrent of the one, or the fall of Niagara. I had ſucked in more ıdal in the ſpace of ten minutes, than would have niſhed a moderen Atalantis writer with memoirs a couple of volumes. " But, ſaid ſhe, *à propos :* —have you ſeen any of our new manufacture of gloves ?"——" What are they?" I aſked——Upon ich ſhe took down a band-box, and produced a y curious collection. " Theſe, ſaid ſhe, are *les ds d'amour :* they were invented *par Mr. le Duc* ——. The cauſe was ſingular, and worth men- ioning. *Madame la Ducheſſe* had for he ciciſbeo Scotch officer, who had ſome eruptions of a par- icular kind.——You know, Sir, that that nation as a diſorder peculiar to themſelves, as well as ve ;——all countries have their misfortunes.—— Madame's *valet de chambre* told his maſter in con- dence, that he was afraid *Mr. le Capitaine* had ommunicated ſomething to her ladyſhip that he id not dare mention *Qui eſt ce que c'eſt ?* What s it, ſaid the duke ?——*Ce n'eſt pas la gale ?* It is ot the itch ? The valet ſhrugged up his ſhoulders,

" and the ducheſs entered. *La politeſſe* would n
" allow the duke to proceed upon an eclairciſſem
" with his lady; he therefore ſet about divining
" means to avoid the infection. He had heard
" an Engliſh colonel who had hit upon a lucky e
" pedient, in a caſe not unſimilar; but his nan
" which the manufacture bore, was ſo barbaro
" that it could never be pronounced with decenc
" he therefore called his device *les gands d'ame*
" and now they are in great eſteem throughout l
" ris. But I ſhould have informed you, the duch
" was never inoculated, and that ſhe died of t
" ſmall-pox a few months after. Her phyſicians,
" is ſaid, miſtook her diſorder; and having ne
" been in your country, and forgot that *la gale*
" any other diſorder, whether cutaneous or n
" might be tranſplanted hither, I hope," continu
ſhe, caſting a moſt amorous leer through th
beautiful eye-laſhes, which penetrated farther tha
thought it poſſible for a ſingle look to perfor
" that you'll be a cuſtomer!—you'll certainly w
" them when they are ſo univerſally the faſhion."

Saying this, ſhe produced ſome of various ſi
and patterns; but I objected to moſt of them,
being too large for my hand. At length ſhe p
duced a pair which I thought were near the ma
" I'll try them on, Sir;—but your hand muſt
" very ſmall to fit theſe." " It is rather warm n
" Madame; ſo that I believe you may try a l
" larger." She placed herſelf on my ſide, and w
both her hands had almoſt effected the deſign, wl
her huſband paſſed through the parlour;—who n

ding his head as he paſſed, ſaid, "*Fautes——fautes* "*——ne bouges pas.*"

THE EFFECT.

I KNOW not how to account for it; but I always found ſomething of a tremour come over me, when I was detected by a lady's huſband in private converſation with her, though in the moſt innocent attitude.——That ours was the moſt innocent in the world at this time, cannot poſſibly be controverted: ——beſides, it was a matter of buſineſs. Who could blame a female vender of gloves for trying them on in the back ſhop?

But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bon homme* had almoſt rendered the gloves uſeleſs,—My hand ſhook ſo (by what kind of ſympathy I know not), that it was unable to do its office: it ſlipt through the glove and fell from the fair one's hand. "*Mon Dieu!*" ſaid ſhe; "*qui eſt ce que* "*vous avez?*" To which I replied with much propriety,——"*Ma foi, Madame, je n'ai rien.*" You are ill, Sir——take a drop of "*liqueur;*" which ſhe immediately produced from an adjoining cloſet. The cordial was of ſome efficacy; but not ſufficient to remove the perturbation of my ſpirits, occaſioned ſplely by the entrance of the huſband: ſo that I had not reſolution ſufficient to undergo a ſecond trial of the gloves from her fair hand; but I deſired her to put up a couple of pair of the ſmaller ſize. She aſked me what colour.—I replied, black.——"*Com-* "*ment;*" ſaid ſhe, *avec des rubans noir, ſans etreen*

But the truth is, I had taken my meaſ
fore-ſhop before our retreat. I mean, I
a lodging; and as to the intelligence cor
unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not c
the compaſs of her knowledge. This muc
due to myſelf, and to my new acquainta

SLANDER.

I DOUBT not, from the good nature and
my former critics, that the laſt chapter
pœna'd againſt me, in the monthly Tri
thors, *without jury*; and that I ſhall be
by that Bench of Judges, ſuch as they
of high treaſon againſt the kindom of d
penning the ſame, though there is not th
ſtar, or aſterick, which in my work hav
alarmed their virtue. But as I ſhall be

THE OPERA GIRL.

T hath ever been a rule with me, to think the plea-ures of this world of no benefit, unleſs enjoyed. had two pair of *gands d'amour* in my pocket ſcarce- tried on——I went to the opera, finding, my ear Eugenius, that you were not arrived, and ſaw ademoiſelle *De le Cour* dance *a merveille.*——I eheld the fineſt limbs from the parterre, that could oſſibly have been chiſſeled by a Protogenes, or raxiteles. I converſed with the Abbé de M—— pon the ſubject.—He ſaid he would introduce me) her. I waited upon her to her coach, and had ie honour of handing her into it. She gave my and ſuch a ſqueeze, upon being informed that I as an Engliſhman, that I felt an emotion imme-iately at my heart communicated from the extre-ity of my fingers, which may be better imagined ian deſcribed.

She gave us an elegant *petit ſouper*, and the Abbé ſtily retired after drinking a ſingle glaſs. The nverſation had already taken a turn towards the nder paſſion; I was expatiating upon ſentimental licity, and ſetting forth all the blandiſhments of latonic love, when ſhe burſt into a loud laugh—.ying, ſhe frankly owned ſhe was not a profeſſed iſciple to my ſyſtem, and thought it would go down uch better with a ſprinkling of the practical.

At any other time I ſhould have been diſguſted rith the groſſneſs of the thought in a female; but t preſent I was diſpoſed for a frolic, and gave her a

this intereſting ſubject, Sir Thomas G
nounced. The ſervant attemptd to c
but finding it made ſome reſiſtance, a
cident bolted on the inſide, his confuſ
er than ours:—He imagining the knig
did not dare turn to inform him of th
b ut whiſpered through the key-hole,
" *Chevalier s'y trouve:*" the *gands*
ever, were come into play, and ſhe w
on *plus badinant* than even the *Marcha*
was when ſhe had brought herſelf to
fitting—that this fatal whiſper once m
ed the trial of the duke's noble inven
" *vous ſous le lit,*" ſaid Mademoiſelle l

Was ever eccleſiaſtic in ſuch a pi
ment! Sir Thomas G—— would h
glad to have ſeen Yorick in any other
Mademoiſelle la Cour had perſuaded

cury under all theſe diſadvantages, in ſpite of my teeth.

THE RETREAT.

It was finely ſaid of the Duke of Marlborough, that the only part of generalſhip he was unacquainted with, was retreating. Love has often been compared to war, and with much propriety. When I thought to have carried La Cour by a *coup de main*, armed with *les gands d'amour*, the commander in chief made a ſally, and compelled me to a moſt diſgraceful capitulation. "How diſſimilar to the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough! ſaid I—— "Can this ever be told in my Sentimental Journey? "——But I've not abandoned the place."——Juſt as I had made theſe reflections, La Cour put her hand down to the ſide of the bed, and I had an opportunity of kiſſing it without being perceived.

Sir Thomas having, as he thought, ſecured the garriſon, retired from his poſt.—To quit the metaphor——I had an opportunity of making a decent retreat, without danger, about four in the morning.

NOTHING.

"*About four in the morning!* ſays the ill-natured "reader.—What then were you doing till that hour "—with an opera-dancer, a *fille de joye?*" To which "I anſwer literally, *Nothing*. "No!——Mr. Yorick, this impoſition is too groſs to paſs upon us "even from the pulpit. What did you do with the

" *gands d'amour*—invented to avoid infection? Did " not Mademoiſelle La Cour reſume her application " to try them on, and make them ſit cloſe?—If ſo, " what was the event?"——Once more I reply—*Nothing.*

How hard it is, my dear Eugenius, to be preſſed to divulge an imaginary truth, or rather a falſity? If I were to be interrogated theſe ten years——I could add nothing to the reply——but *nothing! nothing!—nothing!*

" Poor Mademoiſelle La Cour!" ſays the ſatiriſt; —" you had reaſon then to wiſh Monſieur Yorick " had been *retrouſſe a mouſquetaire.*" But, Mr. Critic, this is *nothing*, *nothing* at all to the purpoſe.—" No more is this chapter," ſays the *Snarler.*

Why then, here is an end of it.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

TURNING the corner of the *Rue La Harpe*, upon my retreat from Madame La Cour, the morning beginning to dawn, I heard a voice from a *fiacre*, crying *hiſt*, *hiſt*, *hiſt*. This, to a theatric performer, or a dramatic writer, would, perhaps, have been a very grating ſound; indeed, were he inclined to ſuperſtition, he might have conſidered it as a foreboder of future d——na——n; but as I never exhibited upon the ſtage, or ever wrote a comedy, tragedy, or farce, the ſounds were not ſo very diſſonant to my ears as they otherwiſe might have been.

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbé popping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and

beckoning to me. "Heaven! ſaid I, what can this "mean!—He is taken up by the *Marechauſſe*, or "the *Chaſſeurs*, and is conducting to the *Chatelet*, "or *Bicetre*."——Not ſo: his honeſt landlord having given him intelligence that theſe gentry were in ſearch of him, and adviſed him to make a retreat, early in the morning, to avoid the conſequences, he was ſetting out for Flanders, to get beyond the juriſdiction of their power.

I was both happy and miſerable on the occaſion. —I was wretched, to think this unfortunate young man was thus haraſſed, for an event which he would have uſed his utmoſt endeavours to have prevented; ——but I was alſo pleaſed to think he would, in ſome hours, be beyond the frontiers of France, and out of the reach of her miſcalled juſtice.

In taking my leave of him, after a very tender ſcene, I could not help hinting to him, that ſo precipitate a departure, and ſo long a journey, might exhauſt his finances ſooner than he expected; and that as money was the ſinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purſe, I would call upon him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimburſement.

Had I gone through Flanders, the cupidity of a recovery of the kind would the leaſt have engaged my attention.

He replied, he had a ſufficient ſum to carry him to Nieuport, and from thence he would write to his friends.

Oh! Eugenius, thou knoweſt my feelings upon this occaſion. I did not dare preſs him, for fear of

offending a delicacy I myſelf was too ſuſceptible of. ——I retired with a flood of tears, as involuntary as they were ſincere.

THE CONSUMMATION.

My ideas were too ſcattered and eccentric to be compoſed in ſleep——I took a *fiacre*, and drove all round Paris. It is ſtrange that paſſions, which are the gales of life, and, under a certain ſubordination, the only incentives to action, ſhould at the ſame time create all our miſery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
And call their woes the crimes of providence?
Blind, who themſelves their miſeries create,
And periſh by their folly not their fate.

Juſt as I had uttered theſe lines (which by the by would have been more ſonorous, and of courſe more affecting, in their original Greek, and in the words of my old friend Homer), I perceived an inſcription over a door, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

Whilſt I was gazing at this uncommon information, my ears were regaled with ſome very pleaſing muſic, which was playing to a ſet of convivial friends at a dance. I ordered the *fiacre* to ſtop, and inquired whether I might not *faire noces ici.*

I cannot help remarking in this place, that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked upon in Paris, to be ſo equally inanimate, that it is the ſame expence to draw upon and run through the one, as the other: and alſo, that the performance of the *nuptial rites*, though much boaſted of by every married and unmarried man in Paris, prevails more upon the outſide of the walls, than withinſide of the houſes.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

"*J'en ſuis bien aiſe*, ſaid I; it ſuits the gloomy "habit of my ſoul, and love alone can remove it."

When the *cocher* had brought the maſter of the houſe to the door, and informed him that an Engliſh gentleman propoſed to *faire noces*,—the queſtion he put was, how many *ſoupes*, how many *tourtes*, how many *fricaſſees*, and how much *muſic*?

To which I replied, None.

Monſieur l'Hote ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and ſaid, "*Pauvre Monſieur Anglois il eſt gris.*"

THE TRAITEUR.

ALTHOUGH the price of running through a *cocher* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate) is ſtipulated to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traiteur* is a very ſerious affair, and might be attended with very ſerious conſequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* of killing a man in France, form a ſcience of themſelves, and are as uſeful a kind of knowledge as quadrille or picquet. Having made ſome ſhort ſtudy of

theſe matters, I judged it prudent only to *diable*, *peſte*, and *f——e* a little, and bid the coachman drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOYE.

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St. Jacques*, before I perceived a party of the *Guet* hurrying a young woman into a coach, whilſt ſhe was weeping with great bitterneſs, and imploring their mercy.—— Mercy! thou divine attribute, eſtranged from the brutal breaſts of ſuch violators of humanity!

As my coach paſſed, ſhe gave a look towards me, that pierced me to the heart.—I ordered my coachman to turn, and follow the vehicle in which was the fair priſoner.

It being now near ſeven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commiſſaire*. When they ſtopped, my heart panted with ſecret joy, on finding the houſe belonged to Monſieur de L——, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, while I was uſhered into the cloſet of the *Commiſſaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon flood of tears, ſhe wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I preſently diſcovered the features (though much blotted with crying) of my pretty little *fille de chambre*, whom I firſt met with her *egaremens de Cœur*. "Heavens! ſaid "I, is this poſſible! Do not my eyes deceive me? 'No—it is ſhe—My ſympathetic heart involuntari-

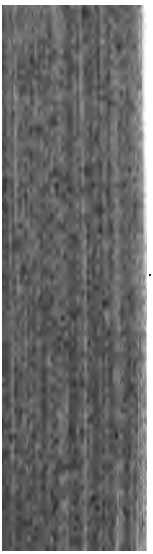
" ly led me to her aſſiſtance; and if Mr. de L——
" hath the leaſt ſuſceptibility of ſentiment in his,
" this unfortunate young woman ſhall not fall a ſa-
" crifice to——"

Juſt as I had come to this reſolution, the *Commiſſaire* entered; and after many compliments and ſome profeſſions of friendſhip, I ſeized upon the opportunity of telling him, he had it now in his power to convince me of the ſincerity of his aſſertions. He required an explanation, and I gave him one.

To this he replied, " It would be impoſſible to
" afford the young woman any relief till he had
" heard the allegations againſt her; but that if there
" was a poſſibility of mitigating her puniſhment
" without loſing ſight of juſtice, he would certainly
" do it to oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could perceive ſhe gathered ſome confidence from my preſence, there was ſo much innocence and unaffected ſimplicity in her countenance, that methought the *Commiſſaire* ſeemed ſomewhat prepoſſeſſed in her favour.

The *Guet* alleged againſt her, that there had been a riot at her lodgings, and that the neighbourhood had been diſturbed. She acknowledged that there had been ſome diſturbance, but ſaid it was owing to her not admitting ſome troubleſome viſitors, who had come to pay their compliments to a lady, who had before her thoſe lodgings. The air of truth with which ſhe delivered this, made the *Commiſſaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guet*, " he was liable to be pu-
" niſhed, for forcing the lady out of her apartments.



consented to, and they retired, leaving *saire*, their late prisoner, and myself.

When they were gone, the *Commiss* that "notwithstanding the step he had "favour, he was very sensible she was "her name being down upon his list; "she was a young practitioner, and "as yet ignorant of her profession, at "of Mr. Yorick, he had released her "ly recommended her to avoid coming "upon that or any other occasion."

I was greatly surprised to find she upon the *Commissaire*'s list, and my c much excited to know her story. We paying Mr. de L—— all the complime he was so justly entitled for his polite be I accompanied her back to her lodgings.

immediate reply: but when ſhe had recovered herſelf, ſhe gave me the following account.

"The day after the viſit I paid you at your Hotel, I was ſent by Madame R——, my miſtreſs, to preſent her compliments to you, and deſire to know when you propoſed waiting on her with the letter you were intruſted with for her from Amiens, being ſurpriſed you had not yet tranſmitted it to her; when I was informed you had ſet out for the South of France, and it was uncertain when you would return. Having carried back this information to my miſtreſs, ſhe flew into a violent paſſion for having omitted bringing it with me the day before, when I was purpoſely ſent for it; but then, by ſome unaccountable accident, we both forgot it. She hinted that ſhe imagined ſomething had paſſed between us of a very ſingular nature; and went ſo far as to ſay it was no wonder we had not thought of her or the letter, when we were ſo differently engaged. Such an accuſation, *innocent as I was*, greatly nettled me; and I believe I made her ſome anſwer, which ſo much diſguſted her, as to order me immediately to quit her ſervice. This ſudden diſcharge greatly confuſed me; and as I had no relations in Paris, I applied to a milliner who uſed to ſerve Madame R—, to recommend me to a lodging till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety and told me to make myſelf quite eaſy, as ſhe at that time wanted a workwoman, and we ſhould not diſagree about terms. Accordingly I carried my clothes to her houſe, and from this inſtant was conſidered as one of the family.

" My province was, in the forenoon to carry home the goods. As ſhe worked chiefly for gentlemen, and particularly foreigners, ſhe always cautioned me to dreſs myſelf to the beſt advantage upon theſe occaſions, as ſhe ſaid the men always paid the moſt generouſly, when they met with a *tidy* milliner. She alſo recommended me to be very complaiſant, and never to contradict them; " And," continued ſhe, " I do not know a more comely *fille* " in all the *Rue St. Honore*, or any that is more " likely to make her fortune, if ſhe minds her hits. " For," added ſhe, " there are but three female " profeſſions in Paris, which promiſe promotion: " Theſe are, opera-dancers, pretty bar-keepers *aux* " *caffes*, and milliners; but we have the advantage, " being conſidered as the moſt modeſt, and the leaſt " expoſed in public."

" Though I was not poſſeſſed of any great portion of vanity, I could not help being pleaſed to find my miſtreſs thought I had ſome claim to make my fortune; and as I had been a *fille de chambre* near four years without one tolerable offer being made me, except it was from a *maitre peruquier*, in *Rue Guengaud*, I began to think, that the loſs of Madame R——'s place might turn out a benefit to me."

I could not help interrupting her in this place, to inquire whether the *maitre peruquier* had propoſed honourable terms; and if ſo, whether it was pride, or perſonal diſtaſte to him, which had made her refuſe his offer.

To this ſhe very ingenuouſly replied, " That the terms he offered were nothing leſs than marriage;

" that he was conſidered as a man of opulence, and " ſhe thought him a very good match; that as to " perſon, he was remarkably handſome, having been " *valet de chambre* to *La Ducheſſe de L*——, and obli- " ged to quit that lady's ſervice, on account of a diſ- " covery made by *Monſieur le Duc*, who had been " for ſome time before jealous of him; but that, " upon his diſmiſſion, his good lady, as an acknow- " ledgment of paſt ſervices, had given him a ſum of " money to ſet him up as a maſter *peruquier*."

When ſhe had got thus far in her narration, ſhe was interrupted by an accident equally awful, alarming and tremendous.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

OF all the temporary misfortunes, calamities, and accidents of civil life, the greateſt is that of ſudden fire.——Its effects are ſo rapid and aſtoniſhing, that they not only frequently deprive an alarmed neighbourhood of all their property, and reduce them to a ſtate of beggary, but often diſpoſſeſs them of their reaſon, at leaſt for the time, and render them incapable of affording themſelves that aſſiſtance which they might otherwiſe have obtained.

At this inſtant all theſe horrors preſented themſelves to our view:——the whole range of houſes oppoſite to us ſeemed entirely ſurrounded by flames. Outcries, ſhrieks, confuſion, and tumult, at once aſſailed our ears.

Oh! Eugenius, what would have been the emotions of your ſympathetic heart, upon this occaſion?

——Might I judge by thoſe of mine, they would have been too pungent for reaſon and philoſophy to temper with prudence. I ruſhed into the midſt of the populace, and was giving all the aſſiſtance that my feeble frame could permit——exerted far beyond its natural ſtrength——when perceiving at a two-pair-of-ſtairs a female almoſt naked, juſt riſen from bed, rending her hair, tearing her beautiful treſſes, and imploring the clemency of heaven——I flew to her aſſiſtance, and, though the floor on which ſhe lodged had already taken fire, brought her off without hurt. I conveyed her to the apartment from whence I iſſued, and there procured not only warm wine, and other reſtoratives, but alſo clothes to cover her; for at the time I conducted her thither, ſhe had no other apparel than her ſhift. Her diſtreſſes had, however, made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on her, that ſhame, which at another time, under ſuch circumſtances would have overwhelmed her with bluſhes, crimſoned not her cheek, but left the lily to prevail with the utmoſt force of its pallid hue:—Alas! too powerfully;——nature ſunk beneath the oppreſſion of calamity.—I ran for ſome drops, and, by a ſpeedy application, reſtored her to life, and to herſelf.

" Where am I?——Surely in another world.—
" All things round me are ſtrange.—Are you in-
" habitants of the earth—or ſpirits of departed ſouls?
" ——or has it all been a dream, and am I ſtill in a
" *reverie?*——No——this ſurely is a room—that is
" a bed—this is a chair—and that a table: theſe too
" are clothes—very different from any I ever were

"——All around ſeem in equal conſternation.—Tell "me, I beſeech you, Sir, as you appear in a human "form, who are you, what are you, and where "am I?"

Having ſaid this, ſhe fell again into a ſwoon; and this relapſe ſeemed more dangerous than her firſt attack. I could have gazed for ever upon her angelic countenance, which indeed reſembled the picture of a heavenly reſident, and ſeemed then with a moſt benignant ſmile to be taking a flight to the manſions of her celeſtial abode. But this was no time for ſuch divine meditations; her earthly part ſtill required our aſſiſtance.

After having again ſomewhat recovered her, I thought it advisable to have her put to bed, and recommended to my female friend to take the greateſt care of her. This ſhe promiſed, and, I found afterwards, moſt religiouſly fulfilled; having taken my leave for the preſent to endeavour at giving ſome farther aſſiſtance to the unhappy ſufferers in the conflagration.

THE CASKET.

FROM an upper window I was called to, and deſired to hold my hat, in which I preſently found a ſmall caſket; when I retired, in order to return it to the proprietor after the confuſion occaſioned by the preſent calamity was over. I carefully conveyed it to my apartment; and on opening it, found it to contain ſome very valuable jewels, with a picture that made a deep impreſſion on my heart.——It was the

miniature of that divine creature whom I had met with at Calais, and whom I had propoſed meeting at Bruſſels—" Heavens! ſaid I, by what accident " came this picture here?——Surely that charming " woman is not now periſhing in the flames? For- " bid it, Juſtice! Forbid it, Love!"

I had reſolved upon retiring to reſt after ſo many fatigues—and had already thrown off my coat, and put on my night-cap, before I had made this diſcovery: but I inſtantly quitted my apartment to fly to the ſpot where I had received the caſket, in order to obtain ſome intelligence of the proprietor, and, if poſſible, by what uncommon chance the portrait of this lady was in it.

The fire was by this time completely extinguiſhed; but the agitations of my mind were ſtill as great as ever—If the original hath periſhed—Periſh that thought?——Diſtraction! Oh!—Eugenius, I flew, I ran, I knew not whither.

RUE TIREBOUDIN.

MISTAKING my way, in my great confuſion, inſtead of finding myſelf in the *Rue St. Jaques*, I found myſelf in the *Rue Tireboudin*.—" What a name!" ſaid I.——" It had a much worſe, Sir, ſaid my informer " before a great lady, riding through in her coach " and aſking the name of it, was told; which ſo " ſhocked her delicacy, that, from that period, it has [illegible] this comparatively decent one."—" *Draw budding*," might, in England, ſavour of a protention to baking, and a Sunday's deſſert.—

" Oh the roaſt beaf of Old England!——but in a " country where no puddings are either made, ba- " ked, or eaten, it ſeems abſurd."—" Yes, Sir, but " *Tire V***t* was a great deal more ſhocking; and " that was its primitive name."

THE UNSUCCESSFUL INQUIRY.

At length I reached the ſpot where the calamity had happened. Amidſt the general confuſion that ſtill prevailed, I inquired if any lodger had loſt a caſket of jewels;—adding, that, upon giving a proper deſcription of them, they ſhould be reſtored. But no perſon would claim them. I then inqured, if a lady reſembling the picture I had in my hand, was any where to be found; but this reſearch was as ineffectual as the former. No ſuch lady was known in the neighbourhood. I could not point out the houſe from the window of which they were thrown, for the walls were all levelled; and it was impoſſible to diſcriminate one houſe from another.

In this perplexity, I went to my acquaintance Mademoiſelle Laborde (for that was the name of my female acquaintance whom I have hitherto diſtinguiſhed only by being a *fille de chambre* to Madame R—). I acquainted her with the accident, and my diſtreſs at not being able to diſcover the proprietor of the caſket, and the ſituation of the dear original of the miniature.

But, how great was my aſtoniſhment, on being informed, that the lady whom I had conveyed to Mademoiſelle Laborde's lodging, had, as ſoon as ſhe re-

covered from her terror and aſtoniſhment, expreſſed the greateſt concern at the loſs of a ſimilar caſket.

THE DEFINITION.

I WAS ruminating upon the abſurdity of the name of that ſtreet which formerly bore a ſtill more abſurd appellation, whilſt I unfolded half a dozen pair of ſilk ſtockings, which I had juſt purchaſed, and which were wrapped up in an old manuſcript that ſeemed of very ancient date. It was written in old French, and upon a piece of paper that required ſome reparations to make it legible. I had at firſt conceived the thought of tranſcribing it; but recollecting it would coſt me little more trouble to tranſlate it, I ſet about it, and produced the following Engliſh tranſlation.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT.

"JEAN FRANCOIS DE VANCOURT, of Franche Comté, "by his marriage articles with Marie Louiſe Anne "de Rochecoton, of Champagne, doth agree, that, "conſidering the diſparity of their years, he being "now in his eighty-third—and ſhe in her ſixteenth, "and alſo the warmth of her conſtitution, and the "amorouſneſs of her complexion, to allow unto the "vicar of the ſaid pariſh all the rights of *cuiſage* and "*jambage*, in their full extent, agreeable to the juſt "claims of the holy church; and moreover doth "permit him to continue the ſame, in his abſence, "during the natural life of him the ſaid Jean Fran-

"cois de Vancourt. Provided, nevertheleſs, that "the ſaid vicar, upon the return of the ſaid Jean "Francois, ſhould after the ſaid Jean Francois had "pronounced in an audible voice, at the door of the "bed chamber, *Tire V——t*, three times, withdraw "himſelf, therefrom, and leave the ſaid Jean Fran- "cois in the full poſſeſſion of Marie Louiſe Anne, "his ſaid wife, any thing notwithſtanding to the "contrary that may herein be contained.

"—Provided always on the *part* of the ſaid Marie "Louiſe Anne, that ſhe hath a negative voice in fa- "vour of the curate, when the ſaid vicar ſhall be "above the age of thirty-five, or otherwiſe in her "opinion, diſqualified for the rites of *cuiſage* and "*jambage*, in their full extent; he the ſaid curate, "in caſe of ſuch election on her part, ſubmitting "to the ſame proviſo, in favour of the ſaid Jean "Francois, upon his pronouncing in an audible "voice at the ſaid chamber-door, *Tire V——t* three "times."

Having tranſlated thus much of this fragment, I ſhall leave the reader to make his own ſentimental reflections, after obſerving, that the good queen who ordered the name to be changed, ſeemed to diſplay more knowledge than delicacy; but it muſt be obſerved in her favour, that according to the Salique Law, a queen of France never wields the ſceptre in her widowhood, and is therefore glad of every opportunity of diſplaying her authority during the life of her huſband.

If this be not a ſufficient apology for a queen, let any lady of any quality or faſhion, from a ducheſs

down to a milk-maid, take both names (without the *Tire*,) and make the moſt of them.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Mr. G—— made his firſt trip to Paris, he had not ſtudied ſo much of the rudiments of the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders: he would confound them together, and blend the maſculine and the feminine in the moſt heterogeneous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Verſailles, remarkable for the ſmartneſs of her repartee, even at the expence of decency, the impoſitions he had met with upon the road from Calais, on account of his being an Engliſhman, and not ſpeaking the language with the ſtricteſt propriety: and he particularized having paid a poſtillion twice, who aſked him even a third time for the money. "*Eſt il poſſible?*" ſaid ſhe. "*Oui, Madame, j'avois decharge doux fois, ſur mon* "*vie*"—"*Beaucoup mieux*, replied ſhe, *que ſur mon* "*Con—te.*" The diviſion of the laſt word had the deſired effect, and raiſed ſuch a laugh in the gallery, that the king could not refrain aſking what they tittered at, as he paſſed along.

THE DENOUEMENT.

THE reader, I believe, was not appriſed, that Mademoiſelle Laborde informed me, the lady whom I had ſaved from periſhing, and had conducted to the apartments of Mademoiſelle, was withdrawn from

thence, and conveyed by her friends to another lodging which had been provided for her; whereby I was fruſtrated in my hopes of obtaining an eclairciſſement from that quarter, concerning the picture and the jewels.

Having diſcovered the lodging to which the frighted lady was carried, I was now flattered with the pleaſing intelligence concerning the fair original.

The reader may perhaps fancy that he has anticipated the unravelling of this ſtory, by pronouncing the lady, whom I was inſtrumental in aſſiſting, the identical original herſelf. But, to prevent any ſuch erroneous concluſions, I ſhall here inform him, that any ſuch anticipation is a groundleſs miſtake. Though there was a general reſemblance in their features, their height and ſhape were very different.

I waited upon her with the caſket, at the ſight of which ſhe expreſſed great ſatisfaction; and after having more gratefully than politely thanked me for the care I had taken of her, by which I had probably prevented her periſhing in the flames, ſhe informed me, that the picture was her ſiſter's, whoſe huſband was expected at Paris in a few days; and that he had ſent his clothes with theſe jewels, and a great quantity of plate, conſigned to her care, until his arrival; but that, unfortunately, they muſt all be loſt, except the jewels I had preſerved, as ſhe had not yet received any tidings of them, nor of her own clothes and furniture.

I condoled with her upon the occaſion, whilſt I expreſſed my ſatisfaction at having been inſtrumental

in ſaving two ſuch valuable objects——herſelf, and the portrait of her amiable ſiſter.'

I then told her, I believed I had had the honour of ſeeing her ſiſter at Calais; and that, from the converſation which paſſed between us, I had reaſon to believe, ſhe was not then in the married ſtate. To which the lady replied, "That ſhe had not been "married above ſix weeks; and that her huſband "was coming to Paris, to compromiſe a ſuit which "had been ſubſiſting between his relations and his "preſent wife's; this marriage having brought about "a general reconciliation of the parties."

This information, I acknowledge, greatly mortified me; and I could almoſt have wiſhed that the litigation had ſtill ſubſiſted between the parties, and ſhe had ſtill been ſingle.——But a moment's reflection told me, the wiſh was uncharitable, unworthy a ſentimental breaſt.——Far diſtant, then, be it from my heart, to deſire the continuation of another's misfortunes, even for my own ſatisfaction! Oh! the Remiſe door!——Heigh ho!——I could not baniſh the thought; and finding a gloomineſs ſeize on the converſation, I retired ſomewhat precipitately.

THE SEQUEL.

WHERE can a diſturbed boſom find repoſe, when agitated by the tender paſſion? A forſaken ſwain hath but one ſolace, another nymph more kind. My footſteps ſeemed by inſtinct to carry me to Mademoiſelle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in tears. "Alas!" ſaid I, "why ſhould Nature, in her fickle

"moods, thus make the very centre of gaiety and "paſtime the ſcene of miſery!—How contradicto-"ry how paradoxical! But why impute it to Na-"ture? ſhe cannot err."

"Mademoiſelle (ſaid I, after this reverie), it were "perhaps an unwelcome office, to requeſt the fa-"vour of the continuation of your ſtory, which was "ſo unexpectedly interrupted by the melancholy ac-"cident during my late viſit."

"Indeed," ſaid ſhe, "Sir, it will indulge my me-"lancholy, which alone I could not ſufficiently gra-"tify, with the ſtrongeſt retroſpect of my paſt mis-"fortunes; but now I am happy in having this op-"portunity of giving vent to my affliction.

"My firſt excurſion from the ſhop was to wait "upon an Italian Count, ſuppoſed to be as gene-"rous as he was magnificent. His *valet de chambre* "was rubbing his eyes, between eleven and twelve, "after waiting for his maſter's return to bed, not "having been home all night. The Count came to "the door, whilſt I was conferring with his man, "who informing him I had brought him ſome ruffles, "I was deſired to walk up ſtairs. Innocent then of "the deſign of ſuch a cuſtomer, I readily conſented. "The Count juſt glanced his eye upon the ruffles, "when, chucking me under the chin with one hand, "he thruſt his other into my boſom: This beha-"viour I thought ſo great an inſult, that, in my "paſſion, I gave him a ſlap on the face."——"Oh, "Miſs," ſaid he, "if you give yourſelf airs, I ſhall "teach you better manners."—"He rang the bell, "and his *valet de chambre* appeared."——"Now,

" Miſs," added he, " take your choice—fair means " or foul."——" I fell upon my knees, and implor- " ed mercy; but he was inexorable to all my " entreaties. The ruffian *valet* held me, whilſt he " ——————Oh ſpare me the bluſh of recollection!"—

" That I will, my little unfortunate! What a vil- " lain!——To perpetrate a deed by violence, which " perhaps by ſolicitation he might have obtained " with your conſent."

" Oh no, Sir," ſaid ſhe, weeping——" I never " would have conſented."—

" That, indeed, alters the caſe.—But then his ge- " neroſity—what recompenſe did he make you?"—

" Why, I was juſt going to mention.——From " the character my miſtreſs had given him, I ima- " gined he could not poſſibly have preſented me " with leſs than a hundred louis d'ors, conſidering " the difficulty he had, and the oppoſition I made. " ——I dare ſay an Engliſh nobleman would have " thought it very trifling."

" Very trifling, I can aſſure you; I have known " an Engliſh nobleman pay fifty times the ſum for " ſuch an affair, without having committed half ſo " good a rape as was committed upon you."

" Why, look ye there, ſo I thought;——and " conſidering what was paſt could not be recalled, " I thought I might as well accept the wages of " ——————"

" Of iniquity——"

" Yes, iniquity, I think you call it, as go with- " out them."

" Every whit—quite orthodox reaſoning."

"So I waited, and ſobbed—and cried, and wait-
"ed—expecting every moment a handſome recom-
"penſe for ſuch an inſult—when at length he aſked
"me, if I was a maid?"—

"What an inſult after ſuch an attack!——But
"what did you reply?"

"I told him I might have had ſome little *egare-*
"*mens du cœur;* but that I never had been guilty of
"ſuch a crime before."

"The guilt lay on his ſide, according to the opi-
"nion of all the caſuiſts in the world."

"There was much to be ſaid on both ſides, but
"this I kept to myſelf."

"But the recompenſe?"

"He ordered me to call to-morrow, when he
"ſhould pay me for what ruffles he had occaſion
"for—and would make me a preſent."

"Did you call?"

"Yes, punctually."

"Was you not afraid?"—

"No——I thought he could not uſe me worſe
"than he had done:——but in this I was miſtaken:
"—for he had decamped the night before, with his
"*valet de chambre*, and in the hurry had forgot to
"pay his loding."

"Amazing!"

"Not at all:——he was a gameſter; and the
"morning I ſaw him he had loſt his laſt louis d'or
"at the Academy."

THE ACADEMY.

"THE Academy! What; in the name of wonder, "aſtoniſhment, and learning, do they allow in the "ſeminaries of ſcience, in ſuch a poliſhed nation, "and ſuch a well regulated metropolis as Paris, "where ſcarce an obvious vice goes unpuniſhed: I "ſay, do they allow of gaming to a degree that can "ruin a man?"

"*Je ne vous extends pas!*

"I do not underſtand you," ſaid Miſs Laborde.

"*Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez dire.*"

"Nor I what you mean."

"Did you not ſay, the Count had loſt his money "at the Academy?"

"Well, and what aſtoniſhment can ariſe from "that? Are not immenſe ſums loſt there every "night?

"And are the police acquainted with it?"

"It is under their immediate protection."

"Impoſſible!"

"Nothing more certain."

"And what ſay the profeſſors?"

"The profeſſed gameſters are very well pleaſed "with it; ſometimes a run of ill-luck may break "them, when they meet with one as knowing as "themſelves; but this is ſuch a phenomenon, that "the Count's precipitate departure aſtoniſhed all "Paris."

"Pray explain to me the nature of this Ac-"demy; for I believe, after all, we are in a ſtate

" of ſome miſunderſtanding concerning it.—By an " Academy, I ſhould comprehend the ſeat of the " muſes, the garden of ſcience, and the vineyard of " learning."

" No, it is neither a ſeat, a garden, nor a vine- " yard, but a gaming-houſe licenſed by the magiſ- " trates, where gamblers may cheat with impunity, " if they can do it with dexterity, and where the " credulous and unwary may be ruined, without " remedy or relief."

" What a proſtitution of names!"

" Not at all: *C'eſt l'Academie de Grecs.*—It is the " Academy of Sharpers."

" If cheating be a privileged ſcience, I acknow- " ledge the title very proper:—but as it is one of " the occult ſciences which I ſhall never ſtudy, I " beg we may leave this ſeminary, that you may " purſue your narration."

END OF VOLUME III.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY,

CONTINUED

BY EUGENIUS.

VOL. IV.

A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY,

CONTINUED.

THE NARRATION.

"WHEN my miſtreſs found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, ſhe flew into a violent paſſion upon all exotic noblemen, except the Engliſh, whom ſhe allowed to be generous, honeſt, and juſt. "Well, ſaid ſhe, you ſhall to-morrow morning wait "upon Lord Spindle; he pays like a prince." A flood of tears prevented my anſwer for the preſent; but when I recovered myſelf, I told her I ſaw my doom; that I had already been raviſhed.

"*J'en ſuis ravie,*" ſaid ſhe.

"But for nothing," ſaid I.

"*C'eſt dommage.*"

"And perhaps I ſhall never recover my character again, as long as I live."

At this ſhe fell into a violent laugh, and told me, a woman's character was always well eſtabliſhed, in proportion to the number of conqueſts ſhe had made, and the number of gallants ſhe had duped; that, for her part, ſhe had conſidered the whole male ſex as her prey, and their fortunes as her property; and that if ſome of them had ſlipped through her hands, ſhe had made ſufficient amends to herſelf by thoſe who had fallen into her power; that in theſe matters we were to take the good with the bad, as in all affairs of commerce: and though the Count had broke in my debt, ſhe did not doubt but Lord Spindle would make me ample amends for my loſs, as the circumſtance of the rape was quite in my favour.

" *Eſt-il poſſible qu'on puiſſe être ravie ſi avantageuſe-*
" *ment ?*"

" *Oui, ſans doute, il y a des coups à faire dans toutes*
" *occaſions.*"

CANTHARIDES.

" THIS was a doctrine I could not comprehend. It was a new-fangled logic, that ſeemed repugnant to common ſenſe."

" I ſee," continued ſhe, " you do not underſtand " me; but if you will ſtep into my dreſſing-room " while I put on a little *rouge*, I will explain the " myſtery."

" You muſt know," ſaid ſhe, as we were going up ſtairs, " that Lord Spindle has for ſome time ta- " ken Cantharides; and that they have now loſt all

" their effect. Now, ſaid ſhe, if you had not been
" previouſly raviſhed"——opening the door of

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

" I SAY, if this rape had not taken place, what
" would have been the conſequence?——Probably
" you would ſtill have been in a veſtal ſtate.—I on-
" ly ſay *probably*, becauſe I would not deſire to pry
" into any young woman's ſecrets; and then, con-
" ſidering that Lord Spindle is entirely emaciated,
" he could not poſſibly have taken ſo much pains as
" a virgin's coyneſs would have required; no,
" nor—" [here ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of her dreſs was an impenetrable ſecret]—" but as it has ſo luckily hap-
" pened, your fortune will in all likelihood be made,
" if he does not die before he has——" [another interruption] made you a handſome ſettlement."

" An *intail*, ſaid I, you certainly meant."

" Doubtleſs."

" *Voila des coups certainement.*"

" *Oui*, ſaid ſhe, *certainement.*"

DOWN AGAIN.

THESE ſecrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a greater ſecret than all the reſt, which I ſhould not have divulged) duly adminiſtered, we returned into the parlour.

The ups and downs of life, ſhe told me, as we de-

ſcended, were ſo numerous in our profeſſion, that a woman of ſenſe ſhould always pay the greateſt attention to them; but that ſhe was in hopes, if I ſucceeded with Lord Spindle, my fortune would be made with very few of them.

THE BON MOT.

A FRENCH woman, let her be of what rank ſhe may, never omits any opportunity of ſaying a *double entendre*; and as the occaſion was ſo very favourable, it was not in the leaſt ſurpriſing, that this lady ſhould thus diſplay her genius.

A *Bon Mot* is literally a *good word*; with us it is a *good thing*: and, to ſay the truth, a good word and a good thing, often with the French ladies, concentre in the ſame point. This is no quaint conceit.——I have known a *Figurante*, at the *Opera Comique*, make four conqueſts with only *mon****——Here ſhe loſt a ſtar, it is true, by the language; but four ſtars were the object, as they were every one chevaliers of the Holy Ghoſt.

I could expatiate a whole volume away on the ſhame attending knights of ſuch an order being the knights errant of a figure-dancer, as arrant a ***** as ever wore a petticoat.

But I ſcorn to be invidious againſt Knights—even of the Poſt——or the ladies, let their profeſſion be what it will.

"The ladies are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Yorick; but what have you done with Lord Spindle?"——

Oh! here he comes in propria perſona.

of his breeches pocket, preſented me with it, and then ——————— I ſhall only add, I was as well qualified to keep in the veſtal fire after leaving his Lordſhip, as I was upon entering his apartment.

" He deſired me to call three days after—when he was dead. Pedagogus now made love in form, took this apartment for me, and gave me a decent allowance, till within theſe ten days, when he was taken up on ſuſpicion of poiſoning Lord Spindle, and is now in the *Bicetre*.

" After his proviſion ceaſed, I was obliged to have recourſe to other means, which I need not explain, and which have entitled me to a place upon the Commiſſary's liſt."

A REFLECTION.

THE reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull trite ſtory, from the moment he heard of Miſs Laborde's whimpering.——I hope he has been greatly diſappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim's Progreſs, or any pathetic novel that has been publiſhed within theſe ten years, and make himſelf ample amends for the time he has loſt in the peruſal of theſe pages.

N. B. If he be a tutor, I preſcribe him an ounce of Cantharides.

VENDREDI SAINT, OR GOOD-FRIDAY.

THOUGH no man holds the ceremonies of religion in higher veneration than myſelf, and though I would not for a *mitre* ridicule the myſteries, even of Popery, in a Romiſh country, ſtill there are ſome things ſo obviouſly ridiculous in its pageantry and exerciſe, that one muſt be almoſt a ſtone not to raiſe a riſible muſcle at many of their officials. I have no objection to bowing or kneeling whilſt the wafer paſſes in ſolemn proceſſion, and have myſelf ſoiled a pair of new breeches ſooner than *(faire ſcandale)* give ſcandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or their beating their breaſts at the elevation of the hoſt; and, permit the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit ecu* each, to kneel and kiſs a wooden croſs *le Vendredi Saint*; but I will not allow a profeſſed *fille de joye* to conſider it as inevitable damnation, beyond the power of all the orders of all the prieſts, the conclave of cardinals, and even the Pope himſelf, to abſolve her for eating the wing of a chicken on that day, and yet not refuſe to exerciſe all the functions of her profeſſion for ſix livres.

I paid Mademoiſelle Laborde a viſit on Good-Friday; and being ſomewhat fatigued upon returning from Verſailles, I deſired her to ſend to the *Traiteur*'s for a pullet and ſallad, as I could not reach my own apartments without ſome refreſhment.

FROGS NEWLY CLASSED.

" *Comment, Monſieur, mungez vous la viande le*
" *Vendredi Saint!*

" What, Sir, do you eat meat on Good-Friday?"

" I ſhould have no objection to fiſh, for that mat-
" ter, if there were any good; carp and tench I
" have been already ſurfeited with this Lent; and
" as to your *morue*, it can be equalled by nothing
" but the black broth of the ancients."

" *Mais il y a d'autres eſpeces de poiſſon; que penſez*
" *vous des anguellis et des grenouilles?*"

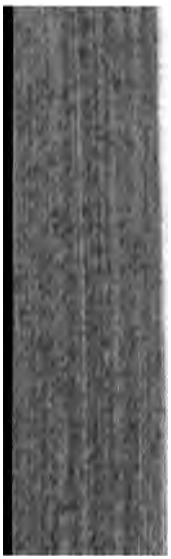
" But there are other kinds of fiſh; what think
" you of eels and frogs?"

" Frogs! ha! ha! ha!—Excuſe me for laughing
" —This is the firſt time I ever heard them claſſed
" under the head of fiſh."

" *Comment! la grenouille c'eſt bien du poiſſon, et ille*
" *eſt permiſée.*

" How!—Surely frogs are very good fiſh, and
" they are allowed."

" They may be allowed; but, in this caſe, I
" ſhould think the penance very rigid, if I were
" compelled to eat them, though you were to call
" them wild-fowl.—A frog-feaſt to an Engliſhman,
" is a very ſevere faſt."



day, unless I had a certificate under hand that I was ill.

" Look in my face!——Is not m
" a ſufficient certificate?——Beſides,
" cipe I had yeſterday from a doct
" bonne."

The *Traiteur* did not underſtand convinced it was right, by being ſo gible.

The dinner was ſerved; Mademoi would not touch a bit. She expecte her Confeſſor that afternoon, to prep Eaſter; and he would certainly deny in caſe ſhe ſhould break her Lent upo a day.

" Pray Miſs, do you reveal every
" confeſſor?"

" Every thing, Sir."

The caſe then ſtood thus:

	Deg.		Deg.
Religion	6	The Fleſh	7
Reaſon	4½	Appetite	16
Danger	3	Powers	2½
Conſcience	½	Object	53
Character	14	Opportunity	99
	27½		177½

177½
27½

Alas! alas! 150. What a balance!

How light are religion, reaſon, danger, conſcience, and even character, when oppoſed to the fleſh, appetite, powers, object, and opportunity!——

Pray, Miſs Laborde, draw the curtain; for I am quite aſhamed of the concluſion.

Gentle readers, male or female, or both united, how do your pulſes beat? Quick, quick, quick—— for G—'s ſake, draw the curtain too!

THE BLUSH.

PRAY, courteous reader, did not you perceive me bluſh in the laſt chapter?——I reddened all over. ——I queſtion whether the *Traiteur* would have taken my word, or even the Latin certificate, for my illneſs, under ſuch a ruddy complexion; and in this caſe all the cauſe would have been prevented: for had not the fowl contained the beſt of juices,

and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy,—neither *morue* nor *frogs*, though excellent fiſh, would have produced the dangerous effect.—Oh! how I ſtill bluſh at the repetition! my very paper is as red as ſcarlet, and I can write no more upon the ſubject.

THE RECOVERY OF COMPLEXION.

HAVING taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confeſſion approached; and Miſs Laborde had in my opinion an additional peccadillo to diſburden her conſcience from, though her abſtinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION.

CURIOSITY, what wilt thou not perform? My deſign was, to have retired directly home, and dreſs;—but meeting with a luſty Friar upon the ſtairs, a thought occurred to me——"Surely, this man muſt "be framed of different fleſh and blood than other "mortals, if, when Mademoiſelle reveals all her ſe"crets to him, he can have the reſolution to with"ſtand ſuch an attack upon the ſenſes."

I returned, and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myſelf to obſerve the fervour of the penitent's devotion.

How many Ave Marias!——how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a luſty friar! What felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! What an accident!

I had always an averſion to wooden beds, from their cracking:——they have often diſturbed me from the ſoft ſlumbers of ſweet repoſe upon the road, where, in ſpite of the virtue preached on Sunday—But ſuch an accident ſurely never before happened!—No carpenters will work on *Good-Friday* in Paris,—and the *gros Financier* was to be with Mademoiſelle at nine, an hour after confeſſion.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate.—Notwithſtanding the accident—would I had been a friar, a luſty friar!

THE GUINGUETTE.

I WILL frankly acknowledge, that though I never coveted or envied any man his profeſſions or enjoyments, either corporal or mental before, I could not get the *luſty friar* out of my head; and, had not a friend called upon me to ſee the humours of the *Guinguette* on Eaſter Sunday, I verily believe that I might have been mad enough to have changed my religion to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris, not unſimilar to White Conduit-houſe, Bagnage Wells, and the like, in the purlieus of London; with this difference, that inſtead of tea, *petits ſoupers* are given, and a bottle of wine is drank till they are ready. The principal amuſement conſiſts of dancing. As theſe places are chiefly frequented by the Bour-

goiſe of Paris, they are reſorted to by the greateſt number on Sundays, as public dancing, as well as plays and operas, are allowed on that day. This being Eaſter-Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than uſual, on account of the variety of new clothes conſtantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS.

THESE are a ſpecies of animals, who from a principle of falſe honour, and ſtill more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authoriſed to diſturb the repoſe and merriment of the citizens of Paris. They generally conſiſt of Mouſquetaires and Pages. Being trained from their infancy to the ſword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficients in fencing; and upon this ſuperiority in arms, they build their title to inſolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, eſpecially on Sunday, is the certain mart of their abilities: here they diſplay their falſe wit and falſe courage, and frequently paſs them off for genuine: however, the counterfeits are ſometimes detected, and ſeverely puniſhed.

Having, with my friend, taken a ſeat in the moſt retired corner of the room, that we might be unobſerved ſpectators of what paſſed, a couple of *Tapageurs* preſently entered; and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young Jeweller, who was with his *Sweetheart*, for the object of their preſent ridicule.

The young fellow was dreſſed very genteelly, with

a ſword, and carried no marks of plebeianiſm about him. But they knew he was a mechanic; and it is a rule with the *Tapageurs*, to chaſtiſe all ſuch as they call them, when they find them either in dreſs or company out of their ſphere. The young woman was very handſome, and, by the modeſty which was depicted in her countenance, was entitled to reſpect even from the moſt abandoned. But the *Tapageurs* conſider decency and decorum as vices which a Page or Mouſquetaire ſhould never be guilty of, and therefore carefully avoid committing them.

One of theſe heroes went up to the table where the Jeweller and his miſtreſs were ſitting, drinking a glaſs of wine; and, aſking him if his wine was good, without invitation helped himſelf to a glaſs: he then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to ſerve firſt his companion, and afterwards himſelf, till the bottle was emptied.

The young Jeweller bore all theſe inſults with great good temper; and calling for another bottle, told them, he was very proud of the honour of their company; and that, if they could not afford to pay, they were even very welcome to another, or two, at his expence.

"*Comment, Monſieur le Jouaillier, comptez vous* "*que vous n'êtes pas connu—Allez balayer votre boutique,* "*& laiſſez votre epée chez vous.*"

"What, Mr. Jeweller, do you think you are not "known?——Go and ſweep your ſhop, and leave "your ſword at home."

"*Je le ferai bien,*" replied the Jeweller, "*après* "*que je vous ai corrige pour votre inſolence.*" "That

" I will readily do, after I have corrected you for " your inſolence."

They now retired, whilſt the Jeweller's miſtreſs fainted away: however, by the help of ſome hartſhorn and water, ſhe recovered herſelf, juſt as her lover returned victorious.

The Mouſquetaire, vain-glorioufly trifling with the Jeweller, whom he judged much inferior in ſkill, happening to ſtumble over a ſtone, was wounded through the body. A ſurgeon was immediately ſent for, who was very doubtful concerning the wound. He was, however, put to bed, and all poſſible care taken of him.

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is ſo impartial in the diſtribution of her gifts to mankind, that ſhe neither overburdens ſome individuals with her favours, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes; but, by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reaſon to be elated, nor any to deſpair. For example; to Theſe ſhe gives great riches, with an unquiet mind; to Thoſe, a great ſhare of adverſity, with much inſenſibility. If the firſt with their wealth poſſeſſed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; whilſt the latter, if they united mental uneaſineſs with their ill fortune, would, doubtleſs, be highly deſerving of pity.

If then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other—the uneaſineſs of the former with the misfortunes of the latter——we

ſhall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, inſenſible of the evils of life, deſpiſes the miſer, who, whilſt he amaſſes wealth, is miſerable at the apprehenſions of loſing it.

Nor is this obſervation confined ſolely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their conſolations. The handſome woman looks with contempt on the ill-ſhapen female, who in turn, deſpiſes the beautiful idiot, formed only to be gazed upon. The ſwordſman conſiders courage and ſkill in arms as the greateſt accompliſhments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank entitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanic; whilſt theſe, on the contrary, maintain induſtry and trade to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus, in every ſtation of life, there is a conſolation and ſolace to be found: and, indeed, no rank is contemptible in itſelf, whilſt the perſon who fills it, acts in character.

THE APPLICATION.

HAD the muſqueteer conſidered this with attention, he certainly might have ſaved a life which was thrown away for—*nothing!* A life, that might have been of ſervice to his country, an honour to his family, and a bleſſing to his friends; but which was now a diſgrace to all.

May this *Tapageur* be hung up *in terrorem*, as a *memento* of the folly and vanity of a ſpecies of beings, who, it is to be hoped, will ſoon be extermi-

nated from the earth. Such is the earneſt prayer of Yorick!

THE OCCASION.

THE misfortunes which befel the unfortunate Mademoiſelle Laborde for her omiſſion of having aſked me for the letter to her miſtreſs, ſtruck me ſo forcibly upon my return from the *Guinguette*, that I reſolved to wait upon that lady the next day with it, and endeavour by what little eloquence I poſſeſſed, to induce her to take her *fille de chambre*, once more under her protection.

Whilſt I was ruminating upon the moſt effectual plan of operations, I accidentally ſtrolled into the Tuilleries, and, being ſomewhat fatigued, ſeated myſelf next a lady, who proving very communicative, we preſently fell into general converſation, and from general deſcended to particular: ſo that without any kind of ſeeming impropriety, I aſked her if ſhe knew Madame Rambouillet.——"Madame Rambouillet "(ſhe repeated)! *C'eſt moi même.*"

"Good Heaven, ſaid I, what an accident! You "are the very lady I propoſed waiting upon to-mor- "row morning, with a letter I have been ſo ne- "glectful as to keep theſe two months in my "pocket."

"*Vous êtes Mr. Yorick, donc;—et comment eſt-il* "*arrive que vous n'êtes pas venu me voir?*"

Saying this, ſhe roſe up, and ſeizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing to

take leave; but ſhe ſaid with a very imperative tone ——*" Il faut ſouper avec moi."*

THE TUILLERIES.

I SUSPECTED Madame Rambouillet's ſudden and abrupt departure from the Gardens was occaſioned by a ſpectacle, or rather a pair of ſpectacles, which, in a leſs poliſhed ſphere of action, would have been exploded, as erring againſt all the rules of decent optics.

On the left hand walk from the Louvre is a range of ſhrubbery that runs parallel to the wall, at about ſix feet diſtance, and which in ſummer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which, obſcenities of any ſpecies may be committed, unobſerved by the company in the Gardens; but in winter and ſpring, every thing performed behind this ſhrubbery is as much expoſed as if done in any other part of the Tuilleries.

Having aſcertained the topography of this retreat, I ſhall now point out its uſes.

There are two Goddeſſes, whoſe numerous votaries conſider it as the higheſt inſult to theſe Divinities to expoſe the devotions they pay to them; the moſt recluſe retreats, therefore, are conſtantly choſen for theſe oblations. But, by a ſtrange effect of French vivacity, the Pariſians forget the ſeaſons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a ſingle leaf yet diſcloſed, to conceal the rites which two devotees of one Goddeſs were at this time performing.

THE MISTAKE.

ALTHOUGH I had ſuppoſed this exhibition had ſhocked the delicacy of Madame Rambouillet ſo much as to render any longer ſtay in the Gardens impracticable, I was afterwards thoroughly convinced that French *politeſſe* does not extend to ſuch niceties. Her hurry was occaſioned by her impatience to aſk me a hundred queſtions, without giving me time to anſwer one, though fully ſatisfied with my replies. She accordingly took her leave of Madam de la Garde, at the Great Gate, telling her ſhe ſhould drink chocolate with her to-morrow—— and adding, " *J'ai quelques affaires avec ce Monſieur* " *—Vous m'excuſerez.*"

THE ATTEMPT.

WHEN I imagined Madame Rambouillet's curioſity had been pretty well gratified, I thought it was a favourable opportunity to plead for Mademoiſelle Laborde.

" Pray, Madam, had not you a chamber-maid " whom you ſent to my apartments for the letter " which I have now delivered!——Does ſhe live " with you ſtill?"

" *Ah, la coquine! Elle a fait bien des faux pas: non,* " *Monſieur, elle eſt ſur le pave même.*"

" Oh, the huſſy! ſhe has made many ſlips; and, " Sir, ſhe even walks the ſtreets.

This does not look like a reconciliation; I muſt change my battery.

" Indeed, I am ſorry to hear it. I hope ſhe is " not irreclaimable——How came you to part with " her!"

" *Je crains, Monſieur, que vous y aviez un peu " part.*"

—" I fear, Sir, you had ſome ſhare in it."

" Then, Madam, pray let me plead for her. Re- " ſtore her to your favour; forget her paſt errors; " and I will be bound for her future good beha- " viour. I have heard her ſtory; and ſhe is to be " pitied."

Finding I had made ſome impreſſion upon Madame Rambouillet in her favour, I told her ſtory to the beſt advantage. She was greatly ſurpriſed at the turpitude of her milliner; and in her paſſion, though a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering.

" *Ah! la villaine bou——greſſe!*"

Now was my time: her paſſions were ſet on float; her pity began to move; and, if her compaſſion were once under ſail, I hoped I ſhould quickly bring her to anchor in the harbour of Forgiveneſs. The port was in view, and a favourable gale ſprung up.

THE PENITENT.

It is certainly true, there is more joy on earth, as well as in Heaven, at bringing back one ſtrayed ſheep, than keeping in order the reſt of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to reſtore Miſs La-

borde to her favour, on condition ſhe would unfold all the miſdeeds of her milliner, and depoſe them before a *Commiſſaire*, that ſhe might be dealt with according to law. This ſhe was eaſily prevailed upon to perform; and Madame la Roche's houſe was the next day beſet by the *Archers*.

THE BICETRE.

A DEPOSITION upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profeſſion of a procureſs, is ſufficient to entitle her to a place in the *Bicetre*. In conſequence, therefore, of Mademoiſelle Laborde's declaration, Madame la Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted thither, where I ſhall leave them to their own reflections, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE.

I BEG leave, in this place, to correct a miſtake which ſlipt into the firſt volume of my Sentimental Journey (p. 71), as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a Traveller, and particularly a Sentimental one, ought to be very correct. The paſſage is this:

" Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance
" of about ſix weeks with her, had done me the ho-
" nour to take me in her coach about two leagues out
" of town. Of all women, Madame de Rambouil-
" let is the moſt correct; and I never wiſh to ſee
" one of more virtues and purity of heart. In our
" return back, Madame de Rambouillet deſired me

"to pull the cord: I aſked her if ſhe wanted any "thing? *Rien que piſſer*, ſaid Madame de Rambouil-"let."

The fact is certain, and therefore remains in its full force; but the time when, and the place where, require ſome amendment.

It was only one week after I firſt met her in the Tuilleries; and the circumſtance happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*,

This will alſo rectify the anachroniſm of my firſt acquaintance with Madame de Rambouillet; which ſhould not have been placed till after my return from the South of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR.

THE *Pet en l'Air* is once more a faſhionable dreſs among the Engliſh ladies, and therefore requires no definition; its etymology will be ſet forth in this chapter.

Madame Pompadour riding through *le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*, the firſt day ſhe wore this dreſs (which was invented by her, and had not yet been chriſtened), in company with Mademoiſelle la Tour, one of her waiting maids, or rather ſervile companions, by ſome accident gave vent to ſome confined air, according to Hudibras, the natural way. The ludicrouſneſs of the accident occaſioned her to burſt into a loud laugh, and exclaim, "That ſhall be the name "of my new dreſs;", and from that time a ſhort ſack and petticoat were called a *Pet en l'Air*.

A ſimilarity of circumſtances produces a ſimilarity

of ſentiments. When Madame de Rambouillet alighted *rein que piſſer*, ſhe was better than her word; and, upon reſuming her ſeat, with a laugh, ſaid, "*C'eſt ne pet pas en l'air, mais dans le Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire.*"

Such critical juſtneſs, in ſo light a conceit, muſt certainly ſet her judgment in the moſt favourable point of light; and though the thought might be originally Madame de Pompadour's, this lady's improvement upon it is at leaſt equal to the primitive ſentiment.

Three learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this ſentence.

THE CONCATENATION.

I DARE ſay the reader was not a little diſappointed, upon Mademoiſelle Laborde's reſuming her ſtory, to find that the concatenation was entirely deſtroyed, and that no mention was made of her lover the *Peruquier*, who had propoſed a connubial connection in the moſt honourable and ſerious way, and who was ſo well ſituated in buſineſs, and ſo agreeable a man, that he ſeemed every way qualified to render the marriage ſtate completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of chaſm in this part of her narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

"Pray, Mademoiſelle," ſaid I, as we were ſitting together at Madame Rambouillet's during her abſence, "*à propos*," (though by-the-by, it was no more *à propos* than any one thing the moſt foreign in the

world, that might have been lugged in head and ſhoulders) "*à propos*, Miſs Laborde; you never told "me what became of your lover the *Peruquier?*"

"Good heavens! no more I did: I quite forgot "him. I was ſo taken up with the Italian Marquis, "and Lord Spindle, he never once entered my head. "——Poor man! Heigh-ho!"

"What makes you ſigh and call him *poor* man? "I thought he was in very good circumſtances."

"Yes, his circumſtances were very well, for the "matter of that; but he was very imprudent. He "was twice cited to appear before the company of "Barber-Surgeons, and mulcted for not being li- "cenſed; and yet he was ſo indiſcreet as ſet them "at defiance, and the third time was committed to "priſon, where I believe he ſtill remains.

"What, could not the ducheſs his patroneſs re- "lieve him?"

"She did not chooſe to appear in ſuch an affair "publicly.—Beſides, I believe by this time ſhe had "pretty well forgot him and his ſervices. An Iriſh "colonel had for ſome time ſupplied his place ſo ef- "fectually, that there were ſome hopes of an heir "to that noble family, after her Grace had been "married eleven years without iſſue."

"And ſo the poor fellow is to rot in jail, becauſe "the Iriſh colonel has ſo effectually ſerved this noble "family! Forbid it, Juſtice! Forbid it, Mercy!

THE INTERCESSION.

THE next morning having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the maſter of the company of Barber-Surgeons, propoſing to pay all the expences attending his impriſonment, and to find ſureties for his never treſpaſſing again. In this letter I mentioned the Count de B——'s name, to whom I alſo communicated the affair; and received a very polite anſwer, in which I was informed, Tournelle's confinement was more owing to his obſtinacy, in not ſubmitting to the conceſſions preſcribed him, than to any incapacity of paying the fees, or taking up a licenſe.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found in very good ſpirits, relying upon the ducheſs's protection, upon her return from the country, where he had been informed ſhe had reſided for ſome time paſt. I had ſome difficulty at firſt to convince him of his error in this reſpect; but when I mentioned to him the Iriſh colonel, who had been one of his cuſtomers, and the other circumſtances attending his connections with the ducheſs; and added, that, to my certain knowledge, ſhe had not been a night abſent from Paris theſe two months, he lowered his tone, and very ſubmiſſively entreated my interceſſion.

I then told him the terms upon which I would obtain his liberty, and reimburſe all the expences which this affair had occaſioned.

This was his marriage with Mademoiſelle Laborde. To this he readily conſented, ſaying, ſhe was the on-

ly woman he had ever really loved; and that I could not propoſe to him a more agreeable match; as he certainly ſhould have married her before this time, if he had not been prevented by his confinement.

DOUBTS.

CASUISTS and theologians will, perhaps, oppoſe their doctrines to my conduct, and pronounce the part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather Jeſuitical.——I had my doubts.

Whether this man may not be happy united to a woman, who though ſhe has been guilty of errors, is conſcious of them, and ſeems perfectly penitent?

Or,

Whether, by informing him of the real ſtate of her conduct, I may not make him miſerable, and prevent an union which might make them both contented?

All her public errors had been committed, whilſt he was eſtranged from the world: and ignorance in this reſpect was to him virtue on her behalf;—But then the powers of Malice—

On eagle's wings immortal ſcandals fly,
Whilſt virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE RESOLUTION.

I ACQUAINTED Madame de Rambouillet with all the ſteps I had taken, and conſulted with her which was the moſt eligible way of proceeding. She ſaid the

would ſend for him to dreſs her; and whilſt ſhe was under the operation, ſhe would introduce a converſation, wherein a ſimilar character to Mademoiſelle Laborde's ſhould be preſented to his opinion; and, if he thought ſuch a woman a proper candidate for matrimony, no intelligence he might afterwards receive from the ſlanderous world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION.

HAIR-DRESSING is now ſo prevalent all over Europe, and even America (for many an *honeſt Peruquier* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe), that it does not ſeem in the leaſt ridiculous for a man, much leſs a lady, to ſit a couple of hours to have their heads tortured with hot irons. Chriſtian charity upon this occaſion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole——for burning is a horrid death.

Two hours are nothing. I am abſolutely too modeſt. A French lady would be aſhamed to retire from her toilet in three. This ſurely then was a ſufficient period to diſcuſs the matters in point—— Madame de Rambouillet's head, and Mademoiſelle Laborde's—character.

THE CONVERSATION.

MADAME DE RAMBOUILLET.

IS it poſſible, then, you could admire a woman after ſhe had been guilty of a faux pas with another man.

Tournelle. That, Madame, would depend entirely on circumſtances.

Madame. What circumſtances are thoſe?

Tour. Firſt, Whether ſhe had given him the preference by choice; whether ſhe was compelled; or whether neceſſity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So then, in either of theſe caſes, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved!

Tour. Provided her future conduct ſtrongly teſtified that her ſentiments were not contaminated; and that her paſt behaviour would ſerve her as a beacon, to avoid the ſhoals which ſo many females ſplit upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was ſatisfied that neceſſity had compelled her, and that ſhe was perfectly reclaimed?

Tour. The number, Madame, I think of no conſequence in this caſe: the ſentiment and preſent diſpoſition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying a woman under ſuch circumſtances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enough, to have wedded her, I ſuppoſe I ſhould be blind enough to her paſt failings; and, perhaps, vain enough to think that her future huſband might reform her into an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good ſenſe; and, if half the Pariſian huſbands had reaſoned with as much juſtice towards their wives, I believe there would not be half the number of cuckolds or cuckold-makers. ——Bleſs me! you have burnt off a curl, a capital curl! What muſt be done?

Tour. Que Diable! This comes of marriage—— But I can ſoon rectify the deficiency of the *outſide* of a lady's head, be it ever ſo great.——I will run immediately for my laſt new invented *tete*; which, I am ſure, Madame, you will approve of.

Madame. "*Ah! Monſieur Tournelle, il n'y a pas* "*moyen.*"

Tour. "*N'ayez pas peur—je retournerai dans l'in-* "*ſtant.*"

THE MARRIAGE.

I WOULD not have the reader, let him be ever ſo ſuperſtitious, imagine that this accident was any way ominous: for I can aſſure him, that to this hour I do not know any one thing which hath occurred, that could in any reſpect be ſuppoſed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very ſhortly: I gave away Mademoiſelle Laborde, now Madame *St. Honore*, or even *Renomme*.

What can I ſay more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the chriſtening, I am to ſtand godfather; if not, I ſhall be ſponſor by proxy.

N. B. Monſ. Tournelle ſtrenuouſly objected to the clerical claims of *cuiſage* and *jambage*.—But he did not reſide in *la Rue Tireboddin*.

MYSELF.

HAVING thus cleanly, honeſtly, morally, and *almoſt* virtuouſly, got Mademoiſelle Larborde off my hands, I have nobody now to mind but myſelf.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I ſhould pay ſome attention to Madame de Rambouillet, the Count de B——, the Merchande de gands d'amour, the Marquis de B***, Monſieur P——, the Farmer General, Madame de G——, Madame de V——, Monſieur D——, the Abbé M——, the Count de Faineant, and all the reſt of my Pariſian acquaintance. To this I ſay, *No.*

Myſelf—is what I have not for ſome months looked into——With this Being I muſt now converſe; leaving the frivolity of *petits maitres* to be gratified with all their unſubſtantial enjoyments—their ideal pleaſures.

How ſtands the great account between me and reaſon? Some hath been paid, but much more ſtill is due.—A long, long reckoning.—Alas! when ſhall I ſtrike a balance?

O, my Eugenius! when we reflect upon the quick tranſition of Time, the ridiculous goals of ſo great a part of the courſe of life, its ſhort duration, the phantoms we purſue, the ſhadows that we graſp, I bluſh to take a view of myſelf, and would procraſtinate a ſcrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY.

How magnificent are your altars! how numerous your votaries! How great your ſacrifices!

THE VISIT.

WHEN I had got thus far in this moral ſelf-diſquiſition, I heard a carriage ſtop at the door, and looking from the window, perceived the Count de B—— inquiring for Monſieur Yorick, or Monſieur Sterne. He ſaw me at the window, and inſtantly alighted.

He came up ſtairs, with much ſeeming ſatisfaction in his countenance upon finding me at home; he ſaid he had had ſome difficulty in diſcovering my place of abode; that nobody knew Monſieur Yorick; and that, had he not luckily met with the celebrated Mr. W———es upon the Pont Neuf, he ſhould never have thought of inquiring for Mr. Sterne; but that Mr. W——es explained to him the ænigma, and that he had ordered his bookſeller to bind him immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Triſtram Shandy, together with his Sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an oblique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, however, was ſoon melted down into politics. Mr. W——es, his partizans and opponents, furniſhed us with matter of converſation for near an hour; in which the Count diſplayed great judgment, and a very extenſive knowledge of the

conſtitution, laws, and cuſtoms of England; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

"But, after all, ſaid the Count, this is not the "ſubject of my viſit. Monſieur de L——, with "the aſſiſtance of the Abbé T——, has made very "free with the Marquis de M——, in a pamphlet "handed about. Now," continued he, "I have "written an anſwer to it, in which I have the va-"nity to think I have fairly retorted the argument, "as well as the raillery upon him; and I wanted to "conſult with you upon a proper device by way of "frontiſpiece.

"My conceit is an elephant learning to dance up-"on the ſlack-rope, being taught by a monkey."

THE OBJECTION.

"MONSIEUR le Comte," ſaid I, "ſince you do me "the honour to conſult me upon the occaſion, I "hope you will not be offended at my ſpeaking "without reſerve."

"By no means," replied he.

"Why, Monſieur le Comte, the thought is good; "but, *pardonnez moi*, it is not new."

"Not new! where is it to be met with?"

AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"LORD GRIMSTONE, when at ſchool, about the age "of *thirteen*, wrote a comedy, called the Lawyer's

" *Fortune.* This production was ſo far from poſ-
" ſeſſing any dramatic merit, that it contained ſcarce
" any thing but palpable inconſiſtencies; however,
" when the very juvenile years of the author are
" conſidered, and that the publication of it was
" probably owing to the partiality of parents in the
" gratification of a childiſh vanity; and when it is
" alſo conſidered, that at a mature time of life, the
" author himſelf, upon a review of it, becoming
" ſenſible of its imperfections, took every poſſible
" means to call in the impreſſion, and, if poſſible,
" prevent ſo indifferent a performance ſtanding forth
" in evidence againſt even his childiſh talents; ſuch
" an error ſeemed, to all impartial people, ſuffi-
" ciently apologized for; and indeed the ſeverer
" critics are leſs to be blamed than a certain lady,
" who called it forth from obſcurity. This was the
" late Sarah Ducheſs of Marlborough, who, in the
" courſe of an oppoſition which ſhe thought pro-
" per to make to this gentleman, in an election for
" members of parliament, where he ſtood a candi-
" date, cauſed a large impreſſion of this play to be
" printed at her own expence, and to be diſtributed
" among the electors, with a frontiſpiece, convey-
" ing a reflection on his lordſhip's underſtanding.
" The device was, *an elephant dancing on a ſlack*
" *rope.* This gentleman, nevertheleſs, carried his
" election, in deſpite of this attempt to make him
" ridiculous in the eyes of his conſtituents."

THE MONKEY.

" *Fort bien, Monſieur, mais ou eſt le ſinge?*"

" Very well, Sir, but where is the monkey?"

" Oh! I give up the monkey, Monſieur le Comte, " though there was ſomething very like one in the " back ground."

CONVICTION.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a miſtake, eſpecially when his wit or judgment ſeems to be called in queſtion; ſo that, though the Comte de B—— was a very accompliſhed gentleman, ſtill he had ſo much of the Frenchman in him, that I ſaw him redden, as ſoon as I mentioned the old ducheſs's allegorical frontiſpiece; and I could find he would willingly have purchaſed all the diſperſed copies of the Lawyer's Fortune, at a higher price than Lord Grimſtone, to have ſecured to himſelf the merit of novelty.

POLITESSE.

HOWEVER, the Count preſerved every poſſible external mark of *politeſſe*; and ſeemed pleaſed with a hint I gave him to improve his plate; he inſiſted on my eating ſoup with him the very next day, but added,—— " *Vous me ferrez un plaiſir tres ſingulier,* " *de ne mentionner a perſonne l'idée que vous m'avez* " *donnée a l'egard de cette planche.*"

" You will, ſaid he, confer a ſingular pleaſ
" on me, if you mention to no one the hint
" gave me concerning this plate."

I promiſed him I would not.

For this reaſon I ſuppreſſed it here; though
haps I might thereby lay claim to ſome Hogarth
merit—and it might have ſerved as a very pro
frontiſpiece to theſe four volumes of Sentime
Travels.

But Yorick's word is no jeſt.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity has been the ſource of human miſ
What a price did Eve pay for it? What a price
every day paid for it by the human race? It may
divided into two claſſes: The firſt is, the deſire
being acquainted with paſt times by the means
hiſtory, of diſcovering the ſecrets of nature, fath
ing the depths of ſcience, and ſuch like laud
purſuits. This claſs of curioſity cannot be too ſ
nuouſly and conſtantly preſerved and excited, as,
an acquaintance with the paſt, we learn how to
have upon occaſions that offer; for, as Cicero ſ
" *Neſcire quod antequam natus eſſes actum eſt, id ſem*
" *eſſe puerum.*"

The ſecond claſs of curioſity, is an inquiſitive
after the buſineſs and purſuits of other people;
it is this kind of curioſity which muſt always
condemned.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted la
whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being

icly whipt, ever to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his buſineſs; and thoſe who anſwered ſuch queſtions were leprived of the uſe of fire and water. The reaſon hey aſſigned for enacting this law was, that men, by not interfering with the buſineſs of others, might he better attend to their own.

Good Heaven! if ſuch a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the centre of curioſity, how much more would the curioſity of the Pariſians be excited by the diſplaying of thoſe charms, which indeed the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publicly expoſed and caſtigated! Not that they would be deſtitute of male companions in theſe perambulations; for I believe the *petits moitres* in this city are the greateſt goſſips on earth.

Theſe curious imperinents ſeem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; all their knowledge may be ſaid to conſiſt in their neighbours actions; and whilſt they repeat what they have learnt, by way of cenſure, forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in.

Plutarch and Pliny have both written encomiums upon Marcus Pontius, a Roman, who never had the curioſity to inquire about what paſſed at Rome, not in the houſes of his neareſt neighbours. But this is a ſingular example, which will never be imitated, whilſt politics, and news of every ſpecies, ſeem to engroſs the ſole attention of mankind.

THE CRITICISM.

I AM aware that the Snarlers will immediately be let looſe upon me.—" So, Mr Yorick, you would " ſuppreſs all curioſity, all thirſt of knowlege, ex- " cept what may immediately come under the head " of ſcience——Who the p—x then would read " your works."

Anſwer—There would then be nothing elſe read, as they contain the eſſence of learning, the depth of ſcience, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION.

I SHALL now ſet forth my reaſons for having ſuch an objection to Pariſian curioſity in particular.

On the ſame floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer: he was at the gate when the Count de B—— inquired for me, by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his underſtanding, and this was ſufficient to excite his curioſity. He popped his head into every coffeehouſe in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me: what he there learned reſpecting me, he added to his former ænigmatical account, in order, as poiſons expel poiſons, to extract more venom out of my character.

In every coffeehouſe in Paris, is poſted a political Lion, or court-ſpy, who reports every thing that falls within his obſervation, which he thinks will pleaſe the miniſtry, or lead to any diſcoveries. My name

eing thus handed about, there were no leſs than hirty-two different accounts concerning me, the next norning, upon the Duke de C——'s bureau, all oncluding that I was a dangerous perſon.

I that day paid a viſit to the Count de B—, with vhom I alſo dined. During my abſence, my lodgngs were ſearched, all my papers ſeized, and a *letre de cachet* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE.

DARK and intricate are the ways of Providence!—Short-ſighted mortals, it were not fitting you ſhould pry into futurity; or could ye, the knowledge of events hereafter, ſo far from accelerating your happineſs, would but increaſe your miſery.

With what ſpirits did I dreſs to wait upon the Count! With what an air of cheerfulneſs and ſatisfaction did I ſtep into the coach, and order the *Cocher* to drive to his hotel! Little did I think, at that very moment the hand of the miniſter was ſubſcribing to my fate.

The Count de B— met me with the greateſt politeneſs; and told me as a ſecret, that the Duke de C—l had highly applauded my conceit. "He is to "dine here."—Scarce had he uttered theſe words, before the miniſter appeared. The Count introduced me to the Duke; but I perceived a reſerve and coyneſs in his addreſs, which I had never before obſerved in a Frenchman.

They retired for ſome time. The Count returned and aſked me ſeveral queſtions, which I anſwered

with my uſual frankneſs. They were out of the common road; but I thought he was entitled to an explication.

In about a quarter of an hour, the Duke returned with the Count; when there was a ſerenity and openneſs in the miniſter's countenance, to which it had been quite eſtranged before. The company increaſed, when the converſation was general, ſprightly, and agreeable.

MY RETURN.

No ſooner had my coach ſtopped at the gate than my hoſt came running out to tell me, if I was not inclined to lie in the *Baſtile*, to drive away as faſt as I could. Surpriſed at this intimation, I deſired him to get into the coach, and we drove round ſeveral ſtreets; when he informed me of all that had happened.

"Good G—d! is this poſſible!——when I dined this very day with the Duke de C—l, and have not left him half an hour!—Ah! the myſtery is explained:——it is certain that an honeſt man could not be guilty of ſuch diſſimulation;——and I will lie to-night in my old lodgings."

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne retournez pas.*"

"What have I to fear? I truſt in the juſtneſs and the uprightneſs of my intentions."

Saying this, I returned to my hotel, where, when I had alighted, I found all my papers ſent back with this ſhort note from the Count.

" *Vous avez des ennemis; mais n'ayez pas peur:—*
' *on voit que vous êtes un honnete homme.*"
" You have enemies: but be not afraid:—it is
' perceived that you are an honeſt man."

A FAREWELL TO PARIS.

HAD not this laſt proceeding given me much diſguſt to living under a government where neither a man's perſon nor property are ſafe, let him be ever ſo innocent; and where, had it not been for a mere accident, I might have languiſhed out the remainder of my days in a loathſome dungeon; I ſay, Eugenius, had not this conſideration prevailed, the letter which I received from thee, wherein the cauſe of protracting your journey, your ſevere illneſs, was ſo ſtrongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradiſe of coquets, the elyſium of *petits-maîtres*, and the centre of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B——, another to Madame de Rambouillet, and ſet out that very evening for Calais.

THE POST-CHAISE.

I HAD no ſooner got into my poſt-chaiſe, than I began to conſider the advantages of my preſent journey, the plan I had propoſed, and how far I had compaſſed it.

" They order this matter better in France."

This *aſſertion* produced my voyage. I was piqued

to have it doubted, whether I was authoriſed to mal it, and was reſolved to be convinced by ocular d monſtration.

The reader's curioſity hath, I dare ſay, though a Engliſhman, been upon the tenter-hooks of imp tience all this while, to know what this matter wa and whether it really was ordered better in France.

It is time he ſhould be ſatisfied.

The ſubject in debate was the inconvenience drinking healths whilſt at meals: and toaſts afte wards: and I careleſsly ſaid, upon what I thoug good information, "They order this matter better "France."

"HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED, AND TOASTS NEVE "WERE ADOPTED."

So far I was right: ſo far I have compaſſed th deſign for my voyage.

But whether this was *tant mieux*, or *tant pis*, no withſtanding my thorough knowledge, at preſent, i the preciſe meaning of theſe two expreſſions in th French dialect, I ſhall leave the reader to determin

CHANTILLY.

BY the time I had run over theſe obſervations an reflections, we (that is, the two horſes firſt, th poſtillion and myſelf, for I had no other companion had got to this delightful retreat of the Prince c Conde.

This *chateau* is conſidered by connoiſſeurs in ar chitecture to be one of the moſt perfect ſtructure of the kind. The apartments are ſumptuous, w

can be ſurpaſſed by nothing but the furniture. The gardens are finely laid out, and very happily diſpoſed. Upon the whole, this is one of the moſt elegant and convenient ſpots in all France, as well from its vicinity to the capital, as from its being ſo agreeably interſected with water.

We did not change horſes here; but my curioſity, from the accounts I had heard of this ſeat, induced me to ſtop and take a ſurvey of it; a circumſtance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris: and the gratification I received, amply repaid the ſmall expence it had occaſioned me.

AMIENS.

NOTHING very material occurred to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did any thing very important happen then," the reader will probably pronounce.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen appetite ſtrongly prompt to inquire after dinner, I aſked my hoſt what he could ſpeedily provide me.

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Every thing you pleaſe."

A very comprehenſive bill of fare.

"But what have you got in the houſe?"

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Have you any partridges?"

"*Non.*"

"Any woodcocks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any ducks!"

"*Non.*"

"Any pullets?"

"*Non, Monſieur, qui ſont propres a manger.*"

"No Sir, none that are fit for eating."

"Then you may as well not have them for a man "who is riding poſt."

"Any fiſh?"

"*Point de tout aujourd'hui.*"

"None to-day."

"What the p—x then does every thing conſiſt "of?"

"*Des coutelets, de mouton a la Maintenon.*"

"Mutton chops with Maintenon ſauce."

"In the name of Famine, let's have them, good "Mr. Bonniface."

The conceit was loſt upon him, for two reaſons; firſt, he did not underſtand Engliſh; and, ſecondly, if he had, without knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived, that his meagre carcaſe could convey the leaſt idea of ſuch a name.

THE HUE AND CRY.

IT is a dangerous thing for a man, eſpecially an Engliſhman, to ſet his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, ſoup-meagre, or a ſcricaſſee of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehenſions of ſtarving: but if his ideas ſhould be engroſſed with a buttock or a ſirloin of beef, alas! alas!

how great would be his diſappointment, from his firſt ſetting foot at Calais, till he was ready to embark at Marſeilles!

My diſappointment was ſtill greater; for, though I had reduced all my pretenſions to eating to a couple of mutton chops, after having my imagination raiſed to whatever I could think of, ſtill theſe very chops were not to be found. A ſcrap of mutton, of about two pounds, on which my landlord had built all his foundation for good eating was vaniſhed.

"*Que diable, ou eſt le mouton?*"

"What the d—l is become of the mutton?"

Et poſt f—tre ou eſt mouton?

[Untranſlateable.]

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the pantry was ſearched,——but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY.

At length, when I was upon the point of reſuming my chaiſe, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next poſt, *Monſieur l'Hote* had found the houſe-dog in poſſeſſion of all our proviſions, in the duſt-hole: he had already gnawed one half; but as there remained a ſufficient quantity for my *coutelets de Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dreſſed, that the poor animal might eſcape the puniſhment with which he was ſo ſeverely threatened.

ABBEVILLE.

A HUNGRY traveller and a diſappointed ſtomach never think the horſes drive faſt enough. *Depechez, depechez.*

"*Oui Monſeigneur,*"—Cric—crac—crac.

The poſtillions in France ſeem to have the excluſive privilege of cracking of whips; which they perform ſo very expertly, that it ſupplies all the uſe of a horn, blown by our poſt boys upon their arrival at a poſt houſe.

Crac—crac—crac.

And the horſes were ready,—but halt! I've not dined.

Thank Heaven for meeting with an excellent duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy!—Now I can continue my journey as faſt as you will.

Suppoſe I were to take a nap?

"Depend upon it, Mr. Yorick, the witlings will "pronounce you have been napping ever ſince you "left Paris."

Why, then, it is but continuing, if they do not ſnarl too loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

SURELY I have got into England without croſſing the ſea! How many of my countrymen! What charms can this place have ſo peculiarly ſuperior to all the other ſea-ports in France?

This queſtion I put to my hoſt, who was an Iriſhman—"Its vicinity to England."

Smugglers, bankrupts, and inſolvents!——The ſtreets ſwarm with them.

"Do they pay well?"

"At firſt."

"And can you afford to give them credit after-
"wards?"

"No; but there are ſo many freſh recruits who
"are fleeced by their countrymen, as ſoon as they
"come over, that we can venture to truſt them in
"a dearth of bankruptcies."

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miſerable! Or more likely——

The délinquent and felonious traveller,
Sucking the laſt drops of vital blood
From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.

Cloſe the ſcene—Humanity cannot ſuſtain it.

The poſt-chaiſe this inſtant.

CALAIS.

ONCE MORE.

WELL, Monſieur Deſſein, you ſold me a bargain; ——but I forgive you.

"*En honneur, Monſieur, je refuſois deux louis de*
"*plus le meme jour.*"

Modeſt! for an innkeeper.

"When does the packet ſail for England?"

"*Ce ſoir Monſieur.*"

"Then take me a place, and let me have a couple
"of bottles of your beſt Burgundy."

Adieu! oh France!—but alas! alas! the Remiſe calls freſh to mind every circumſtance that——

Heigh! ho!

I can't explain.

Love, Love, theſe are thy victories! theſe thy trophies!

THE SEA.

A DEAD, dead calm!

Mademoiſelle Latouche very ill——the ſea an excellent emetic.

"Pray, Mademoiſelle, do not ſtand upon cere-"mony."

"*Non, Monſieur, c'eſt ce que je ne fais jamais, dans* "*des cas pereils.*"

"So I perceive—but—but"—Well I had a narrow eſcape. So I will pay her no more compliments till we get aſhore.

A freſh breeze brings us into harbour.

DOVER.

EVERY traveller who ever touched here, and afterwards thought proper to blot paper, has given ſuch deſcriptive ideas of this place, that I ſhall refer my readers to them and Shakſpeare for a poetical deſcription of it.

"Sir, you may go in a poſt-chaiſe with another "gentleman as cheap as in the ſtage."

This my landlord informed me at the King's Head.——"Why then I have no kind of objection."

CANTERBURY.

SIR, a ſhilling a mile, a very bad road—nobody " can afford to run a chaiſe for leſs, and we get no- " thing by it then."

" Why this is a moſt arrant impoſition——Mr. " What's-his-name has deceived me—and if there " be any redreſs in law, I'll have it."

" So will I," ſaid my fellow-traveller.—He was a lawyer.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

WE had not travelled far from this celebrated city before we were attacked by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was diſpoſed to contend with him; and though he trembled every joint, whilſt he uſhered his *imaginary* courage to his aid, he continued talking of the poltroonery of two travellers ſubmitting to a ſingle highwayman.

In anſwer to this, I told him the contents of my purſe were but very trifling; and that if I could reach London, it would accompliſh the full deſign of my preſent finances; that I ſhould therefore take two guineas out of my purſe, not for the robber, but for myſelf. " A man," continued I, " who " riſks his life, his future peace of mind, and per- " haps the exiſtence of a wife and family, upon ſuch " a buſineſs, though illegal, deſerves at leaſt the " compaſſion of thoſe who can ſpare a trifle."

" *'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.*"

" You ſurpriſe me, Sir, to plead ſo ſtrongly in

" favour of a highwayman.—An Old Bailey Coun-
" ſel would be aſhamed to go ſuch lengths——"

" Without a fee," I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his demand in form; and fear, enforced by the ſight of a piſtol, operated what pity or compaſſion would never have effected:—he gave up with a tremulous hand a purſe which ſeemed to contain a conſiderable ſum, when charity might have preſerved the far greater part by a merciful and benevolent allowance.

" You are no Sentimental Traveller, Sir, I ſee."

" No,—(in a faultering voice) I never was ſo ter-
" rified in my life."

" More ſo, I imagine, than he who ventured a-
" gainſt ſo many chances, the Law, our Contention,
" our Poverty."

He ſighed.—

I pitied and deſpiſed him, and we converſed no more till we reached the metropolis.

LONDON.

OH! my dear Eugenius, I fly to your arms!—let me embrace the deareſt of friends!

How happy I am to find you recovered!—Fortune hath repaid me too abundantly!

MAN.

WHAT a ſtrange machine is man, framed with ſuch nice mechaniſm by Nature's hand, that every element impedes his perfect motion! How the vi-

bration of the heart is too much propelled by heat ——now cold ſhivers every fibre. Where's the juſt medium! Tell me, philoſopher, and I will own thy knowledge.

My ſpirits fail——my head ſwims.

To reſt——to reſt.

I cannot ſleep—a book may perhaps amuſe. Can it divert at this ſad hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Hervey's meditations, I fell into a ſlumber, and by degrees a dream ſo ſtrongly operated, that I thought I was no longer in a ſtate of nature, but a kind of auditor to a dialogue that took place between my Soul and Body; which, as it made a very ſtrong impreſſion on me, I can repeat pretty correctly.

A VISION.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY SOUL AND MY BODY.

BODY.

No!—never—never——will I ſubmit to the caprices of thee, Soul! What, yield to thee that ſovereignty which I have preſerved over thee for ſuch a ſucceſſion of years? After thou haſt ſo implicitly obeyed my laws, ſhall I ſubmit to thine, which forbid me the uſe of all that gives me pleaſure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmoſt abhorrence? This ſhall never be; thou ſhalt never have the ſatisfaction to find, that at the end of my career, I adopt thy viſions for rules of conduct.

How!—acknowledge, tamely acknowledge my ſlave to be my maſter, and yield to thy laws, who, from thine infancy, gaveſt up all pretenſions to the enforcing of them! Ungrateful wretch! after thou haſt partaken with me of the ſweeteſt pleaſures, thou wouldeſt at preſent teſtify thy acknowledgment, by depriving me of the enjoyments of life, in order to relieve thee from thy panics and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou oweſt me, to undertake the deſtruction of that dwelling, in which thou haſt been lodged ſo many years, and to acquit thy rent with tears, ſighs, ſolitude, mortification, contempt, and in a word chaſtiſe me in every ſenſible part? No——I will oppoſe thee with all my ſtrength; and I will purſue, as uſual, the gratification of my ſenſes, in deſpite of thee and all thy miſanthropy. But—ah! my ſoul appears—and I muſt liſten, even againſt my will.

SOUL.

Thou wretched maſs! bag of earth! paſture of worms! itinerant ſink! horrid carcaſe! the abode of ſerpents, and the retreat of toads! dareſt thou to oppoſe the laws which I dictate to thee, for the ſhort time which we ſhall now remain together, after having, by a fatal complaiſance allowed thee, for ſuch a length of time, all that thy infamous deſires could crave? Art thou moſt ungrateful, or moſt criminal? Thou now refuſeſt me a few tears, after having afforded thee, for ſuch ſeries of years, innumerable delights. But, alas! vain and imaginary is all terreſtrial felicity! Can'ſt thou deny a few ſighs, after

ſo much joy; a uſeful ſolitude, after ſuch a long and ſcandalous commerce with the world; ſome mortifications, after myriads of ſuch vain delights; ſome little contempt, after ſo much pride; in a word, a ſtate of repentance, ſo ſhort as will be our union, for ſo many years of idle or vitious gratification, and of which I muſt one day give an account to the ſovereign Judge?

Thou contemptible rebel! thou blind veſſel of clay and dirt! thou, by thy diſobedience, art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my paſt inconſiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open: I perceive the abſolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exerciſe it. Wherefore no longer oppoſe my mandates; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world but affliction. I command thee to ſubmit with patience, as thou canſt not, from thy nature, do it with pleaſure, to the keeneſt anguiſh of this life. By thy preſent tears, I will endeavour to purge away the foul ſtains of thy paſt actions——Thy preſent humility may obliterate the remembrance of thy former vanity.—Have not thy works tended to the corruption of the age? to the depravity of the morals of the riſing generation?——What recompenſe canſt thou offer!——Not thy religious diſcourſes; they are but a ſmall counterpoiſe, and read but by few.

AWAKE.

HERE a noiſe in the ſtreet awoke me; and I was glad to find this was only a viſion; it however ope-

rated ſo ſtrongly upon my mind, that, added to my preſent weakneſs, I was ſcarce able to ſupport the remembrance of it.

I ſaw, but too clearly ſaw, the juſtneſs of the reaſoning of my Soul, even in ſleep. What a wretch am I!——how have I miſapplied thoſe talents that Nature deſtined for ſuperior uſes!——Vile dauber of paper!

Oh my brain!—Eugenius! my brain!

The grim Tyrant now in earneſt ſeizes me ſo violently by the throat, that my friend Eugenius can ſcarce hear me cry acroſs the table!

THE CATASTROPHE.

He's gone! for ever gone *!

Poor Yorick! he was a fellow of infinite jeſt! of moſt excellent fancy!—Where be your gibes now? ——your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar?——not one now——quite chop-fallen!

Alas! alas! alas! poor Yorick.

This, with the ſpontaneous flood of friendſhip, your Eugenius ſighs.

* Mr Sterne died in March 1768, ſoon after the publication of the two volumes of his Sentimental Journey.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.